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SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION TO-DAY

BY JOHN MARTIN

A RECONSTRUCTION of American society is proceeding apace. We are following the same policy with our social structure as with our city homes. Few city houses live to the bad old age usual in Europe. The initial construction is flimsier; changes of taste and of sanitary method are anticipated; long before the walls crumble the old front gives way to the newest fashion in façades, the plumbing is remodelled, and the decorations are modernized. So with our society: though it is new, the design of the founders is already undergoing alteration. Gradually the house is being rebuilt while the family remains in occupation.

Until recently the fundamental assumption of American life has been that every man had an equal opportunity with his fellows to achieve economic independence; that our society was built upon lines immutably just and wise, and that, by the expedient of leaving every man to look after himself, the best possible social result was obtained. It has been tacitly agreed that failure to make a living indicated some personal lack; or that, if social conditions were at all to blame, a fuller provision of schools and colleges would make all right. Therefore education and relief have almost monopolized legacies and gifts. Colleges, libraries, lectures; hospitals, dispensaries, relief funds,—on these have been lavished generous millions. When the would-be “pious founder” looked for the worthy cause on which to spend his benevolent impulses, public opinion and the political philosophy on which he was reared practically confined him to these fields.

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The Sage foundation, by the terms of its establishment, marks conspicuously a change of sentiment; it indicates a growing conviction that, without destroying our social structure, it must be repaired and brought up to date. In her statement about the object of the fund, the “improvement of social and living conditions in the United States,” Mrs. Sage, advised by eminent men, points out that it is within the scope of the foundation “to investigate and study the causes of adverse social conditions, including ignorance, poverty, and vice, to suggest how these conditions can be remedied or ameliorated, and to put in operation any appropriate means to that end.” “Mrs. Sage wished some broad plan that would embrace public welfare rather than individual betterment,” says Mr. Robert de Forest, the able chairman of the trustees. The causes of ignorance, poverty, and vice are therefore assumed to be not entirely individual, but partly social; curable, therefore, not only by personal regeneration, but also by change of environment.

This is the most conspicuous among a number of indications that thoughtful and influential sections of our society see that alterations are needed in our national life; and of the unavowed, but none the less unequivocal, abandonment of the social philosophy of *laissez faire, laissez aller*.

The National Civic Federation, with a list of officers and committeemen that includes some of the most powerful and respected names in business and political life, is committed to attempt various re-

adjustments which a few years ago these officers would have derided. Primarily, the Federation works for the settlement of disputes between employers and employees by pacific bargaining, a purpose which assumes the recognition of Trade Unions and their right to the help of expert counsel and representatives, and marks a far departure from the attitude once universal amongst employers. By calling representatives of the general public to its committees this Federation, the creation of Mr. Mark Hanna, a man who incarnated the American business spirit, declares that the business world is beginning also to admit that there is a third party to most trade disputes, a party whose interests can no longer be ignored, the hitherto disregarded public.

The welfare department of the Federation assumes further that an employer may owe to his workmen something more than the wages for which the man has agreed to work; that lunch-rooms, baths, clean and well-ventilated shops may legitimately come into the reckoning. The Federation's Immigration department and Municipal Ownership commission show a recognition even wider, on the part of these typical publicists and business rulers, that perhaps there are gaping joints in our social armor. Had the federation leaders been dominated by the business creed of fifty years ago, they would have dismissed proposals to restrict or regulate immigration, or to investigate Municipal Ownership, with the saw, "That government is best that governs least." Nowadays such theoretic dogmatizing has gone out of fashion. Investigation and discussion are undertaken on the hypothesis that only by deliberate organization can the best social result be secured.

Likewise repudiating the old maxims of state philosophy, shippers of freight demand that railroad charges shall be controlled by the community represented in legislatures and courts. Even financiers like Mr. Jacob Schiff, by requesting federal control of railroads as an alter-

native to State legislation, admit that the old ideal of free, untrammelled action by individuals and corporations has been abandoned, — an admission which Mr. Ingalls, ex-president of the Big Four railroad, in set terms urges his colleagues to make. Hardly anybody with authority ventures nowadays to argue, with the optimism of the Spencerian period, that the transportation business will best serve the community's interests if it be left to go its own way.

In conformity with the changing idea of social responsibility, the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, composed of persons belonging to the classes which, twenty-five years ago, were convinced of the perfection of our social arrangements, is demanding further limitation of the liberty of the consumptive to do what he likes and to go where he pleases. A Public Health Defense League recently chartered, with two thousand charter members, — not cranks, but doctors, lawyers, and the like, — represents a determination to push much further the limitations of individual freedom whenever the public health seems to be involved. The drastic quarantine measures that were submitted to when yellow fever smote New Orleans, and the rigorous crusade which the stricken city waged against the pestilent mosquito, illustrate how completely the individual may be subordinated to the collective will in a period of danger.

With similar bias each year the freedom of the merchant to settle with the purchaser individually about the purity of his goods is being curtailed. Hardly were the Federal Pure Food Act and the Meat Inspection Act of 1906 signed by the President, before drafts of state laws in conformity with them were in preparation, — and not by faddists, but by groups of responsible people such as form the National Wholesale Grocers' Association. For years Congress held stoutly to the old philosophy of non-interference, but now Congress finds few so mean as to do that philosophy reverence.

To-day the United States government is constructing twenty-five irrigation projects and spending a million dollars a month to reclaim three million acres of land, and not a voice of protest against this government activity in business enterprises disturbs the silence. Year by year the hours of labor, especially of women and children, are slowly being curtailed by legislation; last session the most drastic child-labor bill in the world, a measure which, besides keeping children under fourteen at school, establishes an eight-hour day for children under sixteen, and forbids even their presence in a factory except between the hours of 8 A. M. and 5 P. M., passed the New York Legislature. Reluctantly, but surely, the courts have admitted the right of the state to provide regulations for the greater safety and comfort of factory and railroad employees, to limit the hours of labor of men in mines and on street railways, and to prescribe how employees shall in certain cases be paid.¹ The theory of non-interference, which served our fathers and harmonized with the political philosophy that had grown up with the country, has been bit by bit abandoned.

The most penetrating appeal for social reconstruction comes from the White House. In April, 1907, when a strike was imminent on the western railroads, which would have tied up forty-four lines with half a million employees and would have put half the country in a state of siege, President Roosevelt sent negotiators who demanded and secured a settlement, in the name of the community, by arbitration. When public coal-lands were dropping under unified control the President withdrew millions of acres from entry. He has insisted that the coal and oil under these lands shall remain a federal possession. He encourages a federal child-labor law, and the enforcement of the Eight-Hour Law by the government departments. He advocates inher-

ance and income taxes, not for raising money to run the government, but for the novel purpose of equalizing fortunes. He fulminates against the outcome of free enterprise in railroad management. In consultation with all sorts and conditions of men, he is framing a federal programme of reform which will occupy Congress several years. Each of its items will probably contradict the idea that free play is fair play, each will mock the patriarchs who hold to the teachings of the fathers.

These tendencies toward social change are the more remarkable in that they were equally pronounced in a period of prosperity, while business was in a fever of activity and every steady man could find a job. No temporary dissatisfaction with a passing condition do they indicate, but a deep-seated feeling, extending even to the powerful classes, that the ship of state needs overhauling.

Essentially the tendencies are not class movements. Therein lies their significance and their hope. They contradict the faith professed by the organized, hard-shell Socialists. According to the doctrines of these teachers, society tends to a clear-cut division into two hostile camps, the propertyless and the capitalist. Inevitable economic development makes the chasm between these classes day by day wider and deeper. Finally they will confront each other, savage and relentless, virtue and honesty with the overwhelming majority, wealth and wickedness monopolized by a handful of tyrants. The awakened army of the dispossessed, invincible when roused, will then fight its Armageddon, overthrow the economic oppressors, confiscate the wealth which these exploiters have amassed, and establish with meteoric swiftness a coöperative millennium. Administrative difficulties do not appal these fervid souls. They are confident that good intentions will solidify spontaneously into concrete achievements.

Plainly, the social reconstruction actually in process is based on no such con-

¹ See "The Law and Industrial Inequality," by George W. Alger. *Proceedings of N. Y. State Bar Association*, January, 1907.

ception. It is being planned and executed by men who repudiate the Socialism thus expounded.

If then Individualism is in practice rejected and doctrinaire Socialism is not adopted, upon what social philosophy are we proceeding? We have left the old moorings, — whither are we steering? Or are we merely drifting? Is there no leading idea in the minds of the lawyers, business men, legislators, and philanthropists who are so busy altering the social structure? If a house be remodeled without architect's plans, each workman acting on his own notion of what is convenient and lovely, the resulting botchwork is a horror. Are we running the risk of a similar result with our social rebuilding?

Logical halting-places upon the road we are traveling are not visible. Each step leads inevitably to another. Voluntary arbitration of some labor disputes upon pressure from the White House, leads easily to compulsory arbitration of all labor disputes under the law; a small inheritance and income tax, gently graduated, suggests the desirability of a bigger tax more steeply graduated; government regulation of railroad rates, involving the control of private property, proceeds smoothly to government ownership of railroads with full responsibility for the property. When coal-lands are withheld from settlement, and the ownership of the fuel under them is retained by the government, the first step is taken toward public operation of the mines and oil-wells so retained. If the nation constructs, owns, and leases irrigation works, why should it not a little later proceed to the ownership and leasing of the lands which the irrigation has redeemed from the desert?

If the State of New York can spend \$101,000,000 for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, upon the demand chiefly of the merchants of Buffalo and New York City, upon what principle can it decline to start schemes of harbor improvement, afforestation, and the like, in times of depression, for the aid of the unemployed?

Since freight is carried on this canal free of toll-rates, why may not passengers be carried in city street-cars on the same easy terms? Eight hours having been made the legal working day for some men and some occupations, what irrefutable argument remains to prevent the legal eight-hour day for all men in all occupations? If good employers can be persuaded by benevolent federations and public opinion to spend freely on the comfort of their workmen, cannot the bad employers be brought into line by the irresistible force of a statute? Since the reduction by state law of \$50,000 salaries paid by insurance companies is held by the Supreme Court of the United States to be constitutional, and is declared by state legislatures to be proper protection of the interests of the policy-holders, would not legal reduction of the \$100,000 salary paid by the Steel Trust be proper protection of the interests of the stockholders? Since Federal and State governments conduct experiment stations and distribute seeds, literature, and personal services for the special benefit of farmers, why may they not conduct experiments with coöperative workshops for the special benefit of wage-earners? Should the administrators of the Sage Fund prove that some of the causes of poverty and vice are social, why should not the tax-fund, the most social of all funds, be requisitioned for their removal? If freight rates are reviewed by courts for the protection of merchants, why may not tenement rents be reviewed by courts for the protection of workmen? An Employers' Liability Act, by establishing the right of the community to compel some employers to pay compensation for some accidents, smooths the path for a copy of the English Workmen's Compensation Act, that assures to all workmen compensation for all accidents. Already free schools have led, in New York and other cities, to free medical attendance and free nursing for the children, while free eye-glasses and free dental care are now recommended by some authorities. Finally (not to make

the list tediously long), since excellent consular reports are issued to aid manufacturers to secure trade, why should not special agents prepare and issue labor gazettes to aid immigrants and workmen to secure jobs?

Most of the social experiments to which I have referred are conducted without reference to general principles. Particular evils are attacked by particular remedies, and broad tendencies are ignored. Perhaps there would be more alarm were some of the acts correctly named. The vast outlay of state money on the Erie Canal and the free use of the canal by everybody is rank communism; but the merchants of the cities at its termini are not dismayed. Communistic also is the vast work of the numerous agricultural departments, which includes keeping a federal stud of horses to improve the breed, making world-wide explorations for new varieties of fruit, plants, and seeds, and the free distribution of advice, of specimens, and of expert help. The taxpayer foots the bill. Communism of this kind is fast spreading and no apprehension is shown. So long as the acts are not labeled, they do not affright us. From one point of view, this neglect of generalities may be pardoned. It may be claimed that the scientific method is to consider each case on its merits, and to judge whether the public benefit outweighs the cost. But in natural science the results of a number of experiments are finally formulated under one law which aids in forecasting the results of further experiments, and so in social and political science the guiding rule may profitably be sought.

Some suggestions of a unifying principle are made. "The square deal" is the phrase most often sent through the presidential megaphone. But what is the square deal? A crude conception of social justice. And who shall define social justice? Does it require that the government shall forbid stock-watering by railroad magnates in order to protect stockholders, while investors in industrial

stocks are left unguarded? Does it demand that one-half of a man's property shall pass to the state at his death, as Mr. Andrew Carnegie advocates, or only the trifling percentage now exacted? Does it require complete freedom for the sale of crops, but strict limitations on the sale of bonds? Will it condemn the misbranding of canned goods, and condone the misbranding of woollen and leather goods? Will it, by reducing rates, appropriate all the unearned increment of railroads, and allow the annual increment of \$400,000,000 in New York City land-values to go untaxed? Will it compel coal-owners to pay wage-scales demanded by the miners' unions, allow operators to raise prices, and leave the unorganized workman and the helpless consumer to foot the bloated bill? Does it enforce the use of public money in combatting tuberculosis, and forbid its use in feeding under-nourished children? As a catchword to bolster a particular legislative proposal, "the square deal" is effective; as a basis for wide social readjustments, it is too indefinite and variable.

There is one principle characteristic of modern life, and especially of American life, discernible in most of the readjustment that is going forward, — the principle of organization. Settlement of labor disputes by arbitration, regulation of immigration, national health campaigns, semi-judicial control of railroad rates — all conform with the aim of civilization to substitute order for discord, to get the maximum result with the minimum of effort, by arranging to best advantage the application of the effort. Industry and commerce are elaborately organized to prevent waste; society is feeling towards a better organization of the social relations for the same end. When employers and workmen, shippers and railroads and competing corporations fight it out between themselves, there is loss to the community and much friction. It is being dimly discerned that, in proportion as intelligence can be substituted for the brute power of muscles and dollars in the set-

tlement of competing claims, the social structure will be stronger. If a labor dispute is determined by argument before a few men in a court-room, the cost is trifling compared with the cost of a trial of strength between the combined employers and the labor unions, especially when accompanied with street fights, wounds, and murder. When a federal department puts the results of a world-wide investigation at the free disposal of all the citizens, the disorder and waste of the multiplication of such investigations by individuals and corporations is avoided. If each consumptive patient be left to struggle with the deadly bacillus alone, the total cost to society is far greater than when the forces against the terrible little enemy are organized over the country. If millionaires or municipalities invest in large housing schemes, superseding the petty speculative builders who have neither brains nor capital to make the best of the possibilities, rents can be reduced and adequate profits earned, while the community gains from the substitution of harmonious blocks of buildings for conglomerate masses of discordant structures.

This principle of order and organization is likely to produce further wide changes. It may sanction the organization of all workmen into unions or guilds, and the corresponding association of employers, as it has done in New Zealand, in order that it may substitute for the strike and the lock-out and the irregular intervention of outsiders in the settlement of trade conflicts a legalized system of conciliation and arbitration. It may insist that the teaching of trades shall be systematized, in order that every citizen may acquire skill at some occupation, estimates being made of the number of recruits annually required by each trade, and that number being trained. Thus justice could be done to the wage-earners, whose wages would not be threatened by an over-supply of workmen, and industry would not be checked by a dearth of skill.

A deliberate organization of society will require that the net inflow of hundreds of thousands of immigrants who come annually to this western El Dorado shall be directed to the parts of the country needing them, and not be dumped down in cities already crowded. It will decline to leave to the importunities and necessities of steamship agents the determination of the number of foreigners who will claim our welcome. It will urge us to calculate how many fresh people we can absorb, and that number alone will it permit to enter.

Possibly the greatest task of organization awaiting solution is the adjustment of the quantity of manufactured articles to the requirements. For lack of organization, busy periods with active demand, good prices, and plentiful employment, are succeeded by over-production, glutted warehouses, dropping prices, shut-downs, and unemployment. When prices are good, new mines are sunk, new mills and factories erected, and fresh machinery installed. No attempt is made to calculate the natural requirements of each trade; all is run hap-hazard. A little order is being introduced by the Steel Trust and other enormous combinations, and by the labor organizations. The former, by refusing to put up prices to the top notch, discourage the building of new mills; the latter, by insisting on higher wages in brisk times, increase the cost, and temporarily reduce the demand, thus distributing the demand over a longer period.

Bound up with this problem is another challenge to organization — the cure for unemployment. Figures are regularly published after a great strike or lock-out to show the amazing sums lost to both sides through the stoppage. What colossal sums are similarly lost during hard times, when hundreds of factory boilers are cold and tens of thousands of workmen fruitlessly seek employment! To the able organizers of industrial combinations, the waste of duplicate plants, of antiquated factories running on part

time, and of superfluous commercial staffs, are all abhorrent. But these organizers seem not to realize the stupendous wastes of unemployment. The statesman is yet to come who will make the nation conscious of the unparalleled loss involved when Coxie armies are recruited, and who will then enlist the ablest citizens in organizing to ensure steadiness in industry and employment. Collectively, we are convicted of stupidity until that organization is perfected. It is an indictment of our ability to control our affairs when double shifts one year are followed by shut-downs the next year, when feverish haste to fill orders is succeeded by anxious eagerness to secure orders, and when the crowds who come to our shores attracted by the smiles of prosperity are cast adrift as hoboes in adversity. Organization is part of the American accepted creed, and the nation will need to go great lengths in the practice of that creed before the social machinery is running smoothly.

A further principle besides organization, a principle equally important for the future, is discernible in the reconstruction that is going forward. When Mr. Rockefeller gives \$32,000,000 at one time for the improvement of education, when Mr. Andrew Carnegie light-heartedly tosses ten millions to college faculties, and when lesser gifts, involving as great sacrifice and good-will on the donors' part, are reported almost daily, it is clear that, either with full consciousness or without clear formulation, a potent ideal is working in our society. Cræsus is privileged to express by golden gifts the hope which many vaguely feel. What is that hope? What are its characteristics?

First, it has no definite religious basis. In olden days the rich man's gifts and legacies, meant as an entrance fee to Paradise, were put in charge of the church. The priest was the trustee, and seats of learning were adjuncts to religion. But most American gifts have no religious flavor; their aims and administration are secular. Though Mr. Rockefeller is a

devout Baptist, and a Baptist is president of Chicago University, the work of the university is hardly touched by the creed of its founder and its head. Mr. Carnegie excludes denominational colleges from the benefits of his pension fund for professors, and the libraries he establishes contain of course few works on theology. Even hospitals and the like, which are given a denominational name, are terribly secular in the operating-rooms and the sick-wards; while the charity-organization societies throughout the country, which are more and more attacking causes of want, invite to membership saints and sinners indiscriminately. Hope of heaven, fear of hell, desire to save the individual soul, are not the motives that direct the modern reconstruction.

Second, the actuating impulse is national in scope; local and state boundaries are neglected by the new builders. The work of the General Education Board, the Southern Education Board, the Carnegie Foundations, the Sage Foundation, the National Child-Labor Committee, the Anti-Tuberculosis Committee, and the rest, show a strengthening consciousness of national life and destiny. Philanthropists and statesmen think in continents. Workmen also become yearly more aware of the unity of the land. Through the American Federation of Labor, and in their international trade unions, the organized laborers are proving an ability to act together over areas thousands of miles apart, and to comprehend how local interests may be transcended by national interests.

Third, the spirit moving in the land believes that individuals can be improved. It is not bound by a despairing conviction that human nature is immutable. Education is almost a fetich in America, and especially with the reconstructors. To education they devote their chief enthusiasm and their most lavish gifts; in the power of a university training to improve the quality of young men and maidens they place unquestioning trust. All their social activities assume that

men and conditions are improvable, that the last step of progress has not been taken, nor the last word of hope spoken. So fervent is the faith that American life can elevate those who share it, that semi-savage immigrants by the thousand are received into the national home with hardly a doubt of our capacity to civilize them. A fatalistic trust that no human material can resist the chastening and refining influence of American institutions is universal in America.

All the tendencies I have indicated may be summed up: "American leaders are bent upon evolving a higher civilization." A very eminent American statesman, in discussing with Mr. H. G. Wells the gloomy forecast in his early book, *The Time Machine*, expressed a fear that perhaps all our struggle for improvement would but end in the development of the two hostile classes pictured in the book: one stunted, brutal, subterranean, the other cruel, luxurious, and inhuman, living on the slave labors of the former. "Perhaps it may come to that," he exclaimed, "but anyhow the fight is worth while." Few, however, would find the intoxication of battle sufficient reward, were defeat the likely outcome. A nobler prospect is heartening the fighters.

Slowly and semi-consciously American teachers and practical guides are putting themselves in harmony with the trend that runs through all creation. The evolutionary theory is ingrained in our minds and is taking effect. Man, we know, has been developed from most humble beginnings. His descent can be traced through anthropoid apes, earlier mammals, saurian reptiles, fishes, and plants, back, back to the protoplasmic cell. Through incalculable stretches of time Nature has operated, patiently evolving one type after another. Sometimes a branch of the living tree stopped growing, but always some other branch remained vigorous, and the upward tendency continued. At last, primitive man emerged, a rude creature hardly higher than a brute; but step by step his powers

and tastes, his customs and social institutions improved, until civilization and men of genius graced the earth. From the naked savage to Shakespeare and Washington mankind traveled a painful, precipitous road. Acting generally without deliberate purpose to advance, driven like the beasts of the field by Nature's whips, body and sex-hunger, men were unaware of the destination toward which they moved. But the nineteenth century revealed the scheme of the universe to be the persistent development of higher types of life. To that end, mankind can now coöperate with the forces behind the universe. No longer need progress be haphazard. Favoring conditions purposely established will stimulate the appearance of nobler types. Future civilization may become as much superior to ours as ours is superior to the Kaffir's; the average citizen as much superior to us as we are superior to the Esquimaux.

America has special advantages over European nations for the establishment of such a civilization. Most easily of all lands, she can secure to her citizens assured subsistence for reasonable exertion and leave surplus energies free for higher activities. She can take the essential step of the elimination of poverty, the freeing of a great population for the first time in history from the possibility of want. Toward that goal we are moving by the organization of our resources. Already the problem of production is well nigh solved. Enough is grown on America's broad prairies and manufactured in her mills and factories fully to feed and clothe her eighty millions. But the problem of distribution remains a puzzle. A huge task of organization challenges statesmen and patriots, the task of arranging our system of industrial rewards so that to every person willing to work a sufficient livelihood from birth to death shall be guaranteed. The Sage Foundation for the investigation of the causes of poverty is a sign that the challenge to the task will be accepted.

A second advantage which America enjoys in setting out towards a higher civilization is the absence, as yet, of a class idle, luxurious, parasitic by tradition. Fewer families than in European countries consist of rich drones, born to affluent ease, disdainful of effort. Our strongest men are active by preference, our social life is still organized on the assumption that work is the noblest lot for man or woman. Therefore we may enlist for the crusade the strongest minds and stoutest hearts. Already the army is forming. Every member of his cabinet, says President Roosevelt, holds his position at financial sacrifice, for each member patriotism and love of honor are stronger than the magnetism of the dollar. Two of our richest men have exchanged telegrams of congratulation upon their success in disposing of their surplus wealth and have agreed that their pleasure in rearing Aladdin palaces for public use is marred by no pang at part-

ing with "the scraps of paper" they cost. From that attitude there are but few steps to the voluntary renunciation of opportunities for gathering the millions, when it is shown that the community will profit more by restraint in the getting than it will profit by liberality in the disbursing.

The men and the women who aim at a social betterment in both the getting and the spending of fortunes are the advance-guard of the soldiers of the coming change. Behind them, uncommitted to any wide-reaching theory, but patriotic and zealous for an improved society, there are marching philanthropists, doctors, lawyers, business men, and legislators, people of distinction, followed by the swelling army of privates who are ready sturdily to walk along the road to the land of promise, the millions on whose backs the burden of our civilization rests, and for whose children the better order will be the greatest boon.

BRET HARTE'S HEROINES

BY HENRY C. MERWIN

IN Bret Harte's stories woman is subordinated to man just as love is subordinated to friendship. The principal figure in almost all the tragic tales is a man. There is no female character, moreover, that appears and reappears in one story after another, as do Yuba Bill, Jack Hamlin, and Colonel Starbottle; and, so far as we can judge from a writer of such reserve, the *gusto* which Bret Harte evidently felt in writing about these worthies was not evoked to the same degree by any of his heroines.

And yet what modern author has exhibited a more charming gallery of heroines, or has depicted the passion of love in so pure and wholesome a form! The critic must clear up his ideas about what

constitutes nobility in woman, before he can fairly estimate the women described by Bret Harte. A sophisticated reader would be almost sure to underestimate them. Even that English critic who was perhaps his greatest admirer, makes the remark, literally true, but nevertheless misleading, that Bret Harte "did not create a perfectly noble, superior, commanding woman." No; but he created, or at least sketched, more than one woman of a very noble type. What type of woman is most valuable to the world? Surely that which is fitted to become the mother of heroes; and to that type Bret Harte's best women belong. They have courage, tenderness, sympathy, the power of self-sacrifice; they have even that strain

of fierceness which seems to be inseparable, in man or beast, from the capacity for deep affection. They do indeed lack education, and inherited refinement. Bret Harte himself occasionally points out the deficiency in this respect of his pioneer women. "She brushed the green moss from his sleeve with some towelling, and although this operation brought her so near to him that her breath — as soft and warm as the Southwest trades — stirred his hair, it was evident that this contiguity was only frontier familiarity, as far removed from conscious coquetry, as it was, perhaps, from educated delicacy."

And yet it is very easy to exaggerate this defect. In most respects the wholesomeness, the democratic sincerity and dignity of Bret Harte's women (and of his men as well) give them the substantial benefits of gentle blood. Thus he says of one of his characters, "He had that innate respect for the secrets of others which is as inseparable from simplicity as it is from high breeding;" and this remark might have been put in a much more general form. In fact, the essential similarity between simplicity and high breeding runs through the whole nature of Bret Harte's characters, and perhaps, moreover, explains why the man who loved the mining camps of California fled from philistine San Francisco and provincial Boston to cosmopolitan London.

Be this as it may, the defects of Bret Harte's heroines relate rather to the ornamental than to the indispensable part of life, whereas the qualities in which they excel are those fundamental feminine qualities upon which, in the last analysis, is founded the greatness of nations. Bret Harte's women have the independence, the innocent audacity, the clear common-sense, the resourcefulness, typical of the American woman, and they have, besides, a depth of feeling which is rather primeval than American, which certainly is not a part of the typical American woman as we know her in the Eastern States.

Perhaps the final test of nobility in

man or woman is the capacity to value *something*, be it honor, affection, or what you will, be it almost *anything*, but to value something more than life itself, and this is the characteristic of Bret Harte's heroines. They are as ready to die for love as Juliet was, and along with this *abandon* they have the coolness, the independence, the practical faculty, which belong to their time and race, but which were not a part of woman's nature in the age that produced Shakespeare's "un-lessoned" girl.

Bret Harte's heroines have a strong family resemblance to those of both Turgénieff and Thomas Hardy. In each case the women obey the instinct of love as unreservedly as men of an archaic type obey the instinct of fighting. There is no question with them of material advantage, of wealth, position, or even reputation. Such considerations, so familiar to women of the world, never enter their minds. They love as nature prompts, and having once given their love, they give themselves and everything that they have along with it. There is a magnificent forgetfulness of self about them. This is the way of nature. Nature never counts the cost, never hoards her treasures, but pours them out, to live or die as the case may be, with a profusion which makes the human by-stander — economical, poverty-stricken man — stand aghast. In Russia this type of woman is frequently found, as Turgénieff, and to a lesser degree Tolstoi, found her among the upper classes, which have retained a primeval quality long since bred out of the corresponding classes in England and in the United States. For women of the same type in England, Thomas Hardy is forced to look lower down in the social scale; and this probably accounts for the fact that his heroines are seldom drawn from the upper classes.

Women of this type sometimes fail in point of chastity, but it is a failure due to impulse and affection, not to mere frivolity or sensuality. After all, chastity is only one of the virtues that women owe to

themselves and to the race. The chaste woman who coldly marries for money is, as a rule, morally inferior to the unchaste woman who gives up everything for love.

It is to be observed, however, that Bret Harte's women do not need this defense, for his heroines, with the single exception of Miggles, are virtuous. The only loose women in Bret Harte's stories are the obviously bad women, the female "villains" of the play, and they are by no means numerous. Joan, in "The Argonauts of North Liberty," the wives of "Brown of Calaveras," and of "The Bell-Ringer of Angels," respectively, the cold-blooded Mrs. Decker, and Mrs. Burroughs, the pretty, murderous, feline little woman in "A Mercury of the Foothills" — these very nearly exhaust the list. On the other hand, in Thomas Hardy and Turgénieff, to say nothing of lesser novelists, it is often the heroine herself who falls from virtue. Too much can hardly be made of the moral superiority of Bret Harte's stories in this respect. It is due not simply to his own taste and preference, but to the actual state of society in California, which, in this respect as in all others, he faithfully portrayed. The city of San Francisco might have told a different story; but in the mining and agricultural parts of the state the standard of feminine virtue was high. Perhaps this was due, in part at least, to the chivalry of the men, reacting upon the women, — to that feeling which Bret Harte himself called "the western-American fetich of the sanctity of sex," and, again, "the innate Far-Western reverence for women."

In all European societies, and now, to a lesser degree, in the cities of the United States, every man is, generally speaking, the enemy of every young and good-looking woman, as much as the hunter is the enemy of his game. How vast is the difference between this attitude of men to women and that which Bret Harte describes! The California men, as he says elsewhere, "thought it dishonorable and a proof of incompetency to rise by their wives' superior fortune." They married

for love and nothing else, and their love took the form of reverence.

The complement of this feeling, on the woman's side, is a maternal, protecting affection, perhaps the noblest passion of which women are capable; and this is the kind of love that Bret Harte's heroines invariably show. No mother could have watched over her child more tenderly than Cressy over her sweetheart. The cry that came from the lips of the Rose of Tuolumne when she flew to the rescue of her bleeding lover was "the cry of a mother over her stricken babe, of a tigress over her mangled cub."

Let us recall the picture of the Rose as she first appears in the story, — summoned out of bed by her father, in the middle of the night, to help entertain his troublesome guest, the youthful poet. While the two men await her coming on the piazza, the elder confides some family secrets to his young friend.

"'But hush,' said Mr. McCloskey — 'that's her foot on the stairs. She's cummin'.' She came. I don't think the French window ever held a finer view than when she put aside the curtains and stepped out. She had dressed herself simply and hurriedly, but with a woman's knowledge of her best points, so that you got the long curves of her shapely limbs, the shorter curves of her round waist and shoulders, the long sweep of her yellow braids, and even the delicate rose of her complexion, without knowing how it was delivered to you. . . . it was two o'clock in the morning, the cheek of this Tuolumne goddess was as dewy and fresh as an infant's, and she looked like Marguerite, without ever having heard of Goethe's heroine."

Bret Harte's heroines are almost all of the robust type. A companion picture to the Rose is that of Jinny in the story "When the Waters were up at Jules."

"Certainly she was graceful! Her tall, lithe, but beautifully moulded figure, even in its characteristic Southwestern indolence, fell into poses as picturesque as they were unconscious. She lifted the big

molasses can from its shelf on the rafters with the attitude of a Greek water-bearer. She upheaved the heavy flour sack to the same secure shelf with the up-raised palms of an Egyptian caryatid."

Trinidad Joe's daughter, also, was large-limbed, with blue eyes, black brows, and white teeth. It was of her that the doctor said, "If she spoke rustic Greek instead of bad English, and wore a cestus instead of an ill-fitting corset, you'd swear she was a goddess."

It is to be remembered that Bret Harte's nobler type of women, and in most cases of his men also, was drawn from the western and southwestern emigrants. The "great West" furnished his heroic characters, — California was only their accidental and temporary abiding place. The eastern emigrants came by sea, and very few women accompanied them. The western and southwestern emigrants crossed the plains, and brought their wives and children along. These people were of the muscular, farm type, with such health and such nerves as spring from an out-door life, from simple, even coarse food, from early hours and abundant sleep. The women shared the courage of their fathers and brothers. Bret Harte's heroines are womanly to their finger-tips, but they have nerves of steel. Such was Lanty Foster, in whose veins flowed "the blood that had never nourished cravens or degenerates, but had given itself to sprinkle and fertilize desert solitudes where man might follow; . . . whose first infant cry had been answered by the yelp and scream of panther; whose father's rifle had been leveled across her cradle, to cover the stealthy Indian who prowled outside."

Bret Harte's women show their primitive character in their love-affairs, in respect to which they are much like Shakespeare's heroines. "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight!"

John Ashe's betrothed and Ridgway Dent had known each other a matter of two hours or so, before they exchanged that immortal kiss which nearly cost the

lives of both. Two brief meetings, and one of those in the dark, sufficed to win for the brave and clever young deputy sheriff the affections of Lanty Foster. In "A Jack and Gill of the Sierras," a handsome girl from the East tumbles over a precipice, and falls upon the recumbent hero, part way down, with such violence as to stun him. This is hardly romantic, but the dangerous and difficult ascent which they make together furnishes the required opportunity. Ten minutes of contiguity suffice, and so well is the girl's character indicated by a few masterly strokes, that the reader feels no surprise at the result.

And yet there is nothing that savors of coarseness, much less of levity, in these abrupt love-affairs. When Bret Harte's heroes and heroines meet, it is the coming together of two souls that recognize and attract each other. It is like a stroke of lightning, and is accepted with a primeval simplicity and un-selfconsciousness. The impression is as deep as it is sudden.

What said Juliet of the anonymous young man whom she had known something less than an hour?

"Go, ask his name: if he be married

My grave is like to be my wedding bed."

So felt Liberty Jones when she exclaimed to Dr. Rysdael. "I'll go with you or I'll die!"

It is this sincerity that sanctifies the rapidity and frankness of Bret Harte's love-affairs. Genuine passion takes no account of time, and supplies by one instinctive rush of feeling the experience of years. Given the right persons, time becomes as long and as short as eternity. Thus it was with the two lovers who met and parted at midnight on the hill-top. "There they stood alone. There was no sound of motion in earth or woods or heaven. They might have been the one man and woman for whom this goodly earth that lay at their feet, rimmed with the deepest azure, was created. And seeing this they turned toward each other with a sudden instinct, and their hands met, and then their lips in one long kiss."

But this same perfect understanding may be arrived at in a crowd as well as in solitude. Cressy and the Schoolmaster were mutually aware of each other's presence at the dance before they had exchanged a look, and when their eyes met it was in "an isolation as supreme as if they had been alone."

Cressy is so real, so lifelike, that her first appearance in the story, namely her return to school, after the episode of a broken engagement, leaves the reader firmly convinced of her previous existence. This is what the youthful schoolmaster saw on that memorable morning:—

"In the rounded, untouched, and untrodden freshness of her cheek and chin, and the forward droop of her slender neck, she appeared a girl of fifteen; in her developed figure and the maturer drapery of her full skirts she seemed a woman; in her combination of naïve recklessness and perfect understanding of her person she was both. In spite of a few school-books that jauntily swung from a strap in her gloved hand, she bore no resemblance to a pupil; in her pretty gown of dotted muslin, with bows of blue ribbon on the skirt and corsage, and a cluster of roses in her belt, she was as inconsistent and incongruous to the others as a fashion-plate would have been in the dry and dog-eared pages before them. Yet she carried it off with a demure mingling of the naïveté of youth and the *aplomb* of a woman, and as she swept down the narrow aisle, burying a few small wondering heads in the overflow of her flounces, there was no doubt of her reception in the arch smile that dimpled her cheek. Dropping a half curtsy to the master, the only suggestion of equality with the others, she took her place at one of the larger desks, and resting her elbow on the lid began quietly to remove her gloves. It was Cressy McKinstry."

Poor Cressy, like Daisy Miller, was the pathetic victim of circumstances, chief among which was the lack of a lover worthy of being her husband. Could any

country in the world, except our own, produce a Cressy! She has all the beauty, much of the refinement, and all the subtle perceptions of a girl belonging to the most sophisticated race and class; and underneath she has the strong, primeval, spontaneous qualities, the wholesome instincts, the courage, the steadfastness of that pioneer people, that religious, fighting, much-enduring people to whom she belonged.

Cressy is the true child of her father; and there is nothing finer in all Bret Harte than his description of this rough backwoodsman, ferocious in his boundary warfare, and yet full of vague aspirations for his daughter, conscious of his own deficiencies, and oppressed with that melancholy which haunts the man who has outgrown the ideals and conventions of his youth. Hiram McKinstry, compared with the masterful Yuba Bill, the picturesque Hamlin, or the majestic Starbottle, is not an imposing figure; but to have divined him was a greater feat of sympathetic imagination than to have created the others.

It is characteristic, too, of Bret Harte that it is Cressy's father who is represented as acutely conscious of his own defects in education; whereas her mother remains true to the ancestral type, deeply distrusting her husband's and her daughter's innovations. Mrs. McKinstry, as the reader will remember, "looked upon her daughter's studies and her husband's interest in them as weaknesses that might in course of time produce infirmity of homicidal purpose and become enervating of eye and trigger finger. . . . 'The old man's worrits hev sorter shook out a little of his sand,' she had explained."

Alas that no genius has arisen to write the epic of the West, as Hawthorne and Mary Wilkins and Miss Jewett have written the epic of New England! Bret Harte's stories of the western people are true and striking, but his limitations prevented him from giving much more than sketches of them. They are not presented with that fullness which is necessary to

make a figure in fiction impress itself upon the popular imagination, and become familiar even to people who have never read the book in which it is contained. Cressy, like Bret Harte's other heroines, flits across the scene once or twice, and we see her no more. Mrs. McKinstry is sketched only in outline, and yet she is a strong, tragic figure of a type now extinct or nearly so, as powerful and more sane than Meg Merrilies, and much more worthy of a permanent place in literature.

Bret Harte's heroines include to a remarkable degree almost everything that was interesting in feminine California. Even the aborigines have a place. The Princess Bob is an Indian. So is the Mermaid of Lighthouse Point; and in "Peter Atherley's Ancestors" we have a group of squaws, the youngest of whom is thus touchingly described: "A girl of sixteen in years, a child of six in intellect, she flashed her little white teeth upon him when he lifted his tent-flap, content to receive his grave melancholy bow, or patiently trotted at his side, carrying things he did not want, which she had taken from the lodge. When he sat down to write, she remained seated at a distance, looking at him with glistening beady eyes like blackberries set in milk, and softly scratching the little bare brown ankle of one foot with the turned-in toes of the other, after an infantile fashion."

Next in point of time come the Spanish occupants of the soil. Bret Harte has not given us such an elaborate portrait of a Spanish girl as he has of that fascinating and gallant young gentleman Enrico Saltello; but there is a charming sketch of his sister Consuelo. It will be remembered that Consuelo, fancying or pretending to fancy a prearranged meeting between her American suitor and a certain Miss Smith, dashes off on the erratic Chu Chu, and is found by her agonized lover two hours later reclining by the roadside, "with her lovely blue-black hair undisheveled," and apparently unhurt, but still, as she declares, the victim

of a serious accident. Thus she replies to her lover's tender inquiries as to the nature of her injuries:—

"'You comprehend not, my poor Pancho! It is not of the foot, the ankle, the arm, or the head that I can say "She is broke!" I would it were even so. But,' she lifted her sweet lashes slowly, — 'I have derranged my inside. It is an affair of my family. My grandfather have once tumble over the bull at a rodeo. He speak no more; he is dead. For why? He has derrange his inside. Believe me, it is of the family. You comprehend? The Saltellos are not as the other peoples for this. . . . When you are happy and talk in the road to the Essmith, you will not think of me, you will not see my eyes, Pancho; these little grass' — she ran her plump little fingers through a tussock — 'will hide them; and the small animals in black that live here will have much sorrow — but you will not. It ees better so! My father will not that I, a Catholique, should marry into a camp-meeting, and live in a tent, and make howl like the coyote.'"

Thackeray himself was not a greater master of dialect than Bret Harte, and as Thackeray seems to bring out the character of Costigan by his brogue, so Bret Harte, by means of her delightfully broken English, discloses the gentle, piquant, womanly, grave, non-humorous, but tenderly playful character of the Spanish señorita. Consuelo is not the only one. There are Donna Supelvida in "Gabriel Conroy;" Rosita Pico, the friend of Mrs. Demorest, in "The Argonauts of North Liberty;" Pepita Ramirez, by whose charms Stephen Masterton, the Methodist preacher, became "A Convert of the Mission," and Carmen de Haro, in "The Story of a Mine," whose voice was "so musical, so tender, so sympathizing, so melodious, so replete with the graciousness of womanhood, that she seemed to have invented the language."

The Mexican women are represented by the passionate Teresa, who met her fate, in a double sense, "In the Carquinez

Woods," finding there both a lover and her death; and even the charming daughter of a Spanish mother and an American or English father is not missing. Such marriages were frequent among the adventurous Anglo-Saxons who had settled in California long before the discovery of gold. It was said, indeed, that the señoritas preferred Americans as husbands, and this preference accounted in part for the bitter feeling against them entertained by the Spaniards. It was bad enough that they should acquire the land, without capturing the women also. José Castro, the military commander of the province, declared, in 1846, that such indignities could not be borne by Castilian blood. "A California Cavaliero cannot woo a Señorita, if opposed in his suit by an American sailor; and these heretics must be cleared from the land."

In "*Maruja*" we have the daughter of a New England whaling captain and a Spanish woman of good family, who unites the best qualities of both races. "Her eyes were beautiful, and charged with something more than their own beauty. With a deep brunette setting even to the darkened curves, the pupils were as blue as the sky above them. But they were lit with another intelligence. The soul of the Salem whaler looked out of the passion-darkened orbits of the mother, and was resistless."

As to the American women who emigrated to California, Bret Harte's gallery contains a picture, or at least a sketch of every type. Of the western and south-western women mention has already been made. The South is represented by Sally Dows, who appears not only in the story of that name, but also in "*Colonel Starbottle's Client*." Sally Dows is a "reconstructed" rebel, a rebel indeed who never believed in the war, but who stood by her kindred. She is a charming young woman, graceful, physically and mentally, coquettish but businesslike, cool and alluring, and always mistress of herself and the situation. The key to her character dawns at last upon her northern

lover: "Looking at her closely now he understood the meaning of those pliant graces, so unaffected and yet always controlled by the reasoning of an unbiased intellect; her frank speech and plausible intonations! Before him stood the true-born daughter of a long race of politicians! All that he had heard of their dexterity, tact, and expediency rose here incarnate with the added grace of womanhood."

In his portrayal of eastern women Bret Harte is less successful. There was no Yankee blood in his veins, and he was inclined to dislike New England people and New England ideas. Moreover, the conventional well-bred woman of any race or clime did not interest him. Writers of fiction, as a rule, find their material in one particular class, and in the dependents or inferiors with whom that class comes especially in contact. Dickens is the historian of the London cockney, Thackeray of aristocratic and literary London, Trollope of the English county families, and to some extent, of Englishmen in public life, Rhoda Broughton of the county families and of academic society, George Eliot of the middle and farmer class, Thomas Hardy of the farmer and peasant class, Mr. Howells of the typical well-to-do American family. Bret Harte, on the other hand, drew his material from every class and condition — from the widow Hiler to Louise Macey, from Mrs. McKinstry to Cherry Brooks; but women did not usually attract him as subjects for literature, unless they were close to nature, or else emancipated from custom and tradition by some originality of mind or character.

He could indeed draw fairly well the accomplished woman of the world, such for example as Amy Forester in "*A Night on the Divide*," Jessie Mayfield in "*Jeff Briggs' Love Story*," Grace Nevil in "*A Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope*," Mrs. Ashwood in "*A First Family of Tasajara*," and Mrs. Horncastle in "*Three Partners*." But these women do not bear the stamp of Bret Harte's genius.

His army and navy girls are better, because they are redeemed from commonplaceness by their patriotism. Miss Portfire in "The Princess Bob and Her Friends," and Julia Cantire in "Dick Boyle's Business Card," represent those American families, more numerous than might be supposed, in which it is almost an hereditary custom for the men to serve in the army or navy, and for the women to become the wives and mothers of soldiers and sailors. In such families patriotism is a constant inspiration, to a degree seldom felt except by those who represent their country at home or abroad.

Bret Harte was patriotic, as many of his poems and stories attest, and his long residence in England did not abate his Americanism. "Apostates" was his name for those American girls who marry titled foreigners, and he often speaks of the susceptibility of American women to considerations of rank and position.

In "A Rose of Glenbogie," after describing the male guests at a Scotch country house, he continues: "There were the usual half-dozen smartly-frocked women who, far from being the females of the foregoing species, were quite indistinctive, with the single exception of an American wife, who was infinitely more Scotch than her Scotch husband." And in the "The Heir of the McHulishes" the American consul is represented as being less chagrined by the bumptiousness of his male compatriots than by "the snobbishness and almost servile adaptability of the women. Or was it possible that it was only a weakness of the sex which no Republican nativity or education could eliminate?" What American has not asked himself this same question!

The only New England woman of whom Bret Harte has made an elaborate study, with the possible exception of Thankful Blossom, is that very bad person, Joan, in "The Argonauts of North Liberty." The subject had almost a morbid fascination for him. As Hawthorne pointed out in *The Scarlet Letter*, the man

or woman whom we hate becomes an object of interest to us, almost as much as the person whom we love. An acute critic declares that Thackeray's wonderful insight into the characters and feelings of servants was due to the fact that he had a kind of horror of them, and was morbidly sensitive to their criticisms — the more keenly felt for being unspoken. So Joan represents what Bret Harte hated more than anything else in the world, namely, a narrow, censorious, hypocritical, cold-blooded Puritanism. Her character is not that of a typical New England woman; its counterpart would much more easily be found among the men; but it is a perfectly consistent character, most accurately worked out. Joan combines a prim, provincial, horsehair-sofa respectability with a lawless and sensual nature, — an odd combination, and yet not an impossible one. She might perhaps be called the female of that species which Hawthorne immortalized under the name of Judge Pyncheon.

Joan is a puzzle to the reader, but so she was to those who knew her. Was she a conscious hypocrite, deliberately playing a false part in the world, or was she a monstrous egotist, one in whom the soul of truth had so died out that she thought herself justified in everything that she did, and committed the worst acts from what she supposed to be the most excusable motives? Her intimates did not know. One of the finest strokes in the story is the dawning of suspicion upon the mind of her second husband. "For with all his deep affection for his wife, Richard Demorest unconsciously feared her. The strong man whose dominance over men and women alike had been his salient characteristic, had begun to feel an indefinable sense of some unrecognized quality in the woman he loved. He had once or twice detected it in a tone of her voice, in a remembered and perhaps even once idolized gesture, or in the accidental lapse of some bewildering word."

And yet it would be unjust to say that Bret Harte had no conception of the bet-

ter type of New England women. The schoolmistress in "The Idyl of Red Gulch," one of the earliest and one of the best stories, is as pure and heroic a maiden, and as characteristic of the soil, as Hilda. The reader will remember the description of Miss Mary as she appeared playing with her pupils in the woods: "The color came faintly into her pale cheek . . . felinely fastidious, and intrenched as she was in the purity of spotless skirts, collars and cuffs, she forgot all else, and ran like a crested quail at the head of her brood, until romping, laughing, and panting, with a loosened braid of brown hair, a hat hanging by a knotted ribbon from her throat, she came" — upon Sandy, the unheroic hero of the tale.

In the culminating scene of this story, the interview between Miss Mary and the mother of Sandy's illegitimate boy, when the teacher consents to take the child with her to her home in the East and bring him up, although she is still under the shock of the discovery of Sandy's relation to him, — in this scene the schoolmistress exhibits true New England restraint, and a beautiful absence of heroics. It was just at sunset. "The last red beam crept higher, suffused Miss Mary's eyes with something of its glory, flickered and faded and went out. The sun had set on Red Gulch. In the twilight and silence Miss Mary's voice sounded pleasantly. 'I will take the boy. Send him to me to-night.'"

One can hardly help speculating about Bret Harte's personal taste and preferences in regard to women. Cressy and the Rose of Tuolumne were both blondes; and yet on the whole he certainly preferred brunettes. Even his blue-eyed girls usually have black hair. The Treasure of the Redwoods disclosed from the recesses of her sunbonnet "a pale blue eye and a thin black arch of eyebrow." One associates a contralto voice with a brunette, and Bret Harte's heroines, so far as the subject is mentioned, have contralto voices. Not one is spoken of as having a soprano voice. Even the slight

and blue-eyed Tinka Gallinger "sang in a youthful, rather nasal contralto."

As to eyes, he seems to have preferred them gray or brown, a "tender gray" and a "reddish brown." Ailsa Callender's hair was "dark with a burnished copper tint at its roots, and her eyes had the same burnished metallic lustre in their brown pupils." Mrs. MacGlowrie was "a fair-faced woman with eyes the color of pale sherry."

A small foot with an arched instep was a *sine qua non* with Bret Harte, and he speaks particularly of the small, well-shod foot of the southwestern girl. He believed in breeding, and all of his heroines were well-bred, — not well-bred in the conventional sense, but in the sense of coming from sound, courageous, self-respecting, self-improving stock. Within these limits his range of heroines is exceedingly wide, including some that are often excluded from that category. He is rather partial to widows, for example, and always looks upon their innocent gayeties with an indulgent eye. It was thus that he saw the widow of the "Santa Ana" valley as she appeared at the first dancing party ever held in that region: "The widow arrived, looking a little slimmer than usual in her closely buttoned black dress, white collar and cuffs, very glistening in eye and in hair, and with a faint coming and going of color."

"The Blue Grass Penelope," Dick Spindler's hostess, and Mrs. Ashwood, in "A First Family of Tasajara," are all charming widows. Can a woman be a widow and untidy in her dress, and still retain her preëminence as heroine? Yes, Bret Harte's genius is equal even to that. "Mrs. MacGlowrie was looking wearily over some accounts on the desk before her, and absently putting back some tumbled sheaves from the shock of her heavy hair. For the widow had a certain indolent southern negligence, which in a less pretty woman would have been untidiness, and a characteristic hook-and-eye-less freedom of attire, which on less graceful limbs would have been slovenly.

One sleeve-cuff was unbuttoned, but it showed the vein of her delicate wrist; the neck of her dress had lost a hook, but the glimpse of a bit of edging round the white throat made amends. Of all which, however, it should be said that the widow, in her limp abstraction, was really unconscious."

Red-haired women have been so popular in fiction during recent years that it was perhaps no great feat for Bret Harte in the "Buckeye Hollow Inheritance" to make a heroine out of a red-haired girl and a bad-tempered one too; but what other romancer has ever dared to represent a young and lovely woman as "hard of hearing"! There can be no question that the youngest Miss Piper was not quite normal in this respect, although, doubtless, for purposes of coquetry and sarcasm, she magnified the defect. In her memorable interview with the clever young grocery clerk (whom she afterward married) she begins by failing to hear distinctly the title of the book which he was reading when she entered the store; and we have this picture: "Miss Delaware, leaning sideways and curling her little fingers around her pink ear, 'Did you say the first principles of geology or politeness? You know I am so deaf; but of course it could n't be that.'"

The same heroine was much freckled, — in fact her freckles were a part of that charm which suddenly overcame the bashful suitor of Virginia Piper, whom Delaware was endeavoring to assist in his courtship. "Speak louder, or come closer," she said. He came closer, so close in fact that "her soft satin cheek, peppered and salted as it was by sun freckles and mountain air," proved irresistible; and thereupon, abruptly abandoning his suit to the oldest, he kissed the youngest Miss Piper — and received a sound box on the ear for his temerity and fickleness. Freckles become positive enhancements of beauty under Bret Harte's sympathetic touch. Julia Porter's face "appeared whiter at the angles of the

mouth and nose through the relief of tiny freckles like grains of pepper."

Bret Harte bestowed great care upon the details of the human face and figure. There are subtleties of coloring, for example, that have escaped almost everybody else. Who but Bret Harte has really described the light which love kindles upon the face of a woman? "Yerba Buena's strangely delicate complexion had taken on itself that faint Alpine glow that was more of an illumination than a color." And so of Cressy, as the Schoolmaster saw her at the dance. "She was pale, he had never seen her so beautiful. . . . The absence of color in her usually fresh face had been replaced by a faint magnetic aurora that seemed to him half spiritual. He could not take his eyes from her; he could not believe what he saw."

The forehead, the temples, and more especially the eyebrows of his heroines — these and the part which they play in the expression of emotion — are described by Bret Harte with a particularity which cannot be found elsewhere. To cite a few out of many examples: Susy showed "a pretty distress in her violet eyes and curving eyebrows;" and the eyebrows of the princess "contracted prettily in an effort to understand." Kate Howard "was silent for a minute, with her arched black brows knitted;" and of the unfortunate Concepcion de Aguella it is written: —

The small mouth quivered, as for some denied caress,
And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantile distress.

Even the eyelashes of Bret Harte's heroines are carefully painted in the picture. Flora Dimwood "cast a sidelong glance" at the hero, "under her widely-spaced heavy lashes." The eyes and eyelashes of that irrepressible child, Sarah Walker, are thus minutely and pathetically described: "Her eyes were of a dark shade of burnished copper, — the orbits appearing deeper and larger from the rubbing in of habitual tears from long wet lashes."

Bret Harte has the rare faculty of mak-

ing even a tearful woman attractive. The Ward of the Golden Gate "drew back a step, lifted her head with a quick toss that seemed to condense the moisture in her shining eyes, and sent what might have been a glittering dewdrop flying into the loosened tendrils of her hair." The quick-tempered heroine is seen "hurriedly disentangling two stinging tears from her long lashes;" and even the mannish girl, Julia Porter, becomes femininely deliquescent as she leans back in the dark stage coach, with the romantic Cass Beard gazing at her from his invisible corner. "How much softer her face

looked in the moonlight! — How moist her eyes were — actually shining in the light! How that light seemed to concentrate in the corner of the lashes, and then slipped — flash — away! Was she? Yes, she was crying."

One might go on indefinitely, quoting from Bret Harte's vivid and always brief descriptions of feminine feature and aspect; but doubtless the reader has not forgotten them, and I can only hope that he will not regret to have looked once more upon these familiar portraits painted in brilliant, and, as we believe, unfading colors.

THE REGULATION OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

SHALL American stock exchanges be put under government regulation and control?

This is a question which began to be discussed after the panic of last autumn; and the discussion has been stimulated by several recent failures, in which the "bucketing" of orders and cool appropriation of customers' securities seem to have been everyday occurrences. Financial disaster, as on previous similar occasions, has involved a train of losses, impoverishment, and suicides, for which the blame has been cast by many upon the organization of the stock exchange, and often upon the entire system of selling securities on margin and selling products for future delivery. And, as measures for issuing "more money" usually appear in Congress in times of stress, there has appeared the usual crop of measures for taxing or hampering transactions on the exchanges.

The question dealt with in this article is, how far government regulation of the exchanges is justifiable or practicable. It is not the purpose to set forth fully here

the arguments in favor of organized markets like the stock and produce exchanges. This I have done in several other places.¹ Briefly stated, the stock and produce exchanges form a part of the mechanism of modern industry which is absolutely essential to its efficient operation. The purchase and sale of products for future delivery is a form of insurance against fluctuations, without which the miller or cotton manufacturer would be exposed to all the uncertainties of the market, and being unable to know in advance the cost of his raw material, would be obliged to protect himself by charging a wider margin of profit upon his finished goods.

The stock market represents the public register of values, where the owner of a share in a joint-stock enterprise can determine its value in the average opinion of all men interested in the same security. It affords a wide and convenient market, in which he may transform his security at need into cash at the price

¹ *Vide* the author's *Principles of Banking*, pp. 322-356.

which is indicated by the public quotations. The existence of a stock market, where large amounts of securities are dealt in, is also a safeguard to the money market, by permitting securities to be sent abroad in many cases in lieu of gold. This is accomplished by a slight lowering of the price of securities, often without disturbance to the market for merchandise, which would otherwise have to bear the entire shock of changes in interest rates and the demand for money. Against such disturbing influences the stock market acts as a buffer, lessening the shock of movements which would otherwise seriously affect ordinary commercial operations.

The bare fact that the stock market exists is in itself *prima facie* evidence of its importance to the organization of modern finance. When it is considered that the total wealth of the United States, amounting to \$107,000,000,000, is represented to the amount of nearly one-third, or \$35,000,000,000, by negotiable securities, it indicates that these securities and the markets on which they are bought and sold have become a factor of first importance in economic life. It is not proposed here, therefore, to discuss at greater length the reason for being of organized markets. It is proposed rather to discuss the question whether the complete freedom which has prevailed heretofore in such markets in this country shall be subjected in the future to some degree of restriction or regulation.

Recent events have brought this problem home, — not merely to the general public who stand aloof from stock speculation or question its wisdom, but to the intelligent speculator and investor, who desire that their operations shall be conducted at least under the same rules of honesty and fair play which govern operations in other markets. The New York stock market, as well as similar markets throughout the country, has heretofore set a high standard of honor, which has justified its members in the boast that many millions of dollars of profits or

losses were accepted daily by mere word of mouth. Several recent instances have shown, however, that even where such standards prevail, there are individual lapses which it has not been in the power of the brokers as a body, under their present rules of practice, to prevent.

Among the notable specific breaches of good faith of this kind have been the failures of two brokers who deliberately appropriated the securities of their customers, using them to obtain money to bolster up their own speculations. In one case, where securities were left with the broker simply for the purpose of transfer to a different owner, without being bought or sold under the broker's direction, these securities were hypothecated for a loan by the broker, which he proceeded to employ for his own purposes. For all practical purposes, such a use of securities constitutes larceny. It is not surprising that the secretary of the New York Stock Exchange and individual brokers promptly proceeded to disavow a suggestion that such appropriation of customers' securities was a common practice. The weakness of the situation lies in the fact that, even if such disavowals are true, there is no way of determining whether a crime of this sort is being committed until after the fact. The speculator and investor — even the investor in bonds, paying for them in full, who has no wish or intention to engage in marginal speculations — is at the mercy of the good faith of his broker, and that good faith depends upon the broker's general reputation, and not upon any ascertained public facts, as in the case of bank reports and insurance examinations.

This larceny of securities is, of course, only one of many incidents which have drawn attention to the present legal status of the stock market. Among other points may be mentioned the absence of any law or well-established principle by which brokers are prohibited from being also speculators. The more conservative houses usually assure their clients that their articles of partnership agreement

prohibit speculation; but here again the question depends upon the personal character of individuals, subject to no check except their general reputation. And where speculation does take place on the part of brokers, the temptation becomes strong, when money is suddenly needed to pay a loan which has been called to cover a loss, to borrow from the convenient reservoir of customers' securities.

The day seems to have come for consideration of the question whether the present organization of the stock exchanges is such as to insure public confidence, fair play, and absolute security to honest clients, or whether some degree of intervention by the government to secure these results is required. Speculation is legitimate, and will go on increasing in volume with the growth in the wealth of the country and in the quantity of negotiable securities. To interfere with it without warrant is to tie a ball and chain to the limbs of national economic progress. But more and more, with the growing complication of the mechanism of finance, is growing up a sentiment for such supervision of this mechanism as shall insure its safe and honest working. From the smoke and dust of battle between vested interests seeking economic freedom, and the state seeking to protect the individual against errors of judgment and false statements, emerges the principle so well stated by the eminent capitalist, Thomas F. Ryan, in an article in the *Independent*, that "It is right that competition between men should be brought within constantly narrower and narrower rules of justice."

Four points may be named in which improvement might be possible in the present organization of the exchanges:—

(1) Definite assurance of absolute honesty and solvency on the part of brokers.

(2) The enforcement of rules on the exchanges which will shut out securities having any taint of fraud.

(3) The exclusion from speculation of persons of small means, who are not qualified either by their resources or by their

knowledge of the subject to take speculative risks.

(4) The checking of improper manipulation by matched orders and similar devices for misleading the public.

Probably the wisdom of nearly all of these prohibitions would be admitted in the abstract by the candid broker or speculator, with perhaps some trifling qualifications.

Absolute honesty and solvency on the part of brokers are requirements which no one can oppose. If there is division of opinion, it must be over the means of attaining this object. In this country, as has been stated, there is substantially no test and no safeguard, except the ability of the broker to buy his seat on the exchange, and his general reputation. That he shall have a good reputation is, to be sure, one of the requirements of the committee which passes upon the admission of members of the exchange. Persons guilty of fraudulent practices, financial blackmail, and grossly false representations, have been refused admission to the exchange, and when found guilty of such practices after admission, have been expelled and suspended. But these penalties usually come after the fact. Whether there should be some further tightening of the lines, some further elevation of the standard, is a question of degree, which is involved with some other questions affecting the capacity of the stock exchange to establish sound rules and impartially enforce them.

In Europe solvency is insured in many cases by the liability of the entire body of brokers for one another. This involves the weight of personal self-interest against the admission of any candidate who is not financially sound, or is of wobbly financial morality. In France, where there are only seventy official brokers, the entire body is bound by law to make good the obligations of individual members.

Absolute honesty on the part of members of American stock exchanges is of paramount importance to the public, because membership in an exchange is the

one safeguard which the American investor has. It is easy to warn him against the alluring offers and showy offices of bucket-shop swindlers, by advising him to find out if the parties he deals with are members of a stock exchange. But if stock-exchange members themselves "bucket" their orders, then their clients are subject to the same risks as in dealing with bucket-shops. The broker has the same motive for wishing his clients ill luck, he takes the same risks with his own money, and he is under the same temptation to sequester his clients' money. A system which permits this to be done, even sporadically, by men who have been given the official stamp of a stock-exchange committee, calls for amendment. There is no visible difference to the outsider between the responsible and honest broker, and the irresponsible and dishonest, if both can ply their trade without interference on the regular exchanges. Only the man familiar with the inner gossip of Wall Street will know whom to trust, and he will hesitate to back his opinion by positive advice to his friends.

Discrimination by the exchanges as to the character of the securities admitted to quotation involves many nice questions, but probably calls for a little more rigidity than has heretofore been exercised. It has long been the honorable practice of the exchange to exclude from its lists securities which were obviously fraudulent, or which were put afloat by people of little financial responsibility. It has been a subject of criticism, however, that some of the devious projects of high finance, when supported by stronger names and larger capital, have not always been scrutinized with the care which would indicate determination to protect the public against all forms of deception.

The problem of discriminating between securities is a difficult one, because all judgment is finite. What might appear to be a good security to-day may prove to be a very poor one in the evolution of events. The narrowing of the list

of undesirable securities offered to the public can be secured only by requiring more complete information from corporations desiring their securities listed. Of course, no system or regulation would be justified which limited securities dealt in on the exchanges to those which were of a purely investment character. Speculation is the anticipation of the future. The far-sighted capitalist who presents an enterprise promising great benefits to the community, if successful, has the right to find a market for his securities among that portion of the public which is willing to take a certain risk for the sake of a large profit. If such securities were excluded entirely from the regular stock exchange, they would be dealt in under fewer restrictions and fewer pledges of honest dealing on the curb, or elsewhere outside of the exchanges. This is one of the difficulties which have been encountered in France, Germany, and England, in seeking to introduce greater conservatism into operations on the regular exchanges. The poorer types of securities, highly speculative or largely fraudulent, have found a market where not even the rules of honesty, fair play, and rigid fulfillment of contracts have prevailed, which prevail among brokers on the regular exchanges.

The one requirement which it is in the power of the regular exchanges to enforce upon new or speculative enterprises is reasonable publicity. That such enterprises have great future possibilities is no reason for concealing their balance-sheets. Enterprises which are so much in embryo that they should appeal only to rich men with money to lose have no place on the exchanges, even in the more speculative classes of securities. It is fair to say that they seldom find a place there, even under present practice. An enterprise which has assumed the stock-company form is offered to the public either because its promoters need capital for legitimate development, or because they desire to unload something of doubtful value on the public. Their willingness

to tell the public the truth should be in some degree a gauge of this, and a stock-exchange committee should have the moral courage and the discrimination to enforce such a test.

The restriction of speculation to those who are competent to carry it on is one of the most important objects to be sought, if any regulation is admitted, but is also one of the most difficult objects to attain. Under the recent modifications of the German Boerse law, only those of sufficient financial standing to justify their entering the speculative markets are allowed to do so. They are taken from the commercial register of business houses. This includes practically the whole mercantile class; but to engage in marginal speculation is prohibited to hand-workers and those conducting small shops, even where the latter are in the commercial register. It is doubtful if this frank distinction between classes would be admissible in this country; but other means may be found of reaching the object sought. It would certainly be proper to provide that a clerk occupying a fiduciary position should be allowed to buy and sell on margin only with the written consent of his employers, and that any broker disregarding this requirement should be liable to expulsion from the exchange.

The checking of undue manipulation is a highly desirable object, but is not perhaps so important as many persons imagine. Within certain limits, it might even be contended that manipulation is justifiable. If a financier or promoter has a new security which he believes represents high value, he does not like to sit with folded hands waiting for the public to discover its value. To a certain extent the measures which he may take to attract attention to the security are in the nature of advertising. Large selling orders, matched by large buying orders, at a graded scale of ascending prices, bring the stock to public attention and make it talked about. If this was the sole object of manipulation, and it was applied only to stocks whose real value needed only to

be made known to attract purchasers, then even the rule of the stock exchange against matched orders would hardly need to be invoked for the protection of the public. But in fact, as every one knows, manipulation is often for the purpose of "unloading" securities of doubtful value and permitting the seller to pocket the proceeds of sales "at the top," and to buy back again at the price to which the stock descends after he has completed the process. Such manipulation is already contrary to the rules of the exchange, but is difficult to prove. The broker who has a selling order is not usually the same as the one who has a buying order, and only rigid inquiry by a stock-exchange committee, where manipulation was apparent or suspected, would ascertain the facts. There is no doubt, however, that if the stock exchange should empower its committee to take strong action in a few such cases, and the committee should assert its powers, a moral sentiment would be exercised against manipulation, which would be almost as complete as the influence which now obliges a broker or a client to acknowledge and execute contracts over the telephone, even though they result in heavy losses.

All these evils are capable of some degree of alleviation through the independent action of the stock exchanges themselves. If they do not take such action to a degree which meets the requirements of public opinion, the question will then arise whether and how far the government shall intervene. In all other countries where important exchanges exist, except in England, the government does intervene with a heavy hand. In France the regular brokers have almost the character of government officials acting as registers of transactions, rather than independent men of finance. In Germany an effort was made by the law of 1896 to stifle speculation almost entirely. This end was sought by prohibiting short sales; by requiring the registry of persons engaged in speculation, upon which

it was expected that clerks, those with fiduciary relations, and persons of small means, would not dare appear; and by permitting those registered to escape liability for losses by pleading the privilege of the gambler. It is needless to say that these regulations imposed severe restrictions upon the German money market, had a share in crippling the Imperial Bank, and drove speculation into more hazardous channels. They have finally been materially modified by a law of April 9, 1908. It is one of the gravest dangers of seeking legislation on the subject that it will be unenlightened and will go to the injurious extremes of the German law.

If government regulation were to be established in the United States, it would be advisable that it should be under federal law rather than state law, in order not to handicap the operations of one exchange in competition with those of another. It might seem at first blush that no power lay in the federal government to interfere with operations conducted on a single exchange, within the limits of a state. A mighty weapon was forged, however, when it was desired to stamp out the circulation of the state banks during the Civil War. This was the weapon of discriminating taxation. If the federal government seriously desired to regulate operations on the stock exchanges, it would probably be compelled to find a way by imposing a merely nominal tax on the transfer of those securities which conformed to certain requirements, and imposing a heavy tax upon those which failed to conform to these requirements. In this little kernel of regulation by taxation might be found perhaps the meat of complete federal control of corporations. Those which conformed to certain specified requirements in the publication of balance-sheets, the examination of their assets by federal officials, and the keeping of adequate reserves and depreciation accounts, might be subjected to only a nominal tax, while those which failed to comply with such requirements would

find the transfer of securities to the public handicapped by heavy charges.

The broker as well as the securities he dealt in could be reached directly by the power of taxation. A heavy license could be exacted from those brokers who reserved the privilege of speculating on their own account, while taking orders from others, while a much lighter fee could be collected from those who acknowledged the propriety of separating the two functions of broker and speculator by limiting themselves to taking outside orders, or refusing outside orders that they might speculate. The broker, in accepting money from clients under the usual implications of honesty and solvency, would be very properly a subject of official regulation, because he occupies toward his client a similar fiduciary relation to that of the banker. Foreign banking corporations are forbidden to accept deposits in New York; but brokers, foreign or domestic, may accept them without limit, with no other responsibility to their clients than the bankruptcy courts or the suicide's pistol.

In order to ascertain whether the law taxing certain securities was being rigidly complied with, the power could be exercised, which has been often asserted before, of rigid inspection of the books of brokers. Such inspection would reveal whether the broker was conforming to the requirements that he should not hypothecate or appropriate the securities of customers, that he should not indulge in speculation on his own account with customers' money, and that he should keep adequate margins against his risks. Under cover of the power of federal taxation, there is apparently no limit to the degree of supervision which could be exercised. Most of the securities dealt in are those which are subjects of interstate commerce, and which represent industries themselves engaged in interstate commerce; but it would not be necessary to invoke "the commerce clause" of the constitution to find ample authority for government intervention for the regula-

tion of the stock market. In transactions in wheat or cotton futures, government intervention would be less necessary in some respects, but might be availed of to insure honesty in the execution of contracts, the maintenance of adequate margins, and the exclusion from trading of those not qualified by resources or character to engage in it.

The requirement that brokers shall exact larger margins on speculative accounts is a safeguard which has been suggested by Professor Henry C. Emery and others, and would fall well within the scope of legislation. The broker is in a sense a trustee for his clients in the same manner as a bank for its depositors. He has no more right than the bank, in lending on securities, to lend more than the securities are worth, or so large a proportion of their worth that shrinkage may involve losses on some accounts which would have to be borne, in case of failure, by other accounts. In so far, therefore, as the broker is a trustee for the money of others, he might justly be required to enforce upon his clients the same rule which is enforced against him at the bank, — that there shall be a margin of twenty-five per cent between the present value of the securities deposited and the amount loaned upon them.

That some steps towards the regulation of the exchanges by the government will be undertaken in the future is to be expected, unless the brokers themselves show their willingness and their capacity to protect the public as well as could be done by drastic government regulation. Such control from within is practically exercised on the London Stock Exchange, where complaints are rare of undue manipulation, and where the irresponsible small speculator seldom finds a welcome. The organization of the London Exchange, by requiring only fortnightly settlements for cash, instead of daily settlements, imposes more discrimination upon the broker for his own protection. He cannot afford to take an order from a person who is irresponsible, which may show

a heavy loss before the rule of the fortnightly settlement justifies him in calling for cash. If every brokerage office in New York was governed by a similar principle, — if no account should be accepted except from a person of known responsibility and adequate financial resources, — then the suicides of small customers, the defalcations of bank clerks, and the ruin of farmers and shopkeepers far removed from New York would be reduced to a minimum.

If the brokers, therefore, wish to avoid regulation by the state, it lies with them to reform their organization from within. The banks could aid greatly in the work if they would coöperate in limiting speculative loans. There is hardly a greater menace to the security of the New York money market than the vaunted fact that it is the only strictly "call money market" in the world. No bank paying deposits on demand has a right to invest nearly its entire assets in loans on securities representing fixed capital. The individual institution may protect itself by the drastic sacrifice of securities when it needs cash, but it does so only at the expense of its clients and with a disturbance to the money market and the market for securities which is abnormal and excessive. The Monetary Commission recently appointed by Congress will not fulfill its whole duty unless it considers the relation of the money market to the great mass of unliquid assets which is piled up by trust companies and state banks upon reserves containing practically no gold, and often consisting of bank notes, representing only a form of credit instead of a means of payment.

The problem of the regulation of the exchanges is a difficult one, and there is danger that if its solution is sought by law, the law-makers will take the bit in their teeth and go too far. Just this was done with the proposals submitted by the German Commission, which became the basis of the drastic legislation of 1896. If the financial interests of New York desire to present the magnificent spectacle to

the public and to the world, therefore, of adopting by their own voluntary act such a system for the sound regulation of stock exchange operations as has been extended by the Clearing House committee to bank operations, then they may escape the intervention of law to control the free

play of those principles of economics which lie at the basis of the wealth and prosperity of the country. The action taken by the governors of the New York Stock Exchange in some recent cases indicates that they are waking, in some degree, to this responsibility.

A BECKONING AT SUNSET

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

A BEAUTY of supernal things
Went with the dying sun, to-night, —
The Beauty that rich longing brings
To be away, in regions bright.
A something in my heart took wings,
And followed down the ardent light.

It was the Beauty brought me near
To one who loved it, long ago —
A soul, that, bending from the sphere,
Through Beauty, now, itself would show.
Oh, then, though to no mortal ear,
I spake the words, "I love you so!"

THE ODOR OF AFFLUENCE

BY MARGARET FAY COUGHLIN

THE Hardens, with some guests who had driven over for luncheon, sat in their great loggia which overlooked an Italian garden of wide dimensions and meagre growth. It was Sunday afternoon, and the bells of the village church, tolling vespers to the Catholic poor, whose homes clustered near it, repeated with incongruous significance the historical note of an older world. The sound, in Long Island, seemed despairingly to repeat old lessons, to hymn, in thinner tones, old weary warnings. Miss Ainger had a confused sense of being still in Italy. But the company were profoundly untroubled by any ideas of historical sequence in their surroundings. They were intent on a mimicry of English country life, and they sipped their coffee as unconscious of the contrasts they evoked as they were of comical effect in the goodwill of the garden to achieve antique charm at the mandate of the check-book. Yet the haze across the valley lent a veil of enchantment to the tame levels of the scene, and the hard glint of the sea beyond gave it an accent of completeness.

Miss Ainger felt that she could, perhaps, adjust herself quickly enough to the outward greatness and crudeness of her country; it was the inner correspondence that was unexpected. She got up to put her cup on the table, and Allie Harden, who sat nearest, quietly watched her as he leaned, an elbow on each arm of his chair, listening to a man who was telling him of a recent purchase in the neighborhood. A flush stayed like a rose in each cheek; and she turned away and strolled indoors, — a figure with an indescribable air of leisure and grace, trailing its transparent mourning over the bright bricks.

As she disappeared, Holworthy, in the group at the farther end, answered a murmured question about her. She had always lived in Italy. Her father had a post over there, secretary to the legation or something; but Colonel Ainger died some years ago, and the mother, after a long illness, had died last month. Miss Ainger had come home a fortnight ago, to find herself alone in the world, with five hundred a year from some tiny real estate, "and not a blamed cent besides" — the trustees had managed to get rid of the rest.

At the inevitable comment why a beautiful woman of thirty had not married, Holworthy referred them, laughing, to a youth with huge shoulders and a mop of auburn hair, who came up at that moment from the garage. He followed Edith Ainger, since her recent appearance on his horizon, like a battleship in the wake of a yacht, and he answered now promptly: —

"She's got the tip all right if she wants to marry. Allie got me out to chauffeur for him this morning; his car has a weird carburetor — and he was grumpy at the maker and at Miss Ainger by turns, because he has to fish her a job somewhere. She's a school pal of Mrs. Allie. He handed it out to me all the way. He'd rather his Uncle William took her off his hands."

At which there was anticipatory laughter, for Mr. William Harden was a disconcerting combination of twenty million dollars and a gravity as unbending as a physical law.

"Well, uncle came down in the motor with them," went on the youth soberly, "and towards the end of the trip he had to give up his coat to her, and he caught love and a cold in one breath."

Holworthy, who was authority for all the intricacies of interest in his set, murmured, —

"He better be quick about it. Herbert Hamilton knew her on the other side; and at the Errols' last night I don't think he was trying to persuade her to be anybody's governess."

"Hamilton has no money —"

But the athlete had gone to find his divinity.

In the long, dim drawing-room, the slender figure drooped at the piano like a muse of mourning. She was softly and abstractedly playing a nocturne, and the boy went wistfully out; the desolation of her face was as poignant as it was unconscious.

Yet she was rather savoring her impressions than brooding over her bereavement: the sense of aloofness in the easy good-fellowship of her friend, as they had rolled up through half a mile of fleckless driveway to the house, on the evening of her arrival, through young trees, small shrubbery, thin turf — emphatically a new world. Half an hour later, their party of four had drifted in the twilight across the vast hall, with soft rugs bridging the spaces on the marble floor, to the great wainscoted dining-room. A fire crackled on the hearth, and left the room, with the shaded candles on the table set at the farther end, in chiaroscuro. The effect was too pictorially dim to be modern, too luxurious to be ancient. Everywhere through the house was the evidence of an immense cash expenditure, a sort of bewildering mixture of loot: Flemish tapestries depended from the carved oak balustrade; an Italian mantelpiece, a sixteenth-century marble of priceless value, finished the drawing-room; mutilated Greek statues, quattrocento originals, and French cabinets, — a heterogeneous abundance unconnected by any hint of personality or preference.

Her wardrobe had been inadequate to this scale of things, and for the tennis meet, next day, Helen had insisted on

loaning her guest: a filmy embroidered shirt. "And I've got a little French hat of white chip with black iris — I've never worn it. You have fresh gloves? And white shoes? Then you'll do." She appeared greatly relieved. "You're a dear not to mind. But we'll meet every one there, you see."

Miss Ainger had been presented at most of the courts of Europe. She knew very well the splendor and grace of elaborate clothes; but for the afternoon at the Country Club she had had no misgivings. And she wore her borrowed plumage with an ironical sense of conferring more distinction on it than Mrs. Harden did on her own chiffon splendor.

A boy, who was captain of something athletic, singled her out with approval. "Who's the elegant one with the plain wash togs? Ginger! The way she flops those long lashes and then drags 'em up again." She had turned, with much amusement, and answered that all enchantment was a matter of distance. If he would come nearer he would find it quite safe. He had ducked and blushed, abashed for the first time, apparently, in his robust life, and followed then like a lamb after flowers. It was later, through the open windows at bottle-pool, that she had heard a murmured "Allie says she's poorer than his cook." And the boy's loyal, "Allie's a skunk of a host if he did." There had been the portentous uncle of Allie, — and Herbert Hamilton —

The slow notes ceased abruptly; she rose to escape the conflict of emotions that crowded on her with that name; and her face settled into new lines of strength as she walked across the hall to the nearest window-seat, picking up a book from the table on her way.

It chanced to be a collection of short stories by a master hand. She read one rapidly through, then turned the pages more casually, glancing at a phrase here, a paragraph there. "... A life the very interest of which is exactly that it is

complicated . . . complicated," the sentence continued, "with the idea of acquired knowledge, and with that of imbibed modesty, of imposed deference upon differences of condition and character, of occasion and value." Imposed deference on differences of condition — of occasion — She put down the book and closed her eyes. A great wave of nostalgia swept over her, for the people, the surroundings, the point of view which were forever as lost to her as the tragedy and beauty of that divine impoverished Italy which had so long been her home.

"But I don't see why you should," a high insistent voice exclaimed above the murmur of conversation outside the window.

"She expects me to; she wrote the precise state of the case in her letter of acceptance."

The women were chatting apart, while the men discussed the prices of the markets of the earth; and the last voice, lower and more earnest, had been Helen's.

"Well, but you said she turned down Mr. William Harden last night?"

"I don't know. He was tremendously taken with her; she had the evening alone with him, and he left suddenly for the West this morning."

"What is she thinking of!" ejaculated a third. "An offer like that, in her predicament!"

The lady of the predicament felt her forehead burn.

"I simply should n't do anything, Helen. She's not a relative. What does she want?"

"Oh! she wants me to arrange for her to be somebody's secretary; or Allie to put himself under obligations to some man he hardly knows, to get her a place in an office. We're always being asked to do things like that."

Edith got up and went to her room, the roses in her cheeks blazing like whiplashes. She looked blindly about at bay — how could she get out of this? And her eyes fell on a time-table in a pigeon-hole

of the elaborately equipped desk. There proved to be no train possible until 7.53 in the morning. And in the revulsion of her helplessness the whole scene of the evening before presented itself before her bruised vision. The careful arrangement of the motor yesterday, with the billionaire bachelor and herself on the back seat, and Helen's premature congratulations after dinner as she had left her guest to an evening alone with him.

People loved money desperately in Europe, it was never omitted from any calculation; but here was the same grossness unredeemed by the suave elegance that makes magnificent barbarism splendid.

God help the Anglo-Saxon when he doffs religion; it is the only refinement he truly understands! She wondered from what source she plagiarized the irrelevant reflection, and caught sight of her wide eyes and contemptuous lips in the mirror. She flung a smile at the tragic mask; and being of the stuff that stiffens in the face of disaster, went down at once to join the company again.

At the foot of the stairs she discovered the small son of the household being brought in from his walk by his nurse. She took him in her arms as a great touring car swung around the front; and turning at the sound, she found herself confronted with the magnate, who, like the sun, was the source of all this reduplicated prosperity.

I wonder if King Midas has ass's ears, she thought, for it was impossible to mistake who he was. He had, at any rate, not stupid eyes, since he perceived that she was not the new governess of his grandson, and he greeted her with a deference that took in at a glance her personal distinction. On the loggia he made her sit by him.

"I wish you'd undertake his education, Miss Ainger. I never saw him so well behaved."

She felt the exchange of intelligence in the eyes of the women as she answered, smiling, —

"I'll apply for the position, if you like."

At which Helen gasped, "Miss Ainger has much better use for her time, father!"

Edith continued to smile without speaking, and the old man turned to her, "taken," as his brother had been, by her repose. Even after a party of callers joined the group, there remained the impression of his approbation. He seldom spoke; he preferred to watch and listen; and when he did break silence, it was always with some concrete statement of fact or preference. Nevertheless, he was betrayed into a generalization in the course of the talk.

"I honor success wherever I find it, and I don't want people around me who have n't something to show; if they have made good, if they've succeeded, I'll help them."

There was a respectful silence, and Edith, looking dreamily across the shimmering valley, murmured, —

"But there's such an imposing row of the unsuccessful!"

He turned his hawk eyes on her, and she glanced tranquilly back under her tender lashes. "Of poor immortals who died unsuccessful, and disgraced." There was an uneasy pause. Was she going to instruct the great mind at her elbow? "Socrates and Phidias, Abelard and Dante — all the way down the line, don't you know, all the poor sages and poets and the priests of art," she deprecated. Her smile of sympathetic amusement implied that her host was, of course, extravagantly drawing her on.

Mr. Harden's face became a sort of pale plum-color. He had not heard names like that since he had had to listen to high-school essays. The boy, her adorer, struggled unsuccessfully with a chuckle, and Helen flung herself with terror on the silence.

"Father means small people, of course, Edith, not geniuses."

"But geniuses are indistinguishable from small people until posterity judges,"

protested Edith with horrible unconsciousness. She lifted her brows incredulously. "Tribute to success is — tribute to the merely obvious, is n't it?"

She was quite malicious of course, but she did not honestly know that with these people conversation of any genuine kind was the deadliest form of boredom. They avoided serious thinking as they did disease germs. The boy at her feet took up the word that was falling, without sound, in an abyss of icy distrust.

"That's it, Mr. Harden, only I would n't have known how to put it."

Alexander Harden looked at the ingenuous, freckled face contemptuously. He seemed to give back the great man his poise.

"Life, I think you'll find, young man, has got to be made to yield returns, and pretty practical ones."

"And blatantly visible," added the boy sullenly.

"Oh! come, Ted," said Allie Harden, "you're not strong on the know. Better leave that to Miss Ainger."

She smiled across at him, amusement and irony between her lashes. "*Mille fois merci!*"

One of the older women rattled open a fan. "What in the world are you people all talking about?"

In the morning, her host had the felicitous idea of motoring in with his father, and the carriage drew up before the door to take the guest to the station. The husband stood by with the smile that seemed to him to serve all the courtesies of the occasion, and the wife kissed her friend with unabashed insincerity.

"It's been delightful to have you. You have such an air of the old world, Edith. You've got it in the very tones of your voice." She began to shower compliments on her, and Edith, wondering why, reflected that they cost nothing.

"I'm ready," she said impatiently to the groom, bowing her graceful good-bys.

"We shall miss you so," called Helen after her.

The two day-coaches were crowded with commuters, and she walked half through the car before she perceived a man lifting his hat and signaling to her. It was Herbert Hamilton.

"I thought you would have stayed longer," he said, after he had settled her near the window. "Well, did they fix you?" he asked in a lower tone.

"Fix me?" She was still in the grip of shuddering repulsion.

"Yes. You let them know, did n't you? You said you would take office-work or anything. I hope I'm not impertinent," he added as she continued not to answer.

"We did n't mention it," she murmured absently. She seemed to come to what he was saying from an immense distance.

"But you said — I thought that was the point of your visit, that you were to talk things over. They could set you on the track; they've all no end of money — and — and governesses —" he stammered helplessly before her continued abstraction.

"That was in my letter of acceptance. We did n't mention it," she repeated.

He gasped, and as she continued to smile, "By the Lord!" he breathed.

She turned and looked out of the window, and he repeated, "By the Lord!"

"Please don't," she protested, "because I am almost physically nauseated myself."

He looked down at her, all his heart in his eyes. It was his chance; he had waited five years for it, yet it had come brutally enough at last. He hesitated, and took the plunge.

"Edith — I'd be devoted to you. I wish you would — could think of it —" the words stuck in his throat.

She swallowed hard and blinked, but the reaction was too great. He looked away, blinking himself. She had n't a relative in the world, the distinguished, graceful thing; and whatever paying work she did would be sure to make her conspicuous anyway.

But the gust of desolation swept down her fine self-possession only for a moment. She lifted her head, and looked at him with whimsical irony through her blurred eyes.

"There's a phrase in *The Lives of the Saints* that the old sacristan at Ranieri used to recite for us, do you remember? 'and he died in the odor of sanctity.' I've been living in the odor of affluence, and I am still upset from it, a sort of moral mal-de-mer."

She was proudly ignoring her unfallen tears. But Hamilton waited, heartsick, for his answer.

"The Marquis di Ranieri had the right of way, yet you did n't marry him. And your dot would have been big enough then, — I mean, the sheer necessities of the case would have been covered. He cared desperately, and he was a decent chap."

His voice rose and fell with his unspoken hope.

"The poor Marchese would marry me still, without wisdom or prudence, Bertie."

She let her gray eyes rest in his, with deliberate sweetness, and he drank in their lambent beauty thirstily, for a long moment.

"Then we — might have — five years ago —"

"Three," she corrected, and the lowered lids shook down crystal drops.

"After I saved the boat that time?" he questioned in bewildered delight.

"After you went away and the light went out," she answered, the wet lashes veiling her confession.

"Oh," he groaned, and groped for her hand.

She pushed his softly away and looked steadily ahead. If he thought that she was going to let him spoil their perfect moment by any awkward anticipations! Her eyes swept down the car. No one was observing them, and she glanced back at him with quick, wild sympathy, as she took up the other subject, tremulously, with a rueful summarizing, as if

the voice of Love had been but an irrelevant parenthesis.

"All the same, I never thought to find myself ranged against the aristocracy, any aristocracy. I simply believe in the best, you know, all along the line."

He was much amused.

"My dear lady, aristocracy over here — between democracy and plutocracy it has the deuce of a time. But joy, Edith, and peace, they've always been able to get along without — affluence."

"Don't speak that word," she said. "It's outside the kingdom of Heaven."

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN ¹

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

OUR two great journalists of the nineteenth century were Greeley and Godkin. Though differing in very many respects, they were alike in possessing a definite moral purpose. The most glorious and influential portion of Greeley's career lay between the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act in 1854 and the election of Lincoln in 1860, when the press played an important part in the upbuilding of a political party which formulated in a practical manner the anti-slavery sentiment of the country. Foremost among newspapers was the New York *Tribune*; foremost among editors was Horace Greeley. Of Greeley in his best days Godkin wrote: "He has an enthusiasm which never flags, and a faith in principles which nothing can shake, and an English style which, for vigor, terseness, clearness and simplicity has never been surpassed, except perhaps by Cobbett."²

Greeley and Godkin were alike in furnishing their readers with telling arguments. In northern New York and the Western Reserve of Ohio the weekly *Tribune* was a political Bible. "Why do you look so gloomy?" said a traveler, riding along the highway in the Western Reserve during the old anti-slavery days, to a farmer who was sitting moodily on

a fence. "Because," replied the farmer, "my Democratic friend next door got the best of me in an argument last night. But when I get my weekly *Tribune* to-morrow I'll knock the foundations all out from under him."³

Premising that Godkin is as closely identified with the *Nation* and the *Evening Post* as Greeley with the *Tribune*, I shall refer to a personal experience. Passing a part of the winter of 1886 in a hotel at Thomasville, Georgia, it chanced that among the hundred or more guests there were eight or ten of us who regularly received the *Nation* by post. Ordinarily it arrived on the Friday noon train from Savannah, and when we came from our mid-day dinner into the hotel office, there, in our respective boxes, easily seen, and from their peculiar form recognized by every one, were our copies of the *Nation*. Occasionally the papers missed connection at Savannah, and our *Nations* did not arrive until after supper. It used to be said by certain scoffers that if a discussion of political questions came up in the afternoon of one of those days of disappointment, we readers were mum; but in the late evening, after having digested our political pabulum, we were ready to join issue with any antagonist. Indeed, each of us might have used the words of James Russell Lowell, written

¹ Lecture read before Harvard University, April 13, 1908.

² R. Ogden's *Life and Letters of E. L. Godkin*, i, 255.

³ Rhodes's *History of the United States*, ii, 72 (C. M. Depew).

while he was traveling on the continent and visiting many places where the *Nation* could not be bought: "All the time I was without it, my mind was chaos and I did n't feel that I had a safe opinion to swear by."¹

While the farmer of the Western Reserve and Lowell are extreme types of clientèle, each represents fairly well the peculiar following of Greeley and of Godkin, which differed as much as did the personal traits of the two journalists. Godkin speaks of Greeley's "odd attire, shambling gait, simple, good-natured and hopelessly peaceable face, and long yellow locks."² His "old white hat and white coat," which in New York were regarded as an affectation, counted with his following west of the Hudson River as a winning eccentricity. When he came out upon the lecture platform with crumpled shirt, cravat awry, and wrinkled coat looking as if he had traveled for a number of nights and days, such disorder appeared to many of his western audiences as nothing worse than the mark of a very busy man, who had paid them the compliment of leaving his editorial rooms to speak to them in person, and who had their full sympathy as he thus opened his discourse: "You must n't, my friends, expect fine words from a rough busy man like me."

The people who read the *Tribune* did not expect fine words; they were used to the coarse, abusive language in which Greeley repelled attacks, and to his giving the lie with heartiness and vehemence.³ They enjoyed reading that "another lie was nailed to the counter," and that an antagonist "was a liar, knowing himself to be a liar and lying with naked intent to deceive."⁴

On the contrary, the dress, the face, and the personal bearing of Godkin proclaimed at once the gentleman and culti-

vated man of the world. You felt that he was a man whom you would like to meet at dinner, accompany on a long walk, or cross the Atlantic with, were you an acquaintance or friend.

An incident related by Godkin himself shows that at least one distinguished gentleman did not enjoy sitting at meat with Greeley. During the spring of 1864 Godkin met Greeley at breakfast at the house of Mr. John A. C. Gray. William Cullen Bryant, at that time editor of the New York *Evening Post*, was one of the guests, and, when Greeley entered the room, was standing near the fireplace conversing with his host. On observing that Bryant did not speak to Greeley, Gray asked him in a whisper, "Don't you know Mr. Greeley?" In a loud whisper Bryant replied, "No, I don't; he's a blackguard — he's a blackguard."⁵

In the numbers of people whom he influenced, Greeley had the advantage over Godkin. In February, 1855, the circulation of the *Tribune* was 172,000, and its own estimate of its readers half a million, which was certainly not excessive. It is not a consideration beyond bounds to infer that the readers of the *Tribune* in 1860 furnished a goodly part of the 1,886,000 votes which were received by Lincoln.

At different times, while Godkin was editor, the *Nation* stated its exact circulation, which, as I remember it, was about 10,000, and it probably had 50,000 readers. As many of its readers were in the class of Lowell, its indirect influence was immense. Emerson said that the *Nation* had "breadth, variety, self-sustainment, and an admirable style of thought and expression."—"I owe much to the *Nation*," wrote Francis Parkman. "I regard it as the most valuable of American journals, and feel that the best interests of the country are doubly involved in its success."—"What an influence you have!" said George William Curtis to Godkin. "What a sanitary element in our affairs the *Nation* is!"—"To my generation,"

¹ Ogden, ii, 88. ² *Ibid.*, i, 257.

³ Parton's *Greeley*, pp. 331, 576; my own recollections; Ogden, i, 255.

⁴ Godkin, "Random Recollections," *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899.

⁵ Ogden, i, 168.

wrote William James, "Godkin's was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of the generation, for he influenced other writers who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion."—"When the work of this century is summed up," wrote Charles Eliot Norton to Godkin, "what you have done for the good old cause of civilization, the cause which is always defeated but always after defeat taking more advanced position than before — what you have done for this cause will count for much."—"I am conscious," wrote President Eliot to Godkin, "that the *Nation* has had a decided effect on my opinions and my action for nearly forty years; and I believe it has had like effect on thousands of educated Americans." ¹

A string of quotations, as is well known, becomes wearisome; but the importance of the point that I am trying to make will perhaps justify one more. "I find myself so thoroughly agreeing with the *Nation* always," wrote Lowell, "that I am half persuaded that I edit it myself!" ² Truly Lowell had a good company: Emerson, Parkman, Curtis, Norton, James, Eliot, — all teachers in various ways. Through their lectures, books, and speeches, they influenced college students at an impressive age; they appealed to young and to middle-aged men; and they furnished comfort and entertainment for the old. It would have been difficult to find anywhere in the country an educated man whose thought was not affected by some one of these seven; and their influence on editorial writers for newspapers was remarkable. These seven were all taught by Godkin.

"Every Friday morning when the *Nation* comes," wrote Lowell to Godkin, "I fill my pipe and read it from beginning to end. Do you do it all yourself? Or are there really so many clever men

in the country?" ³ Lowell's experience, with or without tobacco, was undoubtedly that of hundreds, perhaps of thousands, of educated men, and the query he raised was not an uncommon one. At one time, Godkin, I believe, wrote most of "The Week," which was made up of brief and pungent comments on events, as well as the principal editorial articles. The power of iteration, which the journalist possesses, is great, and, when that power is wielded by a man of keen intelligence and wide information, possessing a knowledge of the world, a sense of humor, and an effective literary style, it becomes tremendous. The only escape from Godkin's iteration was one frequently tried, and that was, to stop the *Nation*.

Although Godkin published three volumes of *Essays*, the honors he received during his lifetime were due to his work as editor of the *Nation* and the *Evening Post*; and this is his chief title to fame. The education, early experience, and aspiration of such a journalist are naturally matter of interest. Born in 1831, in the County of Wicklow in the south-eastern part of Ireland, the son of a Presbyterian minister, he was able to say when referring to Goldwin Smith, "I am an Irishman but I am as English in blood as he is." ⁴ Receiving his higher education at Queen's College, Belfast, he took a lively interest in present politics, his college friends being Liberals. John Stuart Mill was their prophet, Grote and Bentham their daily companions, and America was their promised land. "To the scoffs of the Tories that our schemes were impracticable," he has written of these days, "our answer was that in America, barring slavery, they were actually at work. There, the chief of the State and the legislators were freely elected by the people. There, the offices were open to everybody who had the capacity to fill them. There was no army or navy, two great curses of humanity in all ages. There was to be no war except war in

¹ Ogden, i, 221, 249, 251, 252; ii, 222, 231

² *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, ii, 76.

³ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, i, 368.

⁴ Ogden, i, 1.

self-defence. . . . In fact, we did not doubt that in America at last the triumph of humanity over its own weaknesses and superstitions was being achieved, and the dream of Christendom was at last being realized.”¹

As a correspondent of the *London Daily News* he went to the Crimea. The scenes at Malakoff gave him a disgust for war which thenceforth he never failed to express upon every opportunity. When a man of sixty-eight, reckoning its cost in blood and treasure, he deemed the Crimean War entirely unnecessary and very deplorable.² Godkin arrived in America in November, 1856, and soon afterwards, with Olmsted’s *Journey in the Seaboard Slave States, the Back Country and Texas*, as guide-books, took a horseback journey through the South. Following closely Olmsted’s trail, and speaking therefore with knowledge, he has paid him one of the highest compliments one traveler ever paid another. “Olmsted’s work,” he wrote, “in vividness of description and in photographic minuteness far surpasses Arthur Young’s.”³ During this journey he wrote letters to the *London Daily News*, and these were continued after his return to New York City. For the last three years of our Civil War, he was its regular correspondent, and, as no one denies that he was a powerful advocate when his heart was enlisted, he rendered efficient service to the cause of the North. The *News* was strongly pro-Northern, and Godkin furnished the facts which rendered its leaders sound and instructive as well as sympathetic. All this while he was seeing socially the best people in New York City, and making useful and desirable acquaintances in Boston and Cambridge.

The interesting story of the foundation of the *Nation* has been told a number of times, and it will suffice for our purpose to say that there were forty

stockholders who contributed a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, one-half of which was raised in Boston, and one-quarter each in Philadelphia and New York. Godkin was the editor, and next to him the chief promoters were James M. McKim of Philadelphia and Charles Eliot Norton. The first number of this “weekly journal of politics, literature, science and art” appeared on July 6, 1865. Financial embarrassment and disagreements among the stockholders marked the first year of its existence, at the end of which Godkin, McKim, and Frederick Law Olmsted took over the property, and continued the publication under the proprietorship of E. L. Godkin & Co. “The *Nation* owed its continued existence to Charles Eliot Norton,” wrote Godkin in 1899. “It was his calm and confidence amid the shrieks of combatants . . . which enabled me to do my work even with decency.”⁴

Sixteen years after the *Nation* was started, in 1881, Godkin sold it out to the *Evening Post*, becoming associate editor of that journal, with Carl Schurz as his chief. The *Nation* was thereafter published as the weekly edition of the *Evening Post*. In 1883 Schurz retired and Godkin was made editor-in-chief, having the aid and support of one of the owners, Horace White. On January 1, 1900, on account of ill health, he withdrew from the editorship of the *Evening Post*,⁵ thus retiring from active journalism.

For thirty-five years he had devoted himself to his work with extraordinary ability and singleness of purpose. Marked appreciation came to him: invitations to deliver courses of lectures from both Harvard and Yale, the degree of A. M. from Harvard, and the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford. What might have been a turning-point in his career was the offer in 1870 of the professorship of history at Harvard. He was strongly tempted to ac-

¹ *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899; Ogden, i, 11.

² *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899.

³ *Ibid.*; Ogden, i, 113.

⁴ *Evening Post*, December 30, 1899; Ogden, i, *passim*; *The Nation*, June 25, 1885, May 23, 1902.

⁵ Ogden, ii, chap. xiii.

cept it, but, before coming to a decision, he took counsel of a number of friends; and few men, I think, have ever received such wise and disinterested advice as did Godkin when he was thus hesitating in what way he should apply his teaching. The burden of the advice was not to take the professorship if he had to give up the *Nation*.

Frederick Law Olmsted wrote to him: "If you can't write fully half of 'The Week' and half the leaders, and control the drift and tone of the whole while living at Cambridge, give up the professorship, for the *Nation* is worth many professorships. It is a question of loyalty over a question of comfort." Lowell wrote to him in the same strain: "*Stay* if the two things are incompatible. We may find another professor by and by. . . . but we can't find another editor for the *Nation*." From Germany, John Bigelow sent a characteristic message: "Tell the University to require each student to take a copy of the *Nation*. Do not profess history for them in any other way. I dare say your lectures would be good, but why limit your pupils to hundreds which are now counted by thousands?"¹

As is well known, Godkin relinquished the idea of the college connection and stuck to his job, although the quiet and serenity of a professor's life in Cambridge contrasted with his own turbulent days appealed to him powerfully. "Ten years hence," he wrote to Norton, "if things go on as they are now I shall be the most odious man in America. Not that I shall not have plenty of friends, but my enemies will be far more numerous and active." Six years after he had founded the *Nation*, and one year after he had declined the Harvard professorship, when he was yet but forty years old, he gave this humorously exaggerated account of his physical failings due to his nervous strain: "I began the *Nation* young, handsome, and fascinating, and am now withered and somewhat broken, rheumatism gaining on me rapidly, my com-

plexion ruined, as also my figure, for I am growing stout."²

But his choice between the Harvard professorship and the *Nation* was a wise one. He was a born writer of paragraphs and editorials. The files of the *Nation* are his monument. A crown of his laborious days is the tribute of James Bryce: "The *Nation* was the best weekly not only in America but in the world."³

Thirty-five years of journalism, in which Godkin was accustomed to give hard blows, did not, as he himself foreshadowed, call forth a unanimous chorus of praise; and the objections of intelligent and high-minded men are well worth taking into account. The most common one is that his criticism was always destructive; that he had an eye for the weak side of causes and men that he did not favor, and these he set forth with unremitting vigor without regard for palliating circumstances; that he erected a high and impossible ideal and judged all men by it; hence, if a public man was right eight times out of ten, he would seize upon the two failures and so parade them with his withering sarcasm that the reader could get no other idea than that the man was either weak or wicked. An editor of very positive opinions, he was apt to convey the idea that if any one differed from him on a vital question like the tariff or finance or civil service reform, he was necessarily a bad man. He made no allowances for the weaknesses of human nature, and had no idea that he himself ever could be mistaken. Though a powerful critic, he did not realize the highest criticism, which discerns and brings out the good as well as the evil. He won his reputation by dealing out censure, which has a rare attraction for a certain class of minds, as Tacitus observed in his *History*. "People," he wrote, "lend a ready ear to detraction and spite," for "malignity wears the imposing appearance of independence."⁴

² *Ibid.*, ii, 51.

³ *Studies in Contemporary Biography*, p. 372.

⁴ Tacitus, *History*, i, 1.

The influence of the *Nation*, therefore, — so these objectors to Godkin aver, — was especially unfortunate on the intelligent youth of the country. It was in 1870 that John Bigelow, whom I have just quoted, advised Harvard University to include the *Nation* among its requirements; and it is true that at that time, and for a good while afterwards, the *Nation* was favorite reading for serious Harvard students. The same practice undoubtedly prevailed at most other colleges. Now I have been told that the effect of reading the *Nation* was to prevent these young men from understanding their own country; that, as Godkin himself did not comprehend America, he was an unsound teacher and made his youthful readers see her through a false medium. And I am further informed that in mature life it cost an effort, a mental wrench, so to speak, to get rid of this influence and see things as they really were, which was necessary for usefulness in lives cast in America. The United States was our country; she was entitled to our love and service; and yet such a frame of mind was impossible, so this objection runs, if we read and believed the writing of the *Nation*. A man of character and ability, who had filled a number of public offices with credit, told me that the influence of the *Nation* had been potent in keeping college graduates out of public life, that things in the United States were painted so black both relatively and absolutely that the young men naturally reasoned, "Why shall we concern ourselves about a country which is surely going to destruction?" Far better, they may have said, to pattern after Plato's philosopher who kept out of politics, being "like one who retires under the shelter of a wall in the storm of dust and sleet which the driving wind hurries along."¹

Such considerations undoubtedly lost the *Nation* valuable subscribers. I have been struck with three circumstances in juxtaposition. At the time of Judge

Hoar's forced resignation from Grant's cabinet in 1870, the *Nation* said, "In peace as in war 'that is best blood which hath most iron in't'; and much is to be excused to the man [that is, Judge Hoar] who has for the first time in many years of Washington history given a back-handed blow to many an impudent and arrogant dispenser of patronage. He may well be proud of most of the enmity that he won while in office, and may go back contented to Massachusetts to be her most honored citizen."² Two months later Lowell wrote to Godkin, "The bound volumes of the *Nation* standing on Judge Hoar's library table, as I saw them the other day, were a sign of the estimation in which it is held by solid people and it is they who in the long run decide the fortunes of such a journal."³ But the *Nation* lost Judge Hoar's support. When I called upon him in 1893 he was no longer taking or reading it.

It is the sum of individual experiences that makes up the influence of a journal like the *Nation*, and one may therefore be pardoned the egotism necessarily arising from a relation of one's own contact with it. In 1866, while a student at the University of Chicago, I remember well that, in a desultory talk in the English Literature class, Professor William Matthews spoke of the *Nation* and advised the students to read it each week as a political education of high value. This was the first knowledge I had of it, but I was at that time, along with many other young men, devoted to the *Round Table*, an "Independent weekly review of Politics, Finance, Literature, Society and Art," which flourished between the years 1864 and 1868. We asked the professor, "Do you consider the *Nation* superior to the *Round Table*?" — "Decidedly," was his reply. "The editors of the *Round Table* seem to write for the sake of writing, while the men who are expressing themselves in the *Nation* do so because their

² June 23; Rhodes, vi, 382.

³ Ogden, ii, 66.

¹ Republic.

hearts and minds are full of their matter." This was a just estimate of the difference between the two journals. The *Round Table*, modeled after the *Saturday Review*, was a feeble imitation of the London weekly, then in its palmy days, while the *Nation*, which was patterned after the *Spectator*, did not suffer by the side of its model. On this hint from Professor Matthews, I began taking and reading the *Nation*, and with the exception of one year in Europe during my student days, I have read it ever since.

Before I touch on certain specifications I must premise that the influence of this journal on a Westerner, who read it in a receptive spirit, was probably more potent than on one living in the East. The arrogance of a higher civilization in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia than elsewhere in the United States, the term "wild and woolly West" applied to the region west of the Alleghany Mountains, is somewhat irritating to a Westerner. Yet it remains none the less true that, other things being equal, a man living in the environment of Boston or New York would have arrived more easily and more quickly at certain sound political views I shall proceed to specify than he would while living in Cleveland or Chicago. The gospel which Godkin preached was needed much more in the West than in the East; and his disciples in the western country had for him a high degree of reverence. In the biography of Godkin, allusion is made to the small pecuniary return for his work, but in thinking of him we never considered the money question. We supposed that he made a living; we knew from his articles that he was a gentleman and saw much of good society, and there was not one of us who would not rather have been in his shoes than in those of the richest man in New York. We placed such trust in him — which his life shows to have been abundantly justified — that we should have lost all confidence in human nature had he ever been tempted by place or profit. And his influence was abid-

ing. Presidents, statesmen, senators, congressmen rose and fell; political administrations changed; good, bad, and weak public men passed away; but Godkin preached to us every week a timely and cogent sermon.

To return now to my personal experience. I owe wholly to the *Nation* my conviction in favor of civil service reform; in fact, it was from these columns that I first came to understand the question. The arguments advanced were sane and strong, and especially intelligible to men in business, who, in the main, chose their employees on the ground of fitness, and who made it a rule to retain and advance competent and honest men in their employ. I think that on this subject the indirect influence of the *Nation* was very great, in furnishing arguments to men like myself, who never lost an opportunity to restate them, and to editorial writers for the western newspapers, who generally read the *Nation* and who were apt to reproduce its line of reasoning. When I look back to 1869, the year in which I became a voter, and recall the strenuous opposition to civil service reform on the part of the politicians of both parties, and the indifference of the public, I confess that I am amazed at the progress which has been made. Such a reform is of course effected only by a number of contributing causes and some favoring circumstances, but I feel certain that it was accelerated by the constant and vigorous support of the *Nation*.

I owe to the *Nation* more than to any other agency my correct ideas on finance in two crises. The first was the "greenback craze" from 1869 to 1875. It was easy to be a hard-money man in Boston or New York, where one might imbibe the correct doctrine as one everywhere takes in the fundamental principles of civilization and morality. But it was not so in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, where the severe money stringency before and during the panic of 1873, and the depression after it, caused many good and representative men to join in the cry for a

larger issue of greenbacks by the government. It required no moral courage for the average citizen to resist what in 1875 seemed to be the popular move, but it did require the correct knowledge and the forcible arguments put forward weekly by the *Nation*. I do not forget my indebtedness to John Sherman, Carl Schurz, and Senator Thurman, but Sherman and Thurman were not always consistent on this question, and Schurz's voice was only occasionally heard; but every seven days came the *Nation* with its unrelenting iteration, and it was an iteration varied enough to be always interesting and worthy of study. As one looks back over nearly forty years of politics one likes to recall the occasions when one has done the thing one's mature judgment fully approves; and I like to think that in 1875 I refused to vote for my party's candidate for governor, the Democratic William Allen whose platform was "that the volume of currency be made and kept equal to the wants of trade."

A severer ordeal was the silver question of 1878, because the argument for silver was more weighty than that for irredeemable paper, and was believed to be sound by business men of both parties. I remember that many representative business men of Cleveland used to assemble around the large luncheon table of the Union Club and discuss the pending silver-coinage bill, which received the votes of both of the senators from Ohio and of all her representatives except Garfield. The gold men were in a minority also at the luncheon table, but, fortified by the *Nation*, we thought that we held our own in this daily discussion.

In my conversion from a belief in a protective tariff to the advocacy of one for revenue only, I recognize an obligation to Godkin, but his was only one of many influences. I owe the *Nation* much for its accurate knowledge of foreign affairs, especially of English politics, in which its readers were enlightened by one of the most capable of living men,

Albert V. Dicey. I am indebted to it for sound ideas on municipal government and for its advocacy of many minor measures, such for instance as the International Copyright Bill. I owe it something for its later attitude on Reconstruction, and its condemnation of the negro carpet-bag governments in the South. In a word, the *Nation* was on the side of civilization and good political morals.

Confessing thus my great political indebtedness to Godkin, it is with some reluctance that I present a certain phase of his thought which was regretted by many of his best friends, and which undoubtedly limited his influence in the later years of his life. A knowledge of this eccentricity is, however, essential to a thorough comprehension of the man. It is frequently said that Godkin rarely, if ever, made a retraction or a rectification of personal charges shown to be incorrect. A thorough search of the *Nation's* columns would be necessary fully to substantiate this statement, but my own impression, covering as it does thirty-three years' reading of the paper under Godkin's control, inclines me to believe in its truth, as I do not remember an instance of the kind.

A grave fault of omission occurs to me as showing a regrettable bias in a leader of intelligent opinion. January 5, 1897, General Francis A. Walker died. He had served with credit as an officer during our Civil War, and in two thoughtful books had made a valuable contribution to its military history. He was superintendent of the United States Census of 1870, and did work that statisticians and historians refer to with gratitude and praise. For sixteen years he served with honor the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as its president. He was a celebrated political economist, his books being (I think) as well known in England as in this country. Yale, Amherst, Harvard, Columbia, St. Andrews, and Dublin conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. Withal he served his city with

public spirit. Trinity Church, "crowded and silent" in celebrating its last service over the dead body of Walker, witnessed one of the three most impressive funerals which Boston has seen for at least sixteen years — a funeral conspicuous for the attendance of a large number of delegates from colleges and learned societies.

Walker was distinctly of the intellectual élite of the country. But the *Nation* made not the slightest reference to his death. In the issue of January 7, appearing two days later, I looked for an allusion in "The Week," and subsequently for one of those remarkable and discriminating eulogies, which in smaller type follow the editorials, and for which the *Nation* is justly celebrated; but there was not one word. You might search the 1897 volume of the *Nation* and, but for a brief reference in the April "Notes" to Walker's annual report posthumously published, you would not learn that a great intellectual leader had passed away. I wrote to a valued contributor of the *Nation*, a friend of Walker, of Godkin, and of Wendell P. Garrison (the literary editor), inquiring if he knew the reason for the omission, and in answer he could only tell me that his amazement had been as great as mine. He at first looked eagerly, and, when the last number came in which a eulogy could possibly appear, he turned over the pages of the *Nation* with sorrowful regret, hardly believing his eyes that the article he sought was not there.

Now I suspect that the reason of this extraordinary omission was due to the irreconcilable opinions of Walker and Godkin on a question of finance. It was a period when the contest between the advocates of a single gold standard and the bimetallists raged fiercely, and the contest had not been fully settled by the election of McKinley in 1896. Godkin was emphatically for gold, Walker equally emphatic for a double standard. And they clashed. It is a notable example of the peculiarity of Godkin, to allow at the portal of death the one point of political policy on which he and Walker disagreed

to overweigh the nine points in which they were at one.

Most readers of the *Nation* noticed distinctly that, from 1895 on, its tone became more pessimistic and its criticism was marked by greater acerbity. Mr. Rollo Ogden in his biography shows that Godkin's feeling of disappointment over the progress of the democratic experiment in America, and his hopelessness of our future, began at an earlier date.

During his first years in the United States, he had no desire to return to his mother country. When the financial fortune of the *Nation* was doubtful, he wrote to Norton that he should not go back to England except as a "last extremity. It would be going back into an atmosphere that I detest, and a social system that I have hated since I was fourteen years old."¹ In 1889, after an absence of twenty-seven years, he went to England. The best intellectual society of London and Oxford opened its doors to him and he fell under its charm as would any American who was the recipient of marked attentions from people of such distinction. He began to draw contrasts which were not favorable to his adopted country. "I took a walk along the wonderful Thames embankment," he wrote, "a splendid work, and I sighed to think how impossible it would be to get such a thing done in New York. The differences in government and political manners are in fact awful, and for me very depressing. Henry James [with whom he stopped in London] and I talk over them sometimes 'des larmes dans la voix.'" In 1894, however, Godkin wrote in the *Forum*: "There is probably no government in the world today as stable as that of the United States. The chief advantage of democratic government is, in a country like this, the enormous force it can command in an emergency."² But next year his pessimism is clearly apparent. On January 12, 1895, he wrote to Norton: "You see I am not sanguine about the future

¹ Ogden, ii, 140.

² *Problems of Modern Democracy*, 209.

of democracy. I think we shall have a long period of decline like that which followed (?) the fall of the Roman Empire, and then a recrudescence under some other form of society."¹

A number of things had combined to affect him profoundly. An admirer of Grover Cleveland and three times a warm supporter of his candidacy for the presidency, he saw with regret the loss of his hold on his party, which was drifting into the hands of the advocates of free silver. Then in December, 1895, Godkin lost faith in his idol. "I was thunderstruck by Cleveland's message" on the Venezuela question, he wrote to Norton. His submission to the *Jingoes* "is a terrible shock."² Later, in a calm review of passing events, he called the message a "sudden declaration of war without notice against Great Britain."³ The danger of such a proceeding he had pointed out to Norton: Our "immense democracy, mostly ignorant . . . is constantly on the brink of some frightful catastrophe like that which overtook France in 1870."⁴ In 1896 he was deeply distressed at the country having to choose for president between the arch-protectionist McKinley and the free-silver advocate Bryan, for he had spent a good part of his life combatting a protective tariff and advocating sound money. Though the *Evening Post* contributed powerfully to the election of McKinley, from the fact that its catechism, teaching financial truths in a popular form, was distributed throughout the West in immense quantities by the chairman of the Republican National Committee, Godkin himself refused to vote for McKinley and put in his ballot for Palmer, the gold Democrat.⁵

The Spanish-American war seems to have destroyed any lingering hope that he had left for the future of American democracy. He spoke of it as "a perfectly avoidable war forced on by a band of un-

scrupulous politicians" who had behind them "a roaring mob."⁶ The taking of the Philippines and the subsequent war in these islands confirmed him in his despair. In a private letter written from Paris, he said, "American ideals were the intellectual food of my youth, and to see America converted into a senseless, Old-World conqueror, embitters my age."⁷ To another he wrote that his former "high and fond ideals about America were now all shattered."⁸ "Sometimes he seemed to feel," said his intimate friend James Bryce, "as though he had labored in vain for forty years."⁹

Such regrets expressed by an honest and sincere man with a high ideal must command our respectful attention. Though due in part to old age and enfeebled health, they are still more attributable to his disappointment that the country had not developed in the way that he had marked out for her. For with men of Godkin's positive convictions, there is only one way to salvation. Sometimes such men are true prophets; at other times, while they see clearly certain aspects of a case, their narrowness of vision prevents them from taking in the whole range of possibilities, especially when the enthusiasm of manhood is gone.

Godkin took a broader view in 1868, which he forcibly expressed in a letter to the *London Daily News*. "There is no careful and intelligent observer," he wrote, "whether he be a friend to democracy or not, who can help admiring the unbroken power with which the popular common sense—that shrewdness or intelligence, or instinct of self-preservation, I care not what you call it, which so often makes the American farmer a far better politician than nine tenths of the best read European political philosophers—works under all this tumult and confusion of tongues. The newspapers and politicians fret and fume and shout and denounce; but the great mass, the nine-

¹ Ogden, ii, 199.

² *Ibid.*, ii, 202.

³ "Random Recollections," *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899.

⁴ Ogden, ii, 202.

⁵ *Ibid.*, ii, 214.

⁶ Ogden, ii, 238.

⁷ *Ibid.*, ii, 219.

⁸ *Ibid.*, ii, 237.

⁹ *Biographical Studies*, 378.

teen or twenty millions, work away in the fields and workshops, saying little, thinking much, hardy, earnest, self-reliant, very tolerant, very indulgent, very shrewd, but ready whenever the government needs it, with musket, or purse, or vote, as the case may be, laughing and cheering occasionally at public meetings, but when you meet them individually on the high road or in their own houses, very cool, then, sensible men, filled with no delusions, carried away by no frenzies, believing firmly in the future greatness and glory of the republic, but holding to no other article of faith as essential to political salvation."

Before continuing the quotation I wish to call attention to the fact that Godkin's illustration was more effective in 1868 than now: then there was a solemn and vital meaning to the prayers offered up for persons going to sea that they might be preserved from the dangers of the deep. "Every now and then," he went on to say, "as one watches the political storms in the United States, one is reminded of one's feelings as one lies in bed on a stormy night in an ocean steamer in a head wind. Each blow of the sea shakes the ship from stem to stern, and every now and then a tremendous one seems to paralyze her. The machinery seems to stop work; there is a dead pause, and you think for a moment the end has come; but the throbbing begins once more, and if you go up on deck and look down in the hold, you see the firemen and engineers at their posts, apparently unconscious of anything but their work, and as sure of getting into port as if there was not a ripple on the water."

This letter of Godkin's was written on January 8, 1868, when Congress was engaged in the reconstruction of the South on the basis of negro suffrage, when the quarrel between Congress and President Johnson was acute and his impeachment not two months off. At about this time Godkin set down Evarts's opinion that "we are witnessing the decline of public morality which usually presages

revolution," and reported that Howells was talking "despondently like everybody else about the condition of morals and manners."¹ Of like tenor was the opinion of an arch-conservative, George Ticknor, written in 1869, which bears a resemblance to the lamentation of Godkin's later years. "The civil war of '61," wrote Ticknor, "has made a great gulf between what happened before it in our century and what has happened since, or what is likely to happen hereafter. It does not seem to me as if I were living in the country in which I was born, or in which I received whatever I ever got of political education or principles. Webster seems to have been the last of the Romans."²

In 1868 Godkin was an optimist, having a cogent answer to all gloomy predictions; from 1895 to 1902 he was a pessimist; yet reasons just as strong may be adduced for considering the future of the country secure in the later as were urged in the earlier period. But as Godkin grew older, he became a moral censor, and it is characteristic of censors to exaggerate both the evil of the present and the good of the past. Thus in 1899 he wrote of the years 1857-1860: "The air was full of the real Americanism. The American gospel was on people's lips and was growing with fervor. Force was worshiped, but it was moral force: it was the force of reason, of humanity, of human equality, of a good example. The abolitionist gospel seemed to be permeating the views of the American people, and overturning and destroying the last remaining traditions of the old-world public morality. It was really what might be called the golden age of America."³ These were the days of slavery. James Buchanan was president. The internal policy of the party in power was expressed in the Dred Scott decision and the attempt to force slavery on Kansas; the foreign policy, in the Ostend

¹ Ogden, i, 301, 307.

² *Life and Letters*, ii, 485.

³ "Random Recollections," *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899.

Manifesto, which declared that if Spain would not sell Cuba the United States would take it by force. The rule in the civil service was, "to the victors belong the spoils." And New York City, where Godkin resided, had for its mayor Fernando Wood.

In this somewhat rambling paper I have subjected Godkin to a severe test by a contrast of his public and private utterances covering many years, not however with the intention of accusing him of inconsistency. Ferrero writes that historians of our day find it easy to expose the contradictions of Cicero, but they forget that probably as much could be said of his contemporaries, if we possessed also their private correspondence. Similarly, it is a pertinent question how many journalists and how many public men would stand as well as Godkin in this matter of consistency if we possessed the same abundant records of their activity?

The more careful the study of Godkin's utterances, the less will be the irritation felt by men who love and believe in their country. It is evident that he was a born critic, and his private correspondence is full of expressions showing that if he had been conducting a journal in England, his criticism of certain phases of English policy would have been as severe as those which he indulged in weekly at the expense of this country. "How Ireland sits heavy on your soul!" he wrote to James Bryce. "Salisbury was an utterly discredited Foreign Secretary when you brought up Home Rule. Now he is one of the wisest of men. Balfour and Chamberlain have all been lifted into eminence by opposition to Home Rule simply." To Professor Norton: "Chamberlain is a capital specimen of the rise of an unscrupulous politician." Again: "The fall of England into the hands of a creature like Chamberlain recalls the capture of Rome by Alaric." To another friend: "I do not like to talk about the Boer War, it is too painful. . . . When I do speak of the war my language

becomes unfit for publication." On seeing the Queen and the Prince of Wales driving through the gardens at Windsor, his comment was, "Fat, useless royalty;" and in 1897 he wrote from England to Arthur Sedgwick, "There are many things here which reconcile me to America."¹

In truth, much of his criticism of America is only an elaboration of his criticism of democracy. In common with many Europeans born at about the same time, who began their political life as radicals, he shows his keen disappointment that democracy has not regenerated mankind. "There is not a country in the world, living under parliamentary government," he wrote, "which has not begun to complain of the decline in the quality of its legislators. More and more, it is said, the work of government is falling into the hands of men to whom even small pay is important, and who are suspected of adding to their income by corruption. The withdrawal of the more intelligent class from legislative duties is more and more lamented, and the complaint is somewhat justified by the mass of crude, hasty, incoherent and unnecessary laws which are poured on the world at every session."²

I have thus far spoken only of the political influence of the *Nation*, but its literary department was equally important. Associated with Godkin from the beginning was Wendell P. Garrison, who became literary editor of the journal, and who, Godkin wrote in 1871, "has really toiled for six years with the fidelity of a Christian martyr and upon the pay of an oysterman."³ I have often heard the literary criticism of the *Nation* called destructive like the political, but, it appears to me, with less reason. Books for review were sent to experts in different parts of the country, and the list of contributors included many professors from various colleges. While the editor, I be-

¹ Ogden, ii, 30, 136, 213, 214, 247, 253.

² *Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy*, 117.

³ Ogden, ii, 51.

lieve, retained, and sometimes exercised, the right to omit parts of the review and make some additions, yet writers drawn from so many sources must have preserved their own individuality. I have heard it said that the *Nation* gave you the impression of having been entirely written by one man; but whatever there is more than fanciful in that impression must have arisen from the general agreement between the editor and the contributors. Paul Leicester Ford once told me that, when he wrote a criticism for the *Nation*, he unconsciously took on the *Nation's* style, but he could write in that way for no other journal, nor did he ever fall into it in his books. Garrison was much more tolerant than is sometimes supposed. I know of his sending many books to two men, one of whom differed from him radically on the negro question and the other on socialism.

It is only after hearing much detraction of the literary department of the *Nation*, and after considerable reflection, that I have arrived at the conviction that it came somewhat near to realizing criticism as defined by Matthew Arnold, thus: "A disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."¹ I am well aware that it was not always equal, and I remember two harsh reviews which ought not to have been printed: but this simply proves that the editor was human and the *Nation* was not perfect. I feel safe however in saying that if the best critical reviews of the *Nation* were collected and printed in book form, they would show an aspiration after the standard erected by Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold.

Again I must appeal to my individual experience. The man who lived in the middle West for the twenty-five years between 1865 and 1890 needed the literary department of the *Nation* more than one who lived in Boston or New York. Most of the books written in America were by New England, New York, and Philadelphia authors, and in those communities

literary criticism was evolved by social contact in clubs and other gatherings. We had nothing of the sort in Cleveland, where a writer of books walking down Euclid Avenue would have been stared at as a somewhat remarkable personage. The literary columns of the *Nation* were therefore our most important link between our practical life and the literary world. I used to copy into my *Index Rerum* long extracts from important reviews, in which the writers appeared to have a thorough grasp of their subjects; and these I read and re-read as I would a significant passage in a favorite book. In the days when many of us were profoundly influenced by Herbert Spencer's *Sociology*, I was somewhat astonished to read one week in the *Nation*, in a review of Pollock's *Introduction to the Science of Politics*, these words: "Herbert Spencer's contributions to political and historical science seem to us mere commonplaces, sometimes false, sometimes true, but in both cases trying to disguise their essential flatness and commonness in a garb of dogmatic formalism."² Such an opinion, evidencing a conflict between two intellectual guides, staggered me, and it was with some curiosity that I looked subsequently, when the *Index to Periodicals* came out, to see who had the temerity thus to belittle Spencer — the greatest political philosopher, so some of his disciples thought, since Aristotle. I ascertained that the writer of the review was James Bryce, and whatever else might be thought, it could not be denied that the controversy was one between giants. I can, I think, date the beginning of my emancipation from Spencer from that review in 1891.

In the same year I read a discriminating eulogy of George Bancroft, ending with an intelligent criticism of his history which produced on me a marked impression. The reviewer wrote: Bancroft falls into "that error so common with the graphic school of historians — the exaggerated estimate of manuscripts or

¹ *Essays*, 38.

² Vol. 52, p. 267.

fragmentary material at the expense of what is printed and permanent. . . . But a fault far more serious than this is one which Mr. Bancroft shared with his historical contemporaries, but in which he far exceeded any of them — an utter ignoring of the very meaning and significance of a quotation mark.”¹ Sound and scientific doctrine is this; and the whole article exhibited a thorough knowledge of our colonial and revolutionary history which inspired confidence in the conclusions of the writer, who, I later ascertained, was Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

These two examples could be multiplied at length. There were many reviewers from Harvard and Yale; and undoubtedly other eastern colleges were well represented. The University of Wisconsin furnished at least one contributor, as probably did the University of Michigan and other western colleges. Men in Washington, New York, and Boston, not in academic life, were drawn upon; a soldier of the Civil War, living in Cincinnati, a man of affairs, sent many reviews. James Bryce was an occasional contributor, and at least three notable reviews came from the pen of Albert V. Dicey. In 1885, Godkin, in speaking of the *Nation's* department of Literature and Art, wrote that “the list of those who have contributed to the columns of the paper from the first issue to the present day contains a large number of the most eminent names in American literature, science, art, philosophy, and law.”² With men so gifted, and chosen from all parts of the country, uniformly destructive criticism could not have prevailed. Among them were optimists as well as pessimists, and men as independent in thought as was Godkin himself.

Believing that Godkin's thirty-five years of critical work was of great benefit to this country, I have sometimes asked myself whether the fact of his being a foreigner has made it more irritating to many good people, who term his crit-

icism “fault-finding” or “scolding.” Although he married in America and his home life was centred here, he confessed that in many essential things it was a foreign country.³ Some readers who admired the *Nation* told Mr. Bryce that they did not want “to be taught by a European how to run this republic.” But Bryce, who in this matter is the most competent of judges, intimates that Godkin's foreign education, giving him detachment and perspective, was a distinct advantage. If it will help any one to a better appreciation of the man, let Godkin be regarded as “a chiel amang us takin' notes;” as an observer not so philosophic as Tocqueville, not so genial and sympathetic as Bryce. Yet, whether we look upon him as an Irishman, an Englishman, or an American, let us rejoice that he cast his lot with us, and that we have had the benefit of his illuminating pen. He was not always right; he was sometimes unjust; he often told the truth with “needless asperity,”⁴ as Parkman put it; but his merits so outweighed his defects that he had a marked influence on opinion, and probably on history, during his thirty-five years of journalistic work, when, according to James Bryce, he showed a courage such as is rare everywhere.⁵ General J. D. Cox, who had not missed a number of the *Nation* from 1865 to 1899, wrote to Godkin, on hearing of his prospective retirement from the *Evening Post*, “I really believe that earnest men, all over the land, whether they agree with you or differ, will unite in the exclamation which Lincoln made as to Grant, ‘we can't spare this man — he fights.’”⁶

Our country, wrapped up in no smug complacency, listened to this man, respected him and supported him, and on his death a number of people were glad to unite to endow a lectureship in his honor in Harvard University.

In closing, I cannot do better than

³ Ogden, ii, 116.

⁴ *Ibid.*, i, 252.

⁵ *Biographical Studies*, 370.

⁶ Ogden, ii, 229.

¹ Vol. 52, p. 66.

² June 25, 1885.

quote what may be called Godkin's farewell words, printed forty days before the attack of cerebral hemorrhage which ended his active career. "The election of the chief officer of the State by universal suffrage," he wrote, "by a nation approaching one hundred millions, is not simply a novelty in the history of man's efforts to govern himself, but an experiment of which no one can foresee the result. The mass is yearly becoming more and more difficult to move. The old arts of persuasion are already ceasing to be employed on it. Presidential elections are less and less carried by speeches and articles. The American people is a less instructed people than it used to be. The necessity for drilling, organizing, and guiding it, in order to extract the vote from it is becoming plain; and out of this necessity has arisen the boss system, which is now found in existence everywhere, is growing more powerful, and has thus far resisted all attempts to overthrow it."

I shall not stop to urge a qualification of some of these statements, but will pro-

ceed to the brighter side of our case, which Godkin, even in his pessimistic mood, could not fail to see distinctly. "On the other hand," he continued, "I think the progress made by the colleges throughout the country, big and little, both in the quality of the instruction and in the amount of money devoted to books, laboratories, and educational facilities of all kinds is something unparalleled in the history of the civilized world. And the progress of the nation in all the arts, except that of government, in science, in literature, in commerce, in invention, is something unprecedented and becomes daily more astonishing. How it is that this splendid progress does not drag on politics with it I do not profess to know."¹

Let us be as hopeful as was Godkin in his earlier days, and rest assured that intellectual training will eventually exert its power in politics, as it has done in business and in other domains of active life.

¹ *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899.

THE HEART OF THE UNITED STATES

BY JAMES P. MUNROE

"THE centre of population, now in Indiana, is traveling straight towards the middle point of Illinois. The centre of manufacturing has reached as yet only eastern Ohio, but is marching in a beeline for Chicago." This, the Illinois boast, is perhaps with somewhat rare coincidence the truth; and that state, in more than one meaning, is soon to be the controlling Heart of the United States. Therefore it is of vital, as well as of curious interest for New Englanders — fast becoming mere onlookers in the national administration — to examine and, so to speak, to auscultate this organ which will increasingly regulate the body politic.

Illinois drips fatness. Its black, oozy soil which eagerly devours one's shoes; its corn that, refined by selective processes, almost exudes oil; its hogs that can scarcely see through the deep folds of their unctuous envelope; its beefsteaks, pork-chops, and corn-cakes, glistening from the ceaseless sizzling of the frying-pan; its very speech, with mouthed syllables and exaggerated *r*'s, — all are fat with a fatness almost indecent to the spare New Englander. Moreover the oleaginous carnival seems only just begun. Fertilizers and nitrogen-collectors are making the sand-dunes blossom; swamp-draining and well-driving are equalizing

conditions of moisture; rotation of crops is averting possible soil-exhaustion; while scientific breeding is enriching the corn at will and is blanketing the corn-fed hog with ever thicker layers of obesity.

To classify the huge industries of the stockyards — ventilated in the press if in no other way — as agriculture, is to place Illinois first among the farming states. To call them manufactures — and the people of Chicago generally do both — is to give her the rank of third among industrial commonwealths. She needs no forced construction of words, however, and she is not dependent upon Chicago alone, to put her in the forefront of manufacturing communities. For, having learned how to extract a high caloric from her low-grade coals; having begun, in dearth of other large mineral deposits, to coin her clays into those bricks, tiles, and cements which, with steel, are the essence of modern building; possessing lake, river, steam, and electric transportation uninterrupted by any mountain or desert barriers, she is creating enormous enterprises which will soon place her at the very head.

Illinois takes toll, too, upon most of the main highways of America. In the wide area between the Atlantic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains she stands at the middle point. The raw and manufactured products of the earth — north, south, east, and west — must, in our seething traffic, surge largely through her territory; she is, and from geographical necessity must always be, the chief sluiceway for this ceaseless flood of things. More than this, the multitudinous sea of restless Americans — old ones and new ones — pours into and through her avenues of travel. Unlike New York and Boston, mere filters through which the immigrant stream rushes or trickles, leaving behind the scum and dregs of alien peoples, Illinois is a smelting-pot in which the stronger and more active foreigners are fused with one another and with the older stock into real American citizenship.

The established population of Illinois, moreover, is already a remarkable alloy of North and South; for, from Chicago down to a line passing irregularly through its centre, the state is of Yankee origin, having been settled mainly by New England pioneers; but from the Ohio River north to that irregular line, the Illinois stock is distinctively southern. The “Egyptians,” as they call the natives of Cairo, Thebes, and other grotesque namesakes of Old Nile, are in looks, in dialect, in habits of thought, and in instincts and traditions, markedly of the South.

An immigrant who gets as far from the coast as Illinois is almost certain to become Americanized, since the journey to the Atlantic is too great to be taken often, and there can be, therefore, little of that sailing back and forth which makes the immigrant of the seacoast cities frequently a denationalized being, severed from the old world, but not yet joined to the new. But in the smaller cities and in the towns of Illinois, as well as in those of other Middle-West States, amalgamation has so far progressed that one may say, Here is social and political America as it will be when immigration shall have become normal, when the unsettled spaces shall have been filled up, when the face of substantially the whole country shall have become thick-sown with towns joined to one another and to the great cities by every form of present and yet undiscovered means of intercourse.

Such is the Illinois of to-day. In primeval times, however (that is, about forty years ago), she was as lean as she now is fat. The state has not simply gained materially, — she has been regenerated; she is a Cinderella translated from the ash-heap to the palace among states. Less than thirty years ago Illinois was a place disheartened. New Englanders, tired of attempting to raise crops on stone-heaps, had gone hopefully out to this frontier where a pebble is a curiosity. Southerners, set adrift by war or averse to

working with emancipated blacks, had come North to make fortunes out of corn. The Easterners, however, still clung to the primitive agricultural methods of New England, while the Mississippians tried to cultivate cereals in the same way as cotton. The breaking up of so much virgin land, moreover, opened a very Pandora's box of miasmatic fevers. A people who knew nothing of the habits of the mosquito fought the "chills," as they indiscriminately called the fevers, with whiskey and quinine. Two-thirds of the population of the Southern Illinois bottom-lands died, in those pioneer days, of malaria and of diseases which found ready entrance into constitutions weakened by its assaults. The chills, the bad whiskey, and the adulterated quinine, produced a type little more ambitious than the Georgia "Cracker." The once active Yankee, weakened by malaria, depressed by the flat monotony, contaminated by the shiftlessness of his poor-white neighbors, became even more inert than they; and thus was produced the typical, hideous Illinois landscape of about 1880.

Treelless distances were broken only by rare bits of "timber," or by hedges of the melancholy osage orange, planted as breaks against the frightful winds. Roads that were impassable for a third of the year, mountainous with ruts for another third, and whirling dust-breeders during the remainder, sprawled untidily in miscellaneous directions. There were no bridges to speak of; but there were fearful mud-fords called "slews," into which one plunged at a terrifying angle from the hither brink, through which the natives urged the horses or oxen by merciless beatings and incredible oaths, and out of which it seemed, as in *Pilgrim's Progress*, impossible for such sinners ever to emerge.

The so-called towns, clinging here and there to the single-track railroads, were mere huddles of one-storied shacks, pretending to be two-storied by the palpable device of a clapboarded false front. At

long distances from these towns, and from one another, would be found a house, single-roomed, with a cock-loft, and set upon stilts to form a shelter for the pigs. Its front steps were a slanting board, like the approach to a hen-roost, and it was swept inside and out, above and below, by every blast from heaven. Outside the door, just where the sink-spout emptied, would be dug a shallow well, its water so rich in lime as actually to taste of it, and as a consequence so hard that a person who should spend his whole life in Illinois would be a sedimentary deposit of the dust and mud of all his days. Scattered around were a few sheds to give pretense of shelter to the ill-kept cattle; scattered still farther around, and shelterless, were agricultural machines, once costly, but now rusted and practically useless; and spreading away as far as one could see was an ocean of the Illinois staple, corn.

Were the harvest promising, however, along came the chinch-bug, the army-worm, or the locust, to eat it clean, or the prairie fire to burn it. Were it brought actually to the point of a fine harvest, there would be no demand, or the rickety railroads would be so choked with freight that the grain could not reach a market, and must be used for household fuel. Working listlessly in those fields were gaunt men, shaking with "chills;" in that shanty were a gaunt woman and many cadaverous children, also shaking with chills, the lives of all of them a seemingly hopeless struggle against the elements, sickness, poor food, and the uncertainty of "craps."

So far as they could navigate the prairie and the "slews," the people were hospitable, and at harvest-time the neighbors over a wide circle would, in turn, help each the other with his crops. At funerals, too, — almost the sole diversion, — friends and relatives would come from far and near, and would encamp for a fortnight upon the bereft, eating in melancholy festivity the funeral fried meats. Religion, like everything else,

was rugged and strong, for the pains of eternal damnation were far more conceivable than the blessings of paradise. Schools were scarce and doctors scarcer. In short, there was found in Illinois at that time frontier life with none of the excitement which comes from the dangers of exploration, but with all the discomfort arising out of remoteness from even the rudiments of civilized existence.

What has transformed the fever-stricken, mortgage-ridden, and poverty-blasted Illinois of the eighties into the thriving, hustling heart of the United States? Two things: modern science, and real, effective education. Draining the fields and discovering the proximate cause of malaria practically destroyed the chills and fever; extending and modernizing railroad and steamship lines gave ready access to the markets of the world; the telephone put an end to the horrible isolation and loneliness of the farmhouse; the interurban trolley-line made pathways over the muddy prairies and bottomless "slews;" cement manufacturing enabled the smallest hamlet to build sidewalks and even to pave streets; while, as for education, the farmers have been systematically and wisely instructed how to make farming pay.

This education of the farmer has been carried on in at least two ways. At the time when the face of Illinois was that of grim desolation, certain shrewd investors — notably some from Great Britain — bought up, for the proverbial song, great areas of these poorly tilled farms from their ague-stricken owners, and began to cultivate them in wholesale, scientific ways. So large grew these foreign holdings — in some cases embracing the greater part of a county — that the state government became alarmed and passed legislation forbidding the inheritance of land excepting by *bona fide* citizens of Illinois. These and other extensive farms, however, all skillfully and very profitably developed, served, and still serve, as well-appreciated object lessons to the lesser owners, and have done much to revolu-

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tionize the farming methods of the entire Middle West.

The main work of education, however, has been performed by the state, entering the field as a practical teacher of scientific farming. The State University and Agricultural Experiment Station together began the work, fifteen or twenty years ago, of finding out what might be the best crops for Illinois, how those crops could most profitably be raised, in what ways they might be increased; and then, of teaching all this to the adult farmer through farmers' institutes, local experiment stations, and demonstration trains, and to the farmer's son through courses in agriculture in the University.

The State University cannot be acquitted of all ulterior motive in this; on the contrary, it deliberately developed this sort of education in order to catch the farmers' votes. For years that State University had been going to the capitol, humbly begging for ten thousand or twenty thousand dollars, and finding it almost impossible to secure even that pittance from rural members who could see nothing for them, directly or indirectly, in the University. But when Dr. Andrew S. Draper was made president, he and some of his colleagues among the trustees and faculty determined to win the farmer vote by proving that the University could put millions of dollars into the pockets of the farmers by increasing the yield of corn, by teaching how to utilize swampy and sandy lands, by improving the breeds of cattle, by developing dairying, etc. Nobly the University fulfilled its self-imposed task, and generously did the farmer-legislature respond with appropriations, so that today it gives millions where formerly it begrudged ten-thousands.

Other elements, of course, have entered in. The rapid growth of the University of Chicago has spurred the country districts into a rivalry most profitable to the State University at Urbana; and a skillful type of advertising, appealing to the average Westerner's love of bigness, has been used with consummate skill. Whatever the

means, however,—and they have all been honorable, if more breezily Western than those to which the East is accustomed,—and whatever some of the ill effects upon the University, the results in the state as a whole have been little short of magical. For the University, in its campaign for votes and funds, has not stopped at the farmers. It has sedulously catered, too, in the good meaning of that word, to the manufacturers. The engineering side has grown even faster than the agricultural; and its schools, housed in a number of well-designed buildings, are fast taking high rank. These schools are making themselves directly useful to the state, among many other ways, by conducting experiments upon the low-grade coals of Illinois, burning them with every sort of grate-bar, under every conceivable condition, and in all kinds of mixtures, in order to determine in what ways they may be made to produce the most power at the least expense. They are carrying on an elaborate series of tests upon concrete, plain and reënforced, to ascertain the value of the various mixtures and the behavior of this new building material under all manner of demands. And in coöperation with the Illinois Central Railroad and the interurban railways, the University maintains two elaborately fitted dynamometer cars, running them for long distances, and placing the results at the disposition of the state.

What have been some of the effects, from the standpoint of a casual Easterner, of the enormous and comparatively sudden development of this great, pivotal state? The characteristic most obvious, as has been said, is that of omnipresent fatness, and of the materialistic attitude of mind which such plenteousness breeds. Fertility, be it of fields or of beasts, is a topic which never wearies, and which makes one feel at last that the very sows and cornstalks are in a conscious race for fecundity. The stockyards are proudly shown, not as a triumph of modern ingenuity, but as a spectacle of animals by the acre. The increased oil of the select-

ively bred corn is exhibited, not as an intellectual conquest of the chemist, but as a feeder of hogs still fatter than before. Even the frenzy of the wheat-pit, and the fortune-hunting schemes which rob the poor of their savings, are attempts to make money breed faster than it has any right, or real power, to do.

The dominant note in conversation, therefore, is that of gain,—gain in acreage, gain in yield, gain in income; and to one who looked no further it would appear that the mass of the people are sordid and materialistic, are mere worshippers of the fast-waxing dollar. It is this superficial materialism, with its fungus-growth of hideousness, that makes the New England traveler condemn, in large part, Chicago. A lake-front unsurpassed in possibilities of beauty is usurped by the tracks and purlieus of an ill-kept railroad. Business streets that, ten years after the great fire, promised to be almost grand in their width and perspective, are now mere smoky tunnels under the filth-dripping gridirons of the elevated railways. State Street, which then had the elements of a noble main avenue, affronts one with the unspeakable lines of cast-iron department stores. Palaces on certain avenues are cheek-by-jowl with dilapidated hovels; the semi-detached villas farther out of town are, many of them, wretchedly bedraggled; and the whole impression left by large areas is a mingling of interminable clothes-lines and flaming, peeling bill-boards. The city's buildings are black with the smoke blanketing the sky; factories, each more hideous than the other, intrude almost everywhere; and the vile river, only partly cleansed by the drainage canal, makes even suicide abhorrent. One does not hesitate thus to scourge Chicago, for she has no excuse. She cannot plead newness, for she is no younger than Cleveland, which is beautiful; she cannot plead swiftness of growth, for the magnificent city of Berlin has developed quite as rapidly as she.

Leaving Chicago, however,—and the

city has annexed so much territory that it takes an hour or two to do so, — and getting out upon the uncontaminated prairie, one realizes that this vast area of farms and towns and small cities is a very different thing from the Babel metropolis; and it is this rural Illinois which is the true flesh and blood of the great heart of the United States. The Atlantic seaboard states, with the ocean in front of them and the mountains behind them, with Europe and South America and the islands of the sea feeding them with ideas more or less new to the United States, will never wholly lose their individuality. The Pacific states, for like reasons, will have distinctiveness for all time to come. But the enormous basin between the Appalachians and the Rockies will, as it consolidates, grow, like its monotonous plains, more and more indistinguishable, the one section from the other, until it will think and act and live substantially as a unit, dominating by its bulk and the vastness of its homogeneity the political life of the United States. As the advance type of what this interior empire is to be, — indeed as the dominant pioneer which will largely impose its own characteristics upon that extensive area, — Illinois should have the careful study of all thoughtful Americans.

The first characteristic which strikes one in the Illinois people is their friendliness. It is said of the Australians that the question of ancestry is tabooed in polite society, lest investigation hark back to Botany Bay. While the Middle Westerners have no such fear, while most of them, did they choose, could go back to the purest Southern and New England strains, so many of them have come “out of the everywhere” that they do not stop to inquire who was a man’s grandfather, but, on the contrary, bid him welcome without even waiting to be introduced. The old hospitality of pioneer days has survived, and opens the house without apology for its shortcomings, or lamentations that it is not more fit. This kind of hospitality, unfortunately, is becoming

obsolete in Massachusetts, where to-day, in order to see his neighbors, a man must put on evening dress, play bridge, and eat caterers’ ice-cream.

A second thing which impresses a New Englander is the restlessness and abruptness born of lifelong “hustle.” The people of Illinois are in too much of a hurry to mind the little niceties of etiquette; they say the blunt thing because it takes less time than courtesy; their behavior in the hours of supposed relaxation is that which the Massachusetts man keeps for his office, where he has to be brusque in order to get through. This gives everything in Illinois an air of ceaseless business, and leads to the unwarranted conclusion that all Westerners (as some of them do) sleep in their working clothes.

A third characteristic of the people of the Middle West is their large view of things, or, to speak more accurately, their way of looking at things in the large. Because of the habit of ploughing fields by the square mile and of killing pigs by the carload, the man of Illinois deals in commercial ideas by the yard, not, as Easterners do, by the quarter-inch. He plays for high stakes in business, and if, as is likely, he loses, he plays again. Whether he is up or whether he is down seems to matter little, provided he keeps in the game. This sweeping habit of mind, however, is fatal to fine analysis; and while, for example, the Illinois teacher is ready to try splendid, comprehensive experiments in the schools and colleges, while he handles the problems of education as Napoleon handled strategy, he is lacking in intellectual discrimination and *finesse*. As a result of this habit of mind, most of these Middle Westerners seem to the Easterner superficial and inclined to accept what Gelett Burgess so cleverly calls “Bromidioms” for revelations of new truth.

What strikes one most startlingly, however, in the people of Illinois is their lack of imagination. This, moreover, is a fundamental deficiency. They are a

plains people, with no mountains to vary their view-point, no changes of altitude to foster modifications of temperament, no salt breezes to make their brains tingle, no expanse of ocean, no beetling cliffs, no roar of breakers, no play of color upon the sea, no awfulness of tempest on ocean and on mountain, none of those natural phenomena — except perhaps cyclones — which are absolutely essential, not only to the making of poets, but also to the developing of the humbler imaginations of Tom, Dick, and Harry. Of course many of them travel, — journeying they treat in the same large way as business, thinking nothing of traveling four hours by train to buy a spool of thread, — but the rank and file of them do not go far enough from home ever to see the ocean or to climb a respectable hill.

There is, therefore, and always must be, over this vast central United States this limitation of experience which places the natives, figuratively as well as literally, upon a lower plane than mountain and coast-dwellers. They have some, and will have more, idealism; but it is the idealism of doing things on a large scale, not that of seeking to attain such perfection as only the highly developed imagination is able to portray. Their ideals for America are, and probably always will be, sturdy but commonplace, — not like those, therefore, of the men who conceived the Declaration of Independence and framed the Constitution.

Because of these fundamental qualities, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cannon (from Danville, Illinois) are to these Middle Westerners the greatest and wisest among statesmen. Both these leaders are honest, like the average of men in Illinois; both are “hustlers” like them; the one is nervously busy, the other is shrewdly canny, like them; both are blunt, like them; both are fighters, as those men of Illinois have had to be; both lack imagination, and therefore utter long-accepted platitudes with the sonority of new-found wisdom; and, like those folk of the Middle West, both are

genuine democrats, accepting men for what they are, and liking them, not because they had good grandfathers, but because they seem in a fair way to be good grandfathers. Political leaders of the Roosevelt and Cannon type are doubtless to be, therefore, the very highest which we can ever again reach in statesmanship, and democracy of the Illinois type is to be the standard of the twentieth century.

New England must recognize this, accept it, and govern herself accordingly. She must appreciate, not only that she never again can take that leading part in the councils of the nation which she held for a hundred years, but also that she must never expect to see the kind of democracy which was the ideal (however inadequately reached) of the Atlantic states when they were the leaders of America. The democracy of the government is henceforth to be that of the great Central Plain, a democracy much more widespread but far less fertile of great men and of high aspirations than was that of the first century of our national life. Mediocrity is in the political saddle; and the business, therefore, of the educational, as distinguished from the political leader is to provide that type of common schooling which shall tend to uplift mediocrity rather than, as is the usual result of our present methods, to perpetuate mediocrity, and to discourage even the gifted youth.

Hence the rôle of Massachusetts, with her history, her climate and topography, her lead as the best educated and the most “otherwise-minded” (that is to say, the most uplifted above mediocrity) state of the Union, with her inheritance of sea-power and her nearness to Europe, — her special rôle under the new order is to develop, through the intelligent education of the many and through the special training of the few, the exceptional man, whether in literature, art, science, statecraft, commerce, or manufacturing.

Massachusetts cannot compete with the thousand-acre farms of Illinois, in that

species of agriculture; but she can hold her own and can excel, even with her tiny holdings, by stimulating that intensive farming which makes an acre of swamp-land yield more in point of value than a square mile of prairie. She cannot manufacture in a large way, as the West and South can, close as both are to the raw material, and accustomed as the former is to dealing with large propositions; but she can make the finer and the finest things, most of which now come from abroad, but all of which might readily be fashioned within the four boundaries of the commonwealth.

Massachusetts can solve the hard problems of nurturing and training the most highly skilled workmen, if she will utilize the energy of the men and women who are eager and fit to make a sound study of that vital question. The state can produce, not only great artisans, but great artists, if she will but give that encouragement which has always been essential to their flowering. And those great colleges and schools for which the commonwealth is justly famous can keep themselves at the front as leaders and inspirers if they will be true to that idealism which, from its very founding, has been the life and soul of Massachusetts.

The deservedly large and phenomenally growing state universities of the Middle West will, fortunately, press these Massachusetts institutions hard; but they can never catch up if the education of the commonwealth keeps going too. These western universities will lose breath in the running, for two reasons: first, because they must always keep an eye upon politics and must often do, not what they know to be educationally right, but what they are certain the people will demand, — and that people, as has been seen, are governed by mediocrity. Secondly, because these state universities must dovetail in with the common-school system and must admit practically every public-school boy or girl who can show a very moderate proficiency. Therefore no state-supported university in a democracy can

ever compete on equal terms with one privately endowed, which has none to placate excepting the alumni, and which may weed out its student body just as far as it thinks necessary to maintain the highest standards of efficiency.

Massachusetts, however, has many things to learn of the opulent, optimistic Middle West, and it is greatly to be wished that every citizen of the Bay State might spend at least one year of his early manhood in such a state as Illinois. Indeed, our educational system will not be complete until it is made possible for a youth seeking a higher education to take his college and professional courses partly in the East and partly in the West, the leading institutions having put themselves, for that purpose, on some common basis of scholarship requirement and each having consented to give, like the state law, "due faith and credit" to the educational work of all the others.

Could the great bulk of "leading" Massachusetts men be induced to make even a temporary acquaintance with the spirit of the people of the Middle West, they would discover that the Hub of the Solar System has been moved, and that an attempt to make a close corporation, capitalized upon ancient prestige, of Bostonianism is to invite commercial, industrial, and intellectual dry-rot. Too many native Bostonians are of the mind of the aristocratic lady from Cambridge who, late in life, was induced to spend a few weeks at Gloucester, and who announced to her amazed friends, on her return, that she had met there quite a number of excellent persons whose names even she never before had heard. Massachusetts men, too, were they to go West occasionally, would learn the merits — as well as the demerits — of "hustling," and would perhaps acquire some of that simple, hearty friendliness which so lubricates the machinery of social intercourse.

There are, however, more specific and important things for Massachusetts to learn from Illinois. She ought, above all, to adopt the well-considered plan —

almost magical in its effects — of scientifically exploiting her resources, and teaching her farmers, merchants, manufacturers, importers, and exporters, what the state is capable of doing. It is a trite saying that only a few of the possibilities of a human being are developed in the ordinary course of a man's or woman's life. It is still more true, however, that but the merest beginning has been made in the development of the resources of Massachusetts or of any other state of the Union.

The forests, in a political division so small and so densely peopled as is Massachusetts, would seem hardly worth consideration; yet, were even the rudiments of the science of forestry comprehended by the farmers, immense areas of land, now waste, might be made to yield, every thirty or forty years, a crop of great value. The applications of chemistry to farming have so revolutionized this industry that — including these forest areas — there is scarcely a foot of the bleak soil of Massachusetts which might not be made profitable. Her conformation provides hundreds and thousands of little water-courses, which, properly utilized, might be made, by electrical transmission, large sources of manufacturing power.

The Bay State has no coal-beds; but she has enormous areas of peat, to utilize which is now a theoretical, and soon will be a practical, possibility. With her many cities and large towns, and

with the growth of rapid transit, dairying, market-gardening, and the raising of fowls may be indefinitely extended, with increasing profit to both producer and consumer. Above all, with a long seaboard protected by encircling capes and presenting many safe harbors, with ample water-powers, with a comparatively dense population providing, together with immigration, an abundant supply of potential workmen, and with her long history of manufacturing prowess, Massachusetts should always remain great among industrial states.

For such a development of her resources, the commonwealth needs to study and heed the example of the Middle West: that of educating her citizens in the fundamental principles of production and distribution, and in the application of those principles to the requirements of modern life. The world to-day is a world of applied science; and the line of development to be followed — especially in such states as Massachusetts — is that of the application of science to agriculture, to manufacturing, to commerce, to transportation, and, not least, to education. The states of the Middle West — many of them daughters of Massachusetts — have clearly pointed out the way; it is for Massachusetts to profit by their example and to recover, in leadership along these modern lines, the educational prestige which, in the ancient and now outworn paths of learning, she for so many years maintained.

THE ENGLISH WORKING-WOMAN AND THE FRANCHISE

BY EDITH ABBOTT

A NEGLECTED feature of England's spectacular suffrage movement, of interest from the point of view of industrial as well as social progress, is the campaign conducted by the working-women of the northern textile districts. Differentiated alike from the militant band of "Suffragettes" and the conservative "National Union of Suffrage Societies," they have formed an independent organization representing the Manchester and Salford Trades and Labor Council, the Lancashire and Cheshire Women's Textile and Other Workers' Representation Committee, and the Lancashire and Cheshire Society for Women's Suffrage, — together representing thousands of organized and unorganized working-women.

The importance of their movement does not lie alone in the new strength that has been brought to the cause, but in the larger significance of its bearing upon the industrial position of women. We have here the "woman in industry" emerging into extra-industrial activities as a surer means to her own uplifting. It is the working-woman's conscious attempt to improve her own condition through her own efforts, and shows a clear understanding of the exact difficulties of her situation, a grasp of the means of solving them, and a power of initiative in her own behalf which holds a new promise for the future.

These women of the north of England long ago worked out the difficult problem of industrial organization. The history of the great trade unions of the cotton district has been a standing answer to the charge that working-women cannot organize or maintain an organization on business principles. It is not strange,

therefore, that they should have the foresight to perceive the growing closeness of the relation between the industrial and political worlds; nor that they should be broad-minded enough to see that there are factors that will go further than trade-unionism to give them a more equal footing in the industrial struggle. These skilled women-workers of England are not only industrially competent but politically sagacious. This is shown, for example, in an extract from their appeal to the industrially incompetent and more helpless working-women of the southern districts:—

"In the old days men suffered as women do now, but since they got political power they have altered all that; they have been able to enforce a much fairer rate of wages. It is the women who are sweated . . . we who have no labor representation to protect us . . . without political power in England, it is impossible to get industrial justice or a fair return for your labor. . . . The cheap labor of women is not a local difficulty that can be remedied by local means; it is a national difficulty, and nothing less than a national reform, giving women the protection of political power, can make any really effective change in their position. So we are agitating for votes for women, and we appeal to you to join our ranks."

The history of their earnest and dignified campaign gives further evidence of their business ability and their organizing power. In December, 1905, they began what was then the highly original policy of trying to elect women's suffrage candidates to Parliament. Labor representation had been successful for labor interests, and it was logical to argue that the

women's claims would be properly considered only when they too had representatives of their own. Accordingly, at the General Election, they announced their intention of contesting the Borough of Wigan, an important industrial centre near Manchester, and of appealing directly to the working-men in behalf of the enfranchisement of working-women. They met many difficulties, — even their friends in Wigan told them that they could not hope to poll a hundred votes, — but they were accustomed to difficulties.

They succeeded in raising the money (and it was no small sum) for the necessary expenses of a parliamentary campaign; they succeeded in finding a man of courage and ability who was willing to stand as a "women's candidate." They were obliged, being of no party, to prepare their own leaflets and posters, and because of their poverty, they were compelled to hold all of their meetings out of doors. But nothing discouraged them, and they worked with the enthusiasm that goes hand in hand with faith in a great cause. They went straight to the working-man. They went to the mills, the iron-works, the collieries. They held meetings at the dinner-hour, and in the evenings at street-corners all over town. They made but one appeal, "the political freedom of the poorest of the workers," and to that appeal the working-man could not refuse to listen. It was a new campaign — not in behalf of a party, but of an idea — of a great hope born of a great need. The result of the campaign was a poll of 2205 votes for the women's candidate out of a total of 7605. They lost the election only by the appearance at the last moment of a third candidate who stood in the interests of denominational education. But the result was a moral victory, and in their report they said they "were touched and delighted at the hearty sympathy and understanding and good fellowship that they met with. They appealed to the poor to stand together and to fight for the political power and industrial freedom of their

fellow workers, and they received that generous help that the poor never refuse to real enthusiasm and sincerity."

But the activity of the working-women's committee did not end with the defeat at Wigan. They knew that they had seen only the beginning of a long struggle, in which they must appeal to the working-women of the south to join them, and to the working-men of the south to support them. A long series of meetings has been held in London. In May, in October, and again in February of the past year, great demonstrations were organized in Trafalgar Square, where thousands of men and women from Whitechapel, Poplar, Bethnal Green, and other poor districts of London, listened to the message that had been sent to them from nearly three hundred thousand working-women in Lancashire and Cheshire. It has been very interesting, this preaching of the gospel of women's freedom to the unskilled workers of East London by the skilled workers of the industrial north — distinguished so easily by their accent, their manner, their dress, but more perhaps by their earnestness, — alike, however, in that they have the same need and the same hope.

Their printed address was a very simple one. "Fellow workers," it began, "we think it is time that the women joined together to help one another and themselves. We are all workers. We come from weaving-mills, spinning-mills, iron foundries, linotype works. There are amongst us winders, gassers, doublers, reelers, shirtmakers, tailoresses, cigarmakers, clay-pipe finishers, chain-makers, pit-brow workers. We are all Lancashire and Cheshire women; our trades are different, but we have learned this fact, that our interests are the same. Now we ask you to join with us, that we may all work together to better our position."

Meetings were held, too, in other parts of London, — in Hyde Park and in Battersea Park, in Whitechapel and in Bermondsey, at Pimlico Pier and at Wool-

wich Arsenal, at Hammersmith, Clapham, and Canningtown, as well as at many other places in England and Scotland. In addition to holding meetings, they have organized petitions and deputations, and done effective work in the bye-elections. "If the Government will not listen to the appeal of the working-women," they say, "the women must make their appeal to the sense of justice in the nation itself."

An interesting point with regard to these working-women and their campaign is their relation to the other two organizations that have been active in the suffrage movement. For, to the surprise of some observers, it is the old and conservative National Union of Suffrage Societies, rather than the radical band of "Suffragettes," with whom they have worked in closest sympathy. Although individual factory girls have from time to time gone to prison with the members of the Women's Social and Political Union, the great body of working-women follow their leaders in preferring the more decorous methods of the older society. Perhaps it is because they have learned through inherited experience that it is patient striving rather than open defiance in the face of an injustice that profits them more. But it is also because the woman from the Lancashire mills cannot understand that going to prison is one way of serving the cause, — for prison to her does not mean martyrdom, but disgrace. There is, too, the further reason that she is likely to care very much for appearances. She judges, as she is so often judged, by the "outward sign;" and it is she much more than her upper or middle-class sister who insists that "ladies should always be real ladies!"

So far as the progress of the suffrage movement is concerned, this campaign of the Lancashire and Cheshire Committees has brought a remarkable accession of strength. It is not to the point to say to these women who have been obliged to work since the day they were fourteen, that women's proper place is at home, or

to talk to them about losing their womanliness, or forfeiting the protection and chivalry of men. If the influence of the mills where they are sent to work, where their mothers, their grandmothers, and their great-grandmothers were sent to work before them, has not made them unwomanly, they will not be risking much when they become subject also to the influences of the polls.

Again, their position is peculiarly strong because their need for the franchise is so pressing. It is not alone a matter of abstract justice in their case, nor a longing for the larger privileges of citizenship which shall make them alike self-respecting and respected. With them the question becomes a part of their own hard problem of existence. While they have no votes, their demands are given scant consideration at the hands of their employers. They look therefore to the franchise as one immediate and practicable measure which will tend to establish greater equality between their earnings and those of the men with whom they work. For the voteless working-woman's position, as one of their *Textile Tracts* points out, is a forlorn and difficult one. "She has no social or political influence to back her. Her Trade Union stands or falls by its power of negotiating; it cannot hope to have the weight with employers that the men's unions have, for instead of being a strong association of voters . . . it is merely a band of workers carrying on an almost hopeless struggle to improve conditions of work and wages. . . . A vote in itself is a small thing, but the aggregate vote of a great union is a very different matter."

The position of these women is unique too, in that they are obliged to pay out of their own hard earnings for labor representation in the House; for trade-union women as well as trade-union men are assessed for the salaries of labor members, — indeed the larger proportion of the members of the great textile union paying the parliamentary levy are women. But they still remain unrepresented,

for they have no voice either in choosing the candidates or in dictating their policy. There is a special injustice in this, because the Labor M. P. devotes himself particularly to industrial legislation, which is often of supreme importance to these women, dealing frequently with the conditions of their own and their children's work.

It is unquestionably true that one of the greatest obstacles in the woman's path of industrial progress has been her own apathy. She is reproached by the men in her trade for her lack of interest in trade-unionism; she is reproached by the philanthropist for her lack of ambition — her seeming willingness to remain unskilled and underpaid. But in this new movement for the franchise, we have the women who are already in the ranks of the skilled workers, and who have long since proved their capacity for organization taking another great step forward. They have at last learned that their industrial regeneration can come only through their own efforts and the importance of this new spirit of independence, this enlarging of the working-woman's sphere of activity to demand a "voice in the laws that regulate her toil," would be difficult to overestimate.

One feels more strongly perhaps the magnificent promise of this movement

when one has seen in the great textile districts of England the long processions of women with their shawls pinned tightly about their heads, passing to or from the mills in the early morning and the late twilight. These shawled women have for generations been passing everywhere in the Lancashire district; for generations they have inherited the burdens of life with few of its opportunities. As they have worked patiently there for more than a hundred years, so they are still working patiently, but they are awake as they have never been before to the injustice of their position; and this movement for the franchise is symptomatic of a new solidarity among them which has grown out of a new consciousness of their own needs, and which brings with it a new sense of their own power. When one knows something of the history of these "women in industry," of their share in the development of the textile industries, their generations of work under the discipline of Lancashire cold and fog, the slow but steady growth of their great trade unions, one can understand the earnestness, the moderation, and intelligence that they have shown in this campaign. And almost inevitably one believes that, when this political justice has been meted out to them, industrial justice must be swift to follow.

CHANSON LOUIS XIII

BY CHARLOTTE PRENTISS

NAY, I cannot love you so —
 Now you choose a dragging measure
 Full of pauses, stepping slow
 At the flying heels of pleasure.
 Come from out your high-walled gloom,
 Let us make a holiday
 In the meadow's pleasant room
 Where the sliding shadows play.

Here in golden splendor high
Butterfly loves butterfly:
Shall they live and love forever?
Never! never!

Still and still you sigh and plead,
Still and still I love you,
While the little breezes speed
Butterflies above you.
Still you love me, while the sun
Stands so high above us.
Butterflies, when day is done
Who will think to love us?

While there's azure in the sky
Butterfly loves butterfly.
Fluttered pinions in the air
Catch the sunlight, hold it there.
Over the soft-lifting breeze
Now the drooping branches sigh —
Love me now! Beneath the trees
Spread the lightest couch of love,
But above
Let there be no canopy
To obscure the shining skies
Or the shadows, flitting by,
Of the dancing butterflies.

Still and still you sigh and plead,
Still and still I love you,
While the little breezes speed
Butterflies above you.
Still you love me, while the sun
Stands so high above us.
Butterflies, when day is done
Who will think to love us?

THE DOCTOR

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

DOCTOR OLCOTT was on his rounds with the Polar Bear. It was somewhat hard to see how he would have got along without that valuable fur-bearing animal, for he was giving no attention whatever to his driving, and it is to be doubted if he knew even what road they were taking together. He had one leg out of the low buggy, his foot on the step, and his mind seemed to be wandering — taking a vacation, perhaps; although, judging from the way he was frowning, he was worried about something. For the good doctor did worry, on occasion, over his patients. They were not mere cases to him; and, although he was well aware that it was considered bad form — and fatal to the doctor concerned — to worry about them, they were human beings and his friends, most of them, and he did worry over them. He could n't help it. But he did n't seem to be getting thin with his worrying. There were other things to be feared than getting thin.

The Polar Bear had it all his own way, and he knew it; and he jogged along with his customary care, turning out for any carriage that they met, while the occupant of that carriage hailed the doctor heartily and the doctor responded as heartily, coming back, momentarily, to his surroundings for that purpose. The Polar Bear knew well enough where the doctor was going, and he was to be trusted to take him there safely and to stop before the right gate; and then, if the doctor had not come to himself by that time, to look around inquiringly.

"Well, doctor," the look said, as plainly as if he had spoken, "here we are! Why don't you get out? It's your move."

Indeed, he always said it plainly enough. If what he said was not always understood, it was no fault of his.

So the old white horse jogged on, dragging the buggy, that sagged hopelessly on one side under the not inconsiderable weight of the doctor. The doctor was aware that it sagged — permanently — and that the top was stained and weather-beaten. The fact did not trouble him. He was not a city doctor, with fees which would enable him to keep an automobile and a chauffeur — or a sanitarium — and a sanitarium, I should have said — and which would have made it necessary for him to dress the part. He did not regret the automobile and the chauffeur, nor the dress. He would have found all of those but a burden; but he had longings for the sanitarium. He would put Miss Wetherbee in it, and would make her work like — like — ahem — other women, — Mrs. Loughery, for instance. And he would put Joe Loughery in it, and would not let him work. And there were others. As the doctor thought of it, he sighed.

The Polar Bear veered to the side of the road, turned his head inquiringly, and hesitated slightly. The doctor came to himself.

"No, no, Sammy," he said, "not to-day. She has n't sent for me to-day. Go on, Sammy."

And the old doctor chuckled as the old horse took the middle of the road again. "You did n't know, did you, Sammy? And you thought that Miss Wetherbee might have sent for me at any time, did n't you? Well, so she might. She may even have sent since we started. You are brighter than I am, Sammy. I'll look."

And the doctor turned and looked through the little window in the back of the buggy. He saw a great house — almost too great a house for one poor old

woman; for Miss Wetherbee was a poor old woman, in spite of her being one of the richest in Old Harbor and inclined to be miserly — a great house that stood nearer the street than was the fashion, and a board fence about shoulder-high. And the board fence was surmounted with two feet more of pickets. The pickets were at just the height to make it most trying for any one walking by the fence when the sun was low, so that such persons involuntarily and invariably closed their eyes; and, in consequence, involuntarily and invariably ran into Miss Wetherbee emerging from her own gate. It *was* inconvenient; possibly as inconvenient for the aforesaid persons as it was for Miss Wetherbee. And it *was* annoying to have Miss Wetherbee berate you for running into her, when it was rather more than half her own fault. She had no business to have such a fence, especially about sunset. At any other time it was well enough, for you could see, through it, the very formal little garden with its high and full borders of box. The box alone was sufficiently remarkable, every plant almost a tree.

The doctor saw all this. At least, if he did not see the garden behind the board fence, he was conscious of it. And he saw more than this; for, leaning far out of a window just over the door, was an old woman. And the old woman was frantically waving a handkerchief and calling "Doctor! Doctor Olcott!"

The doctor chuckled again. "You're right, Sammy. She has. But go on. We'll stop on our way home. That'll give her time to get well. If she gets mad about it, so much the better. It'll do her good."

All that Miss Wetherbee needed was something to do. Doctor Olcott had told her so, bluntly; and Miss Wetherbee had scoffed at him and as much as called him an old fool. And Doctor Olcott had smiled and had gone away — which was not what might have been expected. Yes, if she got mad with him now, why, so much the better. He sighed — but he

did wish that he might have that sanitarium. He could make a good beginning at filling it, right away. For, besides Miss Wetherbee and Joe Loughery, there was Mrs. Houlton.

Mrs. Houlton did not have Miss Wetherbee's complaint. She had no time for complaining, even if she had been inclined to it. Indeed, a widow with eight children and next to nothing a year has barely time to eat and not enough to sleep, and Mrs. Houlton was working herself to death. There was no manner of doubt about that, and the doctor had told her so as nearly as he dared, and that was pretty near. And he had urged her to rest; completely, if possible, but if she could not do that, then as much as she could.

And Mrs. Houlton had smiled at him cheerfully. "Don't you think I ought to have a piece of the moon for breakfast, doctor?" she had asked, somewhat irrelevantly.

And the doctor had growled out some reply about feeble-minded persons doing as they were told, at which Mrs. Houlton had laughed outright.

Then the doctor had gone home, leaving Mrs. Houlton in her kitchen, darning stockings while she got dinner for nine. The stockings were mostly darns; and he knew very well that she would sit up far into the night, after the children were all in bed, mending the clothes that the eight were to wear the next day. So the doctor swore softly to himself and sent her some work. She had been asking for some work that she could do, and she embroidered beautifully; or so the doctor thought. And, although the doctor was, probably, no judge of embroidery, there was reason to think that, in this instance, he was right. He had asked her, in Miss Joyce's name, to embroider the table-linen which he enclosed. What should the doctor do with embroidered table-linen? He had trouble enough in selecting the linen; but he did it.

"I'll see Hattie to-morrow," he said to himself, "and make it right with her."

And now he remembered, with a shock, that he had not mentioned the table-linen to Hattie. It would be convenient, in some respects, if he were married. He would not be buying table-linen for widows to embroider if he were married; and he was more likely to be wrong, in his choice of the linen, than right. He would stop in at Hattie's on his way home, and consult her; not about his marriage — and the doctor chuckled once more — but about the table-linen. Doctor Olcott was in danger of forgetting Miss Wetherbee. And when he had settled that little matter of the linen he might be able to get in a word about Miss Harriet herself without seeming to make a point of it. She was looking poorly — run down and tired out, no doubt. A vacation would do her a world of good. She might manage it, if she would.

Suddenly the Polar Bear drew in to the curb as if he would stop. The doctor was annoyed.

"Damn it, Sammy," he said, without looking up, "go on. What you stopping for?" And he slapped him with the reins.

Sammy paid no attention to the doctor's evident wishes in the matter of going on, but continued on his way to the curb, his spirits no more ruffled than his thick fur by so small a thing as a slap of the reins. He did not lay it up against the doctor. It seemed to amuse the doctor, and it did not hurt Sammy; but Sammy's intentions were quite as evident as the doctor's, and Sammy was in a position to carry them out.

"Well, you old skate," remarked the doctor affectionately, "if you will, you will; and there's an end on't." And he sighed and roused himself and looked around. "Hitty Tilton must want me," he said. "She would n't send till the last gun fired. But Sammy knew."

And he got out of the buggy with some difficulty, and went wheezing into the house; from which he presently emerged with a look of great satisfaction.

"You knew, Sammy, did n't you?" he said, as he slowly climbed in. "It's a

mystery to me how you did, but you certainly did. And we settled Hitty's hash. She'd have been a sick old woman if I had n't, with the cold weather due any day; and pneumonia, Sammy. Hitty's not in the first flush of youth, as you and I are, Sammy. But we settled her. And we'll get no thanks from her, either. But we could n't neglect the Tilton girls, could we? Bless 'em! They're the real old sort." He gathered up the reins. "Now go on."

And the Polar Bear began to jog along again. They were a pair, the doctor and his old horse. The doctor had some such thought.

"Hurry, Sammy, if it is in you. We shan't get around before dinner, at this rate. But what if we don't? There's nobody waiting for us." He sighed. "I'm beginning to wish there was, Sammy. But we don't need anybody, do we, Sammy, — you and I, two old skates."

And Sammy turned his head and looked at the doctor. They understood each other. And they went on together. And Sammy stopped at one house after another, and from some of the houses Doctor Olcott puffed out cheerfully, wheezing to Sammy that that was that. As if Sammy did not know it! And from other houses the doctor emerged slowly, and he did not tell Sammy that that was that, but he took up the reins in frowning silence.

So it happened that the doctor was weary in body and soul by the time the Polar Bear stopped before Miss Joyce's gate. He got slowly out of the buggy, which gave under his weight until the body touched the axles on one side; and he went puffing and wheezing up the long walk. Harriet saw him coming and opened the door herself.

"Come in, doctor," she said, as he mounted the last step.

The doctor was very short of breath. "I'm — coming." He plumped down on the hall settle and wheezed there for a few minutes. Miss Harriet waited. He got his breath, in time.

"I came in to see you," said the doctor. "And I want to tell you, while I think of it, Hattie, that if I expire suddenly after getting into this house, you will be responsible. My death will be upon that smooth head of yours."

Miss Harriet smiled affectionately. Not many who knew him could help regarding this rough old man affectionately, in spite of the fact that he was apt to swear absent-mindedly.

"I am glad to see you — always, doctor," she said. "But I am quite well, I think; that is" — she had remembered suddenly that she had meant to ask him —

"Yes, 'that is,'" interrupted the doctor. "You are well enough, but tired out. And you must be careful, Hattie. You see, I'm selfish, as usual. I only want to save myself some work."

The tears came to Miss Harriet's eyes. It showed that the doctor was right, that the tears should come so readily. "If all selfish men were like you, doctor!" she said. "But what do you want me to do?"

There was great satisfaction in the doctor's voice. "That's a proper spirit, Hattie. I wish all my patients were as reasonable. Take a vacation for a few days. Go on a spree."

Miss Harriet's laugh bubbled out at that. "A spree!" she cried. "I — almost feel as though I could — as though I wanted to. But what do people do when they are on a spree? Is n't it customary to — drink?"

Doctor Olcott laughed, too, a great rumbling laugh. "It is n't necessary," he said, "and it might be dangerous for some. I don't advise it — although it would do you no harm. Go up to Boston, and — and go to some show that will make you laugh — and put no strain on your brain-cells. Do anything that comes into your head, except worry."

"Well," she said, speaking slowly, "I'll think of it. I think I will. And you must tell me more about it — prime me — before I go."

"I wish," said the doctor, grumbling,

"that you could induce all my patients to take my advice as well — to follow my prescriptions."

"Why," said Miss Harriet, "who is difficult, now?" There was a twinkle in her eyes.

"Mrs. Houlton."

And Miss Harriet laughed.

"Oh, you may laugh," said the doctor. "But she's killing herself. If she does n't take a rest she'll die."

"Forgive me for laughing, doctor," replied Miss Harriet. "It was not because I did n't appreciate the gravity of the situation. And won't she obey your orders?"

"No," growled the doctor. "Obey my orders! Why, she flouts me and my orders. It makes me mad, so that I say things that I should n't."

"Oh, doctor, you don't swear!"

"I'm afraid I do. And I'm convinced that she'll give me a fit of apoplexy. And she laughs at me when I am properly mad. She just laughs."

Miss Harriet laughed again. "I knew it!" she cried. "I knew it. Have you been there this morning?"

"No," growled the doctor again. "I did n't dare to." And he told her about the table-linen that was to be embroidered.

"And you aid and abet her in evil," said Miss Harriet, when he had finished. "What else can you expect?"

The doctor rumbled in his throat. Miss Harriet could not understand what he said, except that it was something about feeble-minded and foolish women.

"I'll help you about the embroidering," she said. "And I'll do what I can to induce her to take a rest, but I have n't the least expectation of success. She has no husband living —"

"Ought to have one," rumbled the doctor. "Ought to have one, to make her stand around."

"Well?" said Miss Harriet, smiling.

"What do you mean, Hattie?" growled the doctor. "What do you mean by your insinuations? If you mean me, by — ahem — Well, I'd marry her in a

minute. "If I thought she'd take orders from me any better. That is, if she'd have me — which she would n't. Of course she would n't. She's no fool."

Miss Harriet was still smiling. "Try it," she said.

"Try it!" cried the doctor. "You speak as if it was a cough medicine or a tonic. Well, by — er — well, if there's no other way, I will. By gad, Hattie, I will. And a pretty mess you've got me into." The doctor rose. "Good-by, Hattie. Don't forget, you're to go on a spree."

And he rolled off down the walk, while Miss Harriet stood at the door, smiling after him.

Doctor Olcott came into his house; stopped to wheeze a while on a chair in the hall, then took off his overcoat, sighed, and started up the stairs. It was very late in the afternoon and he was tired. And, because it was so late, there had been no man to take his horse, for the doctor had but an hour each day of the man's time, having, in general, no use for more of it. And, also because it was late, it was as dark as pitch, so that the doctor had been obliged to feel about for a lantern; and having found it and got it lighted, to put up his horse himself.

Putting up the Polar Bear, in such a case, was a simple matter enough, consisting only in unhitching him from the sleigh — snow had come, at last — and turning him into his stall, with his harness on. The Polar Bear did not miss his rub down; that was a trivial matter, to which he submitted with apparent content when he must, as it seemed to be an amusement for the man. The Polar Bear was a tolerant animal; but it was, on the whole, a cause of gratification that there was no man to rub him down to-night, for it delayed matters. There was no doubt in his mind about that. And the man had thrown down some hay and put a measure of oats where he knew enough to look for it.

It was superfluous to tie him, and

the doctor did not once contemplate it. The Polar Bear was never tied. It saved halters. And the doctor knew that, when he got tired of staying in his stall and doing nothing, he would wander about the barn, investigating anything that seemed likely to prove of interest to a bored old white horse. He did not go up to the loft, principally because the door at the foot of the stairs was kept locked; and he had not learned to open the sliding doors. The other door was easy. For that reason it was never used, and the padlock that held it against the experiments of the Polar Bear had rusted fast.

Doctor Olcott thought, with some envy, of Sammy, whom he had left munching his oats in great content. The doctor was hungry, too, and he would have been glad to sit down to his supper with as little preparation and as free a mind as Sammy had, who took things as they came. The doctor took things as they came, too. He had to. But he could not hope for a free mind. He sighed again; and, having made what preparation seemed necessary for supping with himself, went down.

He found the dining-room, with its unshaded lamp, unusually dreary. The doctor did not like unshaded lamps; that was not the reason that he had it. But he had talked to his housekeeper and cook about it until he had grown weary of the futility of talk. His housekeeper and cook was a well-meaning person, who would have done anything for the doctor — anything in reason; but this was not in reason. She had lived in an atmosphere of unshaded lamps all her life and had not been aware of any discomfort. Why should the doctor ask for a shade?

Of course, if he had insisted upon it, as he had for his study-lamp, with language that a self-respecting woman could not listen to — he had even bought a lamp, especially for it, with a porcelain shade; and green, at that, with not a single bird or flower on it. And he had said that if she kept that lamp filled and

trimmed she might have what she pleased in the dining-room, and be something to her. She had left the room, at that, so that she was not rightly sure just what it was he said.

The doctor had but just come from Mrs. Houlton's. And he had had a glimpse into her dining-room; a pleasant room, warm and snug and homelike, with its shaded lamp shedding a soft glow over the neatly spread table — and making a glow at the doctor's heart, too. No doubt his own dining-room seemed all the drearier for that glimpse, and his own supper a dismal function to be got through with as soon as possible. It was all Mrs. Houlton's fault. There was no doubt in the doctor's mind about that, and he felt a dull resentment. And there had been the noisy crew of Houlton children, too, "helping mother," coming and going in the kitchen and the dining-room, setting the table — or finishing that task — and carrying things, all at once; running into one another in the doorway and crying out; Betty telling Sally, in tones of vexation, to "look out! You'll make me spill it." Willie Houlton, meanwhile, his task of putting the napkins and bibs in their places already done, was practicing standing on his hands against the wall, while little Jimmy looked on in admiration that would have emulated if he had but dared. The doctor himself had much the same feeling. He would have liked to try it, alone with Willie, perhaps out in his barn; but what would be thought of a man of his age — and of his build — who essayed standing on his hands?

Oh, yes, it was a noisy crew, a very noisy crew. But the doctor was fond of children, and there are things more to be desired than quiet — of a kind. And these Houltons were a particularly lovable lot of youngsters. He had caught himself smiling in a foolish, sentimental sort of way — and Mrs. Houlton had caught him at it, too. And she had come and stood beside him, smiling, too, in exactly the same sort of way; and, finally, she had spoken.

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"They're worth it," she had said, "don't you think, doctor?"

And then the doctor had growled and rumbled something that nobody could have understood unless it was Mrs. Houlton. She had looked up at him and laughed.

That — or something — made him mad. She was always laughing at him. She paid about as much attention to his orders as she might to the blowing of the wind. He said so.

She said nothing for a full minute. She only stood and looked over the teeming room, a pleasant light in her eyes. "For the wind bloweth where it listeth," she murmured. "I can't, doctor. I can't. What would they do? And what should I do? I shall get along. But I thank you, from my heart, doctor. I am deeply grateful." And she looked up at him; but she did not laugh, this time.

The doctor understood, which may be thought strange. Mrs. Houlton's speech was not very clear, perhaps.

He cleared his throat, with unnecessary loudness. "Mrs. Houlton," he said, "you're a good woman." And he went out to Sammy, who had waited as patiently as could be expected of a horse who knew very well that it was supper-time.

The doctor finished his plate of apple sauce and his hunk of gingerbread. They did not seem to merit such haste, for it was good apple sauce and excellent gingerbread; but the doctor seemed to be in a hurry — perhaps it was merely that he wanted to escape from that cheerless room. And he pushed back his plate, and rose, sighing, and went at once to his study. The lamp was lighted, and it cast a circle of light over his table and the pipes and books and papers that littered it; and there was a smaller circle of light on the ceiling that seemed to be flaring and smoking. The corners of the room and the ceiling beyond that small circle were enveloped in a soft, green gloom.

The doctor glanced about, at the piles of books that cumbered the chairs, and

at other piles that showed dimly, in the corners, in front of the half-emptied book-cases, upon everything that would hold books. It was plainly a man's room. That must have been evident, upon sight, to any woman — and to any man ordinarily observant and of average intelligence. But it suited the doctor, and in its apparent disorder there was the essence of order. He knew where everything was, where to lay his finger on any book that he wanted. He had said just that to his housekeeper, and given orders that they were, on no account, to be disturbed.

"Yes," she had replied, with a sniff of disgust, "I guess that ain't so hard, to know where everything is. I know that, myself. It's on the floor."

Whereat the doctor had given one of his great laughs. But his books were not disturbed.

He settled himself in a great leather-covered easy chair by the table, got his feet up on another chair, — he was never comfortable until he had got his knees straightened out, — took up a big, long-stemmed meerschaum pipe, and filled it from a yellow earthenware jar. Then he lighted it, sighed, and began looking over his medical papers and enveloping himself in a cloud of smoke.

At exactly half-past eight there was a knock at the door. The doctor grunted, and his housekeeper came in, bearing a bottle of beer and a glass. To her, the doctor's head appeared above the back of the chair, surrounded by a green aureole of smoke. But that was quite usual; and so was her remark. She always said the same thing.

"Here's your beer, doctor. Mercy! How smoky it is!" It was. The corners of the room could not be seen at all. "I should think you'd die!"

"Shall, in time," growled the doctor. "Not immortal. But I'll manage to stand it for a while."

She set the beer and the glass by the doctor's hand. "Well, if *you* can stand it, I can't."

"Don't have to," growled the doctor

again. "Don't have to. Thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night," said the housekeeper; and the door closed softly behind her. She was not resentful of such shortness, any more than the Polar Bear was resentful of the slapping of the reins, or of the doctor's absent-minded profanity. Indeed, she understood such shortness of speech very well. She was apt to be short of speech, herself. She thought better of the doctor for it.

When the housekeeper had gone, the doctor laid down his medical journals with evident relief.

"There, damn it, that's that," he said.

And he reached over to a pile of books that were bound in full calf, and that showed signs of frequent use.

"What to-night?" he said, musingly. His hand hovered over the pile of books, while he read over the legends on their backs. Then he swooped for one of them. "'Merry Wives' hits me to-night. Merry Wives!" And he chuckled to himself as he got the heavy book into his lap and opened it.

Not until then did he open his beer; and, having got it open, he filled his pipe afresh and lighted it. Then, with a comfortable snuggle into his chair, he settled himself to read.

The doctor read until late — very late, for Old Harbor; but it was the only time in the twenty-four hours that he had for recreation. The sense of duty not done would creep in at any other time, and he was not to be grugged these few hours of pleasure. Indeed, the troublesome sense of duty left undone would creep in even at this time, apparently, for he would stop reading, now and then, rest his head against the back of his chair, and puff forth great clouds of smoke, while his eyes showed that he was troubled, and he frowned tremendously. Suddenly he would realize what he was doing, resolutely put away the thought which was bothering him, and turn to his reading again, with a sound in his throat that was between a grunt and a growl.

The doctor must have thought to some purpose, either in those unconscious pauses which he seemed to relish so little or in his sleep, for the next morning he walked to the barn with a boyish eagerness that sat well upon him. He found Sammy already hitched in the sleigh and evidently waiting for him. Sammy turned his head, as soon as he heard the familiar step, and looked at him solemnly; then, without waiting for the doctor, he backed carefully out of the barn and made the half turn so short that he nearly tipped the sleigh over.

"Good-morning, Sammy!" cried the doctor, when the sleigh had finally righted itself. "Don't you know that sleighs are n't buggies? You'll break my shafts if you are n't more careful."

Sammy looked rather sheepish. The doctor climbed in, wheezed a moment, then took up the reins. Sammy had not waited for him to do that, and he was already out of the yard.

The doctor chuckled. "Damn it all, Sammy, what's got into you?" he said. "Well, get along, you old skate — old ramshackle skate. We'll settle her hash, won't we, Sammy?" And he laughed.

Sammy seemed to know where the doctor was going. He did not offer to stop at any of the usual places, but made straight for the Houltons', and drew up, with a jerk, at the gate. The doctor got out, chuckling again, and made his way around to the kitchen door. Mrs. Houlton was singing softly while she wiped the breakfast dishes. The doctor paused to listen for a minute, then he opened the door, without bothering to knock, and went in.

The singing stopped, and Mrs. Houlton looked up at him, smiling.

"Good-morning, madam, good-morning," said the doctor solemnly.

Mrs. Houlton laughed. "Good-morning, sir, good-morning," she said; but she did not stop wiping the dishes. "Won't you sit down, sir? If I leave these dishes now, they will get cold, and that would be a waste of time. And then they might

need your good offices, sir, which is unnecessary."

"You are pleased to be facetious, madam," replied the doctor, seating himself in a generous rocker; but he did not rock. "I would offer to help with those dishes if I thought I should be a help."

"Why, thank you, doctor," said Mrs. Houlton, "but they are almost done. And why should n't I be facetious, sir, as you express it, if I feel like it? Would you have me mournful, sir?"

"Any way, any way," muttered the doctor hastily, "so long as I had you." But it is to be supposed that Mrs. Houlton did not hear him, for she made no reply, but turned away.

There fell a silence, which promised to be long. "The children are at school," said Mrs. Houlton, at last, turning again. The silence, in her opinion, had lasted long enough. "And Sophy, of course, has gone to the store. She has to get there before eight, you know."

"I don't like Sophy's being in that store," growled the doctor. "A store is no fit place — no fit place."

"I don't like it, either," said Mrs. Houlton, smiling; "probably I dislike it even more than you do. But it seemed to be the only thing to do. It even struck me as providential."

So the doctor had thought, at the time; but that was in the dark ages. The dishes were all wiped by this time, and Mrs. Houlton began putting them away. Doctor Olcott looked disturbed, but he said nothing for some minutes. He broke out suddenly, at last, as was his way.

"Mrs. Houlton!" he said. She was plainly startled.

"Goodness gracious, doctor!" she said. "You'll make me drop something if you speak so suddenly. Can't you cough, or something, so that a person can know when it's coming?"

There was a rumbling sound in the doctor's throat.

"Laughing at me again, madam?" he cried.

"Laughing at you?" she asked, smiling.

ing. "No, I was n't: but I shall, I'm afraid."

"Laugh, madam, laugh, if you want to," growled the doctor. "I would laugh, too, if I only knew what was funny."

But Mrs. Houlton was not laughing. "Now, doctor," she began, "I —" She did not finish.

The doctor waited for her; waited for what seemed to him a suitable time. "Well?" he said then. "You were saying? —"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Houlton. "Nothing of consequence. I have really forgotten what it was I started to say."

Again there was the rumbling sound in the doctor's throat. "Mrs. Houlton," he said, "I am likely to have apoplexy at any minute if —"

Mrs. Houlton stopped short, her arms full of dishes. "Mercy, doctor!" she cried. "Not really!" She was alarmed.

"I was about to say," Doctor Olcott continued, "that I might have a stroke at any minute if you did n't treat what I have to say with respect." And the doctor smiled.

"Oh," said Mrs. Houlton, smiling, too. She went on to the dining-room with her load of dishes.

"Mrs. Houlton," said the doctor, with some vehemence, as she returned, "*will* you take a rest?" He was rocking violently; which was not what one would have expected of him. It was a sign of great perturbation of spirit.

Mrs. Houlton turned and faced him. "Now, doctor, how can I? I put it to you, Doctor Olcott, how can I — with these children?"

The doctor exploded. "Damn it, Mrs. Houlton, I don't know. Don't ask *me*. That's for you to manage. You'll die if you don't."

"And I'll die if I do, Doctor Olcott." She had a fine color. She was rather a handsome woman as she stood there, defying him.

"But I order you to take a rest, Mrs. Houlton. I positively order it."

And Mrs. Houlton only laughed.

The doctor was purple in the face. "Then I am to understand that you refuse to obey my orders — the positive orders of your doctor?"

She took up a platter to put it away. "I certainly do, Doctor Olcott."

"Well, then, damn it, there's no other way. *Will* you marry me, Mrs. Houlton?"

Mrs. Houlton must have been surprised. She certainly seemed to be; for she stopped very suddenly in her journey, went very white, and dropped the platter on the floor. Whereupon the platter did as any self-respecting and well-behaved platter should have done, and broke into pieces.

Mrs. Houlton stood leaning against the door-jamb, looking down at the pieces of the broken platter. There were a great many of them; far too many to think of putting them together.

"There, doctor!" she said, in a voice that was none too steady, although she strove to speak lightly. But a new platter of that size — even of the cheapest — would cost — it terrified her to think what it would cost. "There, doctor! See what you have made me do!"

"*Damn* that platter!" cried the doctor. "*Will* you marry me, Mrs. Houlton?"

She smiled faintly. "The platter is already damned," she said; "and I — I —"

And, to the doctor's astonishment, — for Mrs. Houlton had always seemed a particularly well-balanced woman, and he would not have expected it of her, — she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. But the doctor was not displeased; not displeased nor disappointed, he found. He jumped to his feet, with an agility that was surprising, and went to her.

"Now, what?" he asked anxiously.

"It is very kind of you, doctor," sobbed Mrs. Houlton, "very kind, indeed. But there are the children —"

"Why, I *love* children," cried the doctor, interrupting. "I love every one of 'em. And I'll take Sophy out of that store

at once, if you say so — if you give me leave. Sammy and I'll go right down there and take her out now."

"But," said Mrs. Houlton — her sobs had ceased, and she stood, looking down, with wet eyes — "but — I know you're asking me only to make it easy for me, and" — the sobs broke out afresh — "and I — I can't let you. I won't be married in charity." She flashed up at him, at that.

The doctor laughed happily. "Well, then, I'm not," he said. "I may have fortified myself with that idea, but I'm not. If you could see my house! I'm probably the most selfish man in town — and the most tyrannical over. You know my housekeeper? Well, then!"

Mrs. Houlton did know the doctor's housekeeper. She smiled. "You, selfish!" she said.

"And the fact is," continued the doctor, following up his advantage — although it is to his credit that he did not know it, "the fact is, housekeeper or no housekeeper, I want you. I want you."

Mrs. Houlton looked up at the doctor with a shy smile. "Well, then," she said softly. "Well, then —"

And they forgot the broken platter, and they forgot Sammy, who was waiting, as patiently as could be expected of a bored old white horse, for the doctor to come out. But the doctor was a long time in coming.

THE SPANISH DRAMA OF TO-DAY

BY ELIZABETH WALLACE

THE Spanish drama of to-day is no longer that of a proud and prosperous people secure in its imperial power and in full possession of its splendid faculties, as was the Spain of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the drama of the days of the great Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina, and Calderon partook so intimately of, and was founded so deeply upon, national temperament and national conditions that it has been able to withstand, to a great extent, the assaults of foreign influence and to preserve the peculiar stamp of sacred tradition.

The great literary movements have affected the Spanish drama in a lesser degree than that in other countries. Romanticism left behind an enormous amount of literary junk, but it drew the public and the stage closer together. Realism and naturalism were slow in finding a welcome, and it was not until after 1890 that discussion grew warm as to the propriety of depicting immorality in ugly truthful-

ness on the stage. This tardy influence of Dumas, Augier, and their school was owing to a variety of reasons.

The first, I take it, was the manifest incompatibility existing between the very spirit of the French realists and the Spanish national dramatic ideals. The Spanish national drama deals in elemental passions, is poetic in language, melodramatic in situations, and magnificently conventional in tone; while its literary form is more important than its dramatic structure. On the other hand, the art of conversation, a French art *par excellence*, has given to the French drama its form. The modern prose dialogue seeks to hide any literary effort. Sociability, the soul of French literature, gives it its fine and subtle psychology, witty and ingenious, but sometimes a little attenuated. As for themes, it has found them, not in universal, and as it were virgin passions, but in complex and involved feelings, in the fevers, vices, and moral depravations

induced by the upheaval of an old order of things. Now the Spaniard, though characterized by a warm, unembarrassed, exuberant southern sensuality, is nevertheless essentially modest. He cannot look upon irregularities as serious problems, nor does he like to exhibit himself on the operating table, nor does he wish to theorize about himself in intellectual subtleties. Therefore he was slow to appreciate the modern French realistic play; in fact he never did adopt it in its original and unadulterated forms.

Another reason for the tardy effects of French realistic influence lies in the simple fact that the Spanish public does not read much. The intellectual classes who were familiar with Flaubert and Dumas and Zola and the rest, understood and appreciated what was of value in realism and in naturalism; but the mass of the people knew nothing of dramatic impossibilities, or of truth, or of the new *isms*. All they asked was to be thrilled and moved and stirred by the action and the melody of their Calderonian compositions.

The northern realistic drama has also been doomed to unsuccess in Spain. Aside from the enigmatical character of some episodes and the puerility of some of the allegories, the dramas of Ibsen have interested the reading classes because of the vitality, not so much passionate as intellectual, of their subjects. But the harsh individualism, the intimate and subtle sentiments of self-centred men cannot be understood by the Spanish public. Such types as are found in Ibsen, Björnson, and Sudermann are unknown in Spain.

Attempts have been made to imitate Ibsen. The most notable is by Echegaray in *El hijo de Don Juan*, which is a Spanish version of *Ghosts*. The author states that he has been inspired by Ibsen, but if inspiration means to feel the spirit of the original, then Echegaray has signally failed. In reading the two plays, one is struck by the differences rather than by the resemblances. There is nothing in

the Spanish play which reveals any struggle between duty and moral freedom, nothing which touches on the problems of divorce, of education, or of social regeneration. There is neither dispute of ideas, nor opposition of characters, nothing in fact that makes up the essential elements of Ibsen's work. Echegaray does appropriate the last incident; but it now lacks significance. The morning sunrise loses its tragic brilliancy because it is not preceded by the terrible night of ghosts.

Neither has foreign symbolism been grafted on to the Spanish growth with any degree of success. The individuality of Maeterlinck consists in the fact that he has been able to give to his plays a total effect, vague, impossible to define, but very impressive. In order to produce this effect he accumulates indeterminate insinuations, half-uttered hints, sentences constantly repeated, incomprehensible trivialities, flickering dying lights, incoherent episodes, and unexpected horrors. From this combination there results at the end a sort of obsession which does not come from this or that detail, but from them all, as though seen at one time. Now the Spanish public rarely applauds at the end of the act the sum total of emotions aroused during the act. It demands every now and then in the course of the play a *coup de théâtre*, and at the end a final emotion, in order to resume and condense all the preceding ones in a round of applause. The "*Princesse Maleine*," "*Pelleas and Mélissande*," "*Les Aveugles*," leave the audience curious but cold. Another reason for the failure of foreign symbolism is that the Spanish public demands definiteness and action. Maeterlinck is the playwright of dreamland, of a dreamland that is spiritual, impalpable and colorless. The stage, however ideal and poetical it may be, is after all a plastic, material, tangible and highly colored realization. To the Spaniard the two terms are antithetical.

In the drama of the last ten years of the nineteenth century we see the persistence of ancient tradition, the imitation of

the great plays of the Age of Gold. Side by side with these are the second-rate dramas, reminiscent of the Romantic school. We notice also the strong repugnance to accept integrally a drama imitated from the French without any veiling of the subject, without rude passions in the persons, without poetical and oratorical effusions in its language. But we also notice certain effects of the foreign influence. Naturalism is definitely taking possession of the stage and becoming sociological; there is also an idealistic reaction, with all its ancient variations, poetical drama, symbolism, and mysticism. From all this intermixture of elements there is being evolved a new drama, more real, more lofty, more spiritual, more adapted to human needs.

The exponents of this new drama are legion, but certain names and plays stand out prominently. Galdós with earnest, serious face stands decidedly in the foreground; Echegaray's intellectual figure and distinguished manner impose on one a little, and the glitter of the Nobel prize dazzles the eyes to his true value, but he is well to the front. Jacinto Benavente, whose social manner and half cynical smile promise hours of spicy conversation and deliciously satirical comment, stands respectfully behind; while the handsome, attractive faces of the two brothers, Serafin and Joaquin Quintero, tell of unforgettable evenings with joyous innkeepers, pretty pure-hearted young girls of the people, and a whole gallery of Dickens types. At one side, and seen through a mist, is the tragic face of Ganivet, whose one mystic drama was almost the last act of his short life.

The great fame of José Echegaray rests upon his play of "El Gran Galeoto," which was produced for the first time in 1881 and is therefore almost a classic. In this play he reached the climax of his talent, for he accomplished an almost impossible feat. He constructed a drama of thrilling interest in which the principal personage never appears upon the scene, and yet he is the one who animates it with

life, who creates the situations, and who precipitates the catastrophe. This moving spirit of the play, malevolent, insidious, omnipresent,—he who filters slowly but relentlessly into the soul the sure poison of suspicion and evil-thinking,—is not a person but a thing, a monstrous thing with a thousand tongues, whose deadliest weapons are a meaning smile, an uplifted eyebrow, a curious look, a dubious nod, a forked sentence. This all-pervading, ever-vanishing hero of the drama is the cruel, careless world hastening eagerly to cast the first stone, and soon, tired of the sport, hurrying on to find some new excitement, leaving death and destruction in its wake.

Echegaray has written over sixty tragedies, comedies, and dramatic legends. His earlier works are more or less in the romantic manner, later he came under the influence of the northern writers, with what success has already been indicated in his imitation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*. The result of this inspiration — *El hijo de Don Juan* — is expressive of the quality of Echegaray's talent. The very fact that he made use of that famous final scene and sentence, without in any way seeming to seize the significance of the whole drama, shows his intellectual enthusiasm for what is striking, brilliant, and dramatic, without that deeper comprehension of what is fundamental. This is particularly well shown in one of his last plays, "The Mad God," which is a sort of pathological study of a man of magnificent physical development who is possessed by the idea of human perfectibility. His obsession becomes a madness and he believes himself to be God. There is a love episode, which complicates but does not elevate the play from being a mere *tour de force*.

Echegaray is a wonderful stage mechanician. He reminds one in his work of the complicated and clever creations of Scribe, but *il a les défauts de ses qualités*, and he has never again attained to the perfection and strength of "El Gran Galeoto."

Jacinto Benavente in his thirty and more plays deals almost entirely with contemporaneous life and social foibles. The repartee and brilliant play of words are much more than the situations; the actors talk much more than they act or think. Sometimes he chooses for his stage-setting the waiting room in a fashionable dressmaker's shop, sometimes the elegant house of a society-worn family, sometimes a mechanic's simple home. He is sometimes gay, sometimes satirical, and occasionally he falls into a more serious vein, as in "Sacrifices," "The Witches' Sabbath," and "The Fiery Dragon;" but his touch is always light. An idea of his style may be best obtained by lines taken at random from his most successful plays. In "All Natural," a society-worn young girl who has fads expresses herself thus:—

Anita. I've always wanted to be a nun. Is there any convent near here?

Olalla. Of course. The Sisters of Saint Eduvigis.

Anita. What do they wear?

Olalla. A gray uniform.

Anita. I don't like that. In France I saw some lovely nuns in blue and white. Do you remember where it was, papa?

The Marquis. Yes, my dear; in a comic opera, "The Gray Musketeers."

Luisa, a precocious young lady in "Sin Querer," says, "There's nothing a woman likes better than to have her husband present her with a little gift once in a while;" then, concealing her pleasure, she chides him affectionately and says, "What made you buy that? You know we cannot afford it!"

The French dressmaker in "Modas" says, with an expressive gesture, "Art and matrimony are incompatible, and Spanish actresses are so addicted to matrimony!"

Augustin, the intelligent young husband in "Lo Cursi," reads a homily to his newly-made wife, Rosario. "Your grandmother was a great lady. Her palace was

most severe, her servants all old, the candlebracs of solid silver, — ah yes, that was style. There were neither electric lights, nor bells, nor telephones, nothing of all this progressive rubbish that is so antipathetic and so *cursi*. . . . That's the modern spirit; eager for everything, it wants to live in one instant all the past and all the present. Look at our houses: they contain everything from Flemish tapestries to Liberty silks, from the choir in a Gothic cathedral to a flimsy French chair, — every form, every style. And they say that modern life has no character; just as though not having it were not in itself characteristic."

The conventional but humorous Marquis of this same play admonishes Augustin thus: "Rosario is your wife, and you should treat her always with respect. Respect is the foundation of marriage, respect and consideration. I read it in an English novel."

Felix, a young novelist *à la mode*, says, "What we must do to-day is to deprecate everything that does n't exist at the present moment, immortalize the ephemeral, fix the fleeting, exaggerate the diminutive, — this is art."

"Pepita Reyes" is the most popular play that has come from the fertile pen of the two brothers Quintero. It is a charming comedy in two acts, which tells the story of the pretty daughter of a lazy and bibulous house-porter. She has ambitions to go on the stage and succeeds in carrying them out, being represented in the second act as a Zarzuela star. But with the intoxication of success comes a bitter taste of tragedy. The curtain rises on Morritos, a fifteen-year-old child, so abjectly poor that she is reduced to being the servant of a house-porter and his daughter Pepita. She wears an expression of chronic alarm, for her life is an exciting one, between the blows of a drunken mother and her insatiable hunger for penny-dreadfuls. Her eyes are always very wide open, as though she were continually expecting something disagree-

able to happen to her. She is devoted to her yellow literature and to her mistress Pepita. There is a delightful scene between the two, when the little seamstress and her maid discuss the possibilities of the former's theatrical career. They are sitting in the dingy porter's lodge. Morritos is peeling potatoes and Pepita is at her sewing-machine. Pepita is discouraged. Her last customer refused to pay for her sewing.

Pepita. Oh, the stage, the stage! If it weren't for that illusion! But alas! Morritos, each day it's getting further away!

Morritos. You're a-sayin' that to-day 'cause you're all broke up. But you'll see, the time's comin' sure. Did n't it come fer me when I skinned out from home? And you bet that was a regular jail, Pepita, lots worse'n yours. My daddy, — I mean mammy's second husband, not the one she has now, but last year's, — well, he was always drunk, and always had a grouch on him, and he used to take after mammy with a stick, and that made her so mad she used to take after me, and that made me so mad that I used to get after the cat . . . and that's the way it was all the time. But when I come here, 't ain't a year ago, I did n't weigh eighty pounds, and now just look at them cheeks!

Pepita. (cheering up). Well, then, Morritos, would you like to go with me to the theatre and be my maid?

Morritos. Oh, sure I would.

Pepita. I'll be in my dressing-room, like a queen. A room with lots of electric lights and looking-glasses. And then the authors will come, and the manager, and the reporters, all very polite, and they'll pay me compliments. And I'll call you and send you out to the stage, and I'll say, "Morritos, go and see what scene is on." And then you will go and come back and tell me, and I'll hurry, and then I'll go out and sing, and the audience will applaud and throw me flowers, and my salary will be raised every month

. . . and I'll have my picture taken every day.

Morritos. Won't it be grand? And I'll help to dress you!

Pepita. I wish it were going to happen right away. I was n't born to be a porter's daughter, Morritos, nor to sew anybody's clothes. I dream of the stage every night, every day. But what's the use! Who could ever go from this place to the theatre? I guess I'm crazy to think of it. There, there is joy and light and flowers and money and applause, things that help one to live . . . while here . . . you see what there is here, Morritos.

Morritos. Yes. Codfish and potatoes every day.

Well, Pepita has her wish. She is called upon unexpectedly to replace some one who falls ill and to sing a little part. She makes a hit. The flowers and the applause and the adorers all come true; but there are other things not quite so pleasant. Her lover leaves her; a score of worthless, lazy relatives swarm and buzz about her, and she is too kind-hearted and happy-natured to refuse to support them. They determine that their gold mine must have no outsiders tampering with it, and so they intercept letters from the now repenting lover. Morritos alone remains faithful, for her dream, too, is realized and she is living a drama more exciting than any she ever read in her beloved dime novels. By her intervention, Pepita and her lover are brought together for a while on the evening of Pepita's greatest triumph. He begs her again to give up her stage life. She refuses. Just here she is called away, and Victor deceives her by promising to await her return. Unusually moved, she does better than she has ever done, and takes the house by storm. She returns to her dressing-room, followed by her parasitic relatives and voluble admirers, to find that Victor has gone. She dismisses her friends with smiles, but the curtain goes down on a lonely little woman sobbing in the arms of the faithful Morritos.

The character of the good-for-nothing father, whose maudlin sentimentality increases in the same ratio as his daughter's prosperity, that of the pretentious uncle who prates of the purity of Art and the necessity of keeping it free from human entanglements, the drowsy fat old aunt who is wide awake only when the conversation takes a gastronomic turn — all these are inimitably drawn, and the comedy trips along quite merrily, until our laughter is suddenly checked by the shocked feeling that everything is, after all, wrong, and that poor Pepita's world is out of joint.

I have left Galdós until the last because he is by far the greatest in the lofty conception of his thoughts, and his success has been such that his popularity proves the high ideals of the Spanish people. Benito Perez Galdós, or Don Benito, as he is affectionately called, is still in the prime of life. An indefatigable worker, he has produced over fifty novels and plays. By far the larger and all the earlier part of his work was in the novel. His first dramatic effort was to dramatize one of his novels, "Realidad." It was not a success and the elements that caused its failure were its spirit of tolerance, of considerate love, and of charity. The central idea of the play is to demonstrate that the real is more extraordinary than the imaginary, that reality is the great inventor, the ever fruitful and ever original master.

The author has chosen an episode which is as old as human passion, and has given it a modern setting. We are introduced into the luxurious home of a benevolent and wealthy financier in Madrid. His great aim in life is to reach perfectibility, to dominate himself, and to rise into the clear cold regions of a passionless spirituality. His wife is beautiful, with a mind filled with ideas as charming, tenuous, and fleeting as clouds in a summer sky, an excitable imagination, and a certain recklessness of spirit that makes her love what is unknown, irregu-

lar, and extraordinary. She has a lover, an extravagant, moody, erratic sort of a poet, who at moments exults over his conquest and at others execrates himself for having betrayed the wife of a man who has been his benefactor. This *ménage à trois* is surrounded by a circle of friends and enemies who carry on their minor intrigues and help on the catastrophe. The lover, unable to bear the burden of financial ruin which threatens him, and equally unable, because of some tattered shreds of honor left him, to accept the generous help of the man whose friendship he has betrayed, shoots himself in the presence of the wife.

The scandal is hushed up, and in the last of the five acts we see husband and wife face to face. She is in agonizing doubt as to whether he knows the truth as to her relations with the dead Frederico, and he, knowing all, endeavors to dominate certain very human feelings and waits only to have her voluntarily confess her sin to him. They fail to meet on a common ground. His cold and lofty soul chills hers and she cannot bring herself to confess. Those who do not know, see a husband and wife saying good-night to each other in a slightly absent-minded way. But the reality is that two souls have forever taken leave of each other, and that the divine moment for the salvation of both is past, irretrievably and eternally. One will now be frozen into a lifeless perfectibility, and the other will nevermore feel the saving impulse of weeping repentance at the feet of divine compassion.

The persistence of the traditional national sentiment was nowhere shown so emphatically as in the utter failure of the character of the husband, Orozco. So far as I know, Orozco is the first husband in Spanish drama to pardon a guilty wife, the first one to break the Calderonian tradition, — to kill for honor's sake. There is nothing in the pardon of Orozco which lowers or degrades his character. There is no cowardice, or weakness, or egotism, nothing incompatible with his

manliness. On the contrary, there is in this last act of his the nobility, the grandeur of soul of a superior man. But with all this it was enough that he was the deceived husband who does not kill, for the whole world to rise against him and to see in him an anti-national type. The reluctance in accepting the intellectual Orozco is the most emphatic proof of the criterion of the Spanish public.

This play was produced in 1892. A dozen or more years later we are to see another play by the same author in which another national prejudice is assailed, family honor, and which has been the greatest success of the last decade. Thus proving that the public may change in sentiment and may be educated to higher ideals, even by the stage.

Between this first dramatic effort and his last great success, his work has shown increasing power. "Los Condenados," produced first in 1894, illustrates the author's ability to handle a spiritual and religious theme. It is a long play in three acts, and of faulty construction. The author is too slow in leading up to the catastrophe, and the audience is wearied by the long dialogues. But it is intensely spiritual and lofty in tone, essaying to teach a lesson which is too seldom given in a positive age.

The plot itself is not complicated. The action takes place in a town where the typical Spanish religious fervor predominates. A vagrant, José Leon, who for thirty years has been committing all the sins in the calendar, at last falls in love with a pure and good woman, Salomé. Her unselfish love for him awakens in his heart a desire to have her always with him. Under the promise of marriage he persuades her to leave her home and go with him. She knows nothing of his past; she knows only that he is unhappy and needs her for his regeneration. He is tracked and followed by justice, in the person of a revengeful victim of his crimes, and Salomé is at last forced to believe in his past wickedness. Stunned by the blow, she enters a convent, whence

her lover tries to carry her off by force, so great does he feel the need of her. His design is discovered by a holy woman in whom devotion and humanity are happily joined, and she permits him to see Salomé in the convent garden. Here comes the most dramatic moment of the play. José Leon, confident in his power over her, and yearning for her with the purest passion his guilty soul has ever known, awaits her coming. She steps slowly out from the cool shadow of the convent walls, clothed in the conventual dress, her face calm, her eyes seeming to see nothing near. Her lover approaches with endearing expressions and outstretched arms, but she shrinks from him and speaks to the old nun in a childish, trembling voice, —

Salomé. His eyes frighten me. He is still living, as much in life as he used to be — (Her voice grows awed and mystical as she goes on, unheeding her lover's anguished entreaty.) No — you cannot see me. I am now invisible. Go away; you weary me. I am dead. I am resting. Until you die as I have done you cannot be with me in peace. You are living and weighted down with many sins.

José Leon. My sins are the chains that I drag. You will free me from this dreadful weight!

Salomé. I? I cannot, alas! Don't you know that God condemned us both for our dreadful sins. We were condemned — you, because you betrayed me, and I, because I betrayed you. . . . I have cried so much that God has at last told me he will pardon me. But while waiting I am here a prisoner. This is a sweet prison, in which we, the dead, are so glad not to be alive!

José Leon is at last convinced that Salomé is lost to him, and in his despair he is more than willing to confess all his sins and to give himself over to justice. His avengers come upon him at this moment; but a powerful friend, touched by his deep repentance, intervenes and

pleads with him to live, for he can save him. José asks that his fate be left to the will of Salomé. She says, —

“I? Am I to be his judge?” (Her face lights up with a mystic glow.) “Then — I wish him to come to me. I condemn him to death.”

The lesson which Galdós has striven to give us seems to be this: we are all condemned to deceit, dominated by a false conventionality which drags us down from sin to sin and ever into deeper depths. In order to free ourselves from this atmosphere of untruth that surrounds us on all sides, we must be sincere, and fling far from us our sins. It is thus only that man may be regenerated; only when, by the exercise of his will and in the enjoyment of his perfect freedom, he accepts the expiation, does he fulfill the law which governs his spiritual nature. But this may not be attained on earth; in order to possess it we must go beyond. The truth is beyond the border of this life and we can reach it only by crossing the threshold of death.

Nearly five years ago “*Electra*” aroused enthusiastic approval and disapproval throughout all Spain. The play was first produced, as nearly all of Galdós’s plays have been, at the Teatro Español at Madrid, and has held the boards ever since.

It was an instantaneous success, and on the first night the author was called before the curtain twelve times. It also caused an immense sensation because of its apparent attack upon Jesuitical methods of coercion. This, however, does not seem to me to be the aim of the author. The methods used by *Electra*’s aunt and Pantoja to attain their ends are merely details. The real interest of the play lies in the character of Pantoja, rather than in that of *Electra*. He is a man whose intense egoism had in early life led him to sacrifice anything and any one for his own gratification, and whose selfishness in later life led him to sacrifice everything to his soul’s welfare. To appease his own conscience, he wished to

sacrifice *Electra*, confident that in immolating her he is expiating his own sin. Not for an instant does he doubt the efficacy of this method, and his anxiety for his soul’s safety leads him into mendacity, cruelty, and a ferocious determination that he will be saved, cost what it may to others.

Another interesting play is “*Alma y Vida*,” produced in 1902, a symbolical play with an eighteenth-century setting, in which, clothed in melodramatic action, decked out with the Spanish accompaniments of soothsayers, dark caverns, abductions, rhetorical speeches, maledictions, and prayers, there runs a dominant note that rings clearly and powerfully, a note that repeats unceasingly the power of love, of spiritual love, and that life without that love is death. The frail Duchess in the play is the symbol of the soul, Juan Pablo of life; and when the two are intermingled, when exuberant, joyous physical life recognizes the beauty and power of the spiritual life, there results a completeness of joy that nothing can shake, for it fears not death.

“*Mariucha*,” the great success of two years ago, also merits attention, — a social study in which there is a call to the youth, and a lesson to the old; in which it is vividly shown that the hope of Spain lies in this: that the shackles of false convention be thrown off, that the generation of to-day be given the courage to walk uprightly and in freedom, thus creating a new world of energy and of soul.

And so we come to his last, greatest success, which is not only one of the greatest plays ever produced on the Spanish stage, but one of the greatest in contemporary drama.

Here we again see the striving to place before the public lofty themes and high ideals. We sit before the stage, and when the curtain rises we are transported to a world of struggle and passion, but not the base struggle of fleshly lusts and passions. There is ever present a spiritual element which strives for the victory, and which finally calms and dominates the petty

prejudices, the rigid traditions, and the false ideas which have been contending in bitter and hopeless strife.

The author seems to say, "Oh, foolish generation, blind to the radiance of truth, and deaf to the harmony of the simple and eternal verities, — why do you grovel in the mire, seeking to sully and to injure and to kill? Instead, look up and see an eternal, yet simple, truth which will make all things straight."

In "El Abuelo" the action is simple. A financially ruined nobleman returns to one of his ancestral homes, no longer his, but now in the possession of a former servitor. He is old, poor, and, worst of all, unhappy, for his only son has lately died, leaving behind him his English wife from whom he had been estranged on account of her gallant adventures, and two young daughters, Dolly and Nell. From papers left, the grandfather has discovered that one of the granddaughters, he does not know which, is not the child of his son. Despite his poverty, he has never lost a jot of his immense Spanish pride and dignity, and the blot on his family name is more than he can bear. His one care, which now becomes an *idée fixe*, is to find out which one is his own granddaughter and then repudiate the other. The mother defies him and refuses to tell. The situation is painfully complicated by the fact that he loves them both. At one moment he is almost persuaded that Nell has the traits of his noble house, and the next instant he is plunged into an abyss of doubt by some fugitive characteristic in Dolly. It is finally decided that the old grandfather must be cared for in a retreat, as his mind seems to be unbalanced. Proofs are now found that Nell is his own and Dolly the spurious one. He makes a last appeal to Nell; she advises him to submit and go to the asylum. Broken-hearted and despairing, the old man turns to his faithful old friend, a simple village priest who has no mind for subtleties:—

El Conde. My heart is full of trouble and bitterness. I have no longer any

children — I have no longer any love.

D. Pio. Love Humanity: be like God who loves equally all his people.

El Conde. But that is so lofty. He creates, he loves. He makes no distinction of rank — Tell me, great philosopher, what do you think of honor?

D. Pio (confused). Honor — well, honor — I've always thought honor was something like — decorations — We speak of funeral honors, national honor, the field of honor — In fact, I don't know what it is —

El Conde. I mean family honor, the purity of the race, the lustre of one's name. I have come to the conclusion to-night — and I tell you this quite frankly — that if we could convert honor into a material substance it would be an excellent thing with which to fertilize the land.

D. Pio (trying to sharpen his wits). If honor is n't pure living, neighborly love, wishing no evil, not even to our enemies, then by the beard of Jupiter, I don't know what it is.

El Conde. It seems to me, my good Coronado, that you are discovering a new world — still far away — but you have caught a glimpse of it through the mist.

The Count fears pursuit and is about to escape and become a wanderer when he hears the voice of Dolly. She has learned of the plan to confine him, and her loving heart yearns to protect him. She has escaped from her mother and has been looking for her grandfather all the evening, for of course she is ignorant of the shameful secret of her parentage. When she finds him she clings to him. The old man feels his soul invaded and refreshed by her unselfish love; his prejudices, his sense of family honor, his anger, his outraged worldly dignity, all melt away under the warmth of this loving heart, and he exclaims with uplifted hands, —

"O God! out of the heart of the storm come to me thy blessings. Now I see that human thoughts, plans, and decisions are as naught. They are but rust which

crumbles and falls; that which is within is that which lasts. My child — God has brought you to me — love is eternal truth.”

In this play of five acts there is no love intrigue, and the dénouement is diametrically opposed to the Calderonian conception of honor as well as to the Cervantesque prejudice of the ties of kinship. Neither is it a work of tendencies or of literary theories, nor is it an analysis of vulgar passion, or a pathological study; it is much more than all this. The au-

thor has been able to look into the soul of the public, and he has realized that the true mission of the dramatic writer is to touch the chords to which all hearts can respond. The heart of the Spanish public has responded with quick enthusiasm and with warm sympathy to the clear strong note of love which rings persistently throughout nearly all the plays of Spain's greatest writer. His lofty spirituality responds to a yearning in the people, a yearning which long since was classified as a beatitude.

ENFORCED RAILROAD COMPETITION

BY RAY MORRIS

THE main fabric of American railroad legislation rests on two principles, which are all but irreconcilable with each other: first, that carriers serving the same or adjacent territory must compete with one another; second, that rates for like and contemporaneous service under substantially similar circumstances and conditions must be the same to all comers, — that is to say, not competitive, — and that one city or territory must not be built up at the expense of another (long-and-short-haul clause); a process which is directly and naturally the result of competition. The Act to Regulate Commerce prohibits pooling, and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law apparently makes every kind of trade agreement between persons engaged in the same kind of business an act of conspiracy, so that Congress has strongly affirmed the competitive principle; yet the 1906 revision of the commerce act makes it specifically impossible for a carrier to change its rates without giving thirty days' prior notice to the Interstate Commerce Commission, unless the Commission exempts it by special action, an exemption which the commissioners have been very loath to give. This provision is,

of course, along lines the reverse of competitive, since a thirty-day-notice cut-rate to move competitive traffic is about as effective a device as setting a tortoise to catch a squirrel. So the railroads are told with blunt plainness that they must compete, and are then immediately reminded that they must not.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890 says definitely that every person who makes a contract or engages in any combination, in the form of a trust or otherwise, in restraint of trade or commerce, is guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to severe penalties, which have been made cumulative by subsequent court decisions; and eminent corporation counsel have expressed the opinion that it is technically impossible for two New York grocers in the same block to walk down the street together and agree on the price at which they will sell New Jersey eggs, without rendering themselves liable to fine and imprisonment, and to threefold damages payable to any other grocer whose business is injured by the reduction in price agreed upon. Thus the doctrine of individual competition is upheld with tremendous vigor, while

trade agreement, or collective competition, is strongly repressed.

Are we, as a nation, correct in assuming that individual competition should be enforced by law, — and, whether it should be or not, can it be? These questions open up a very interesting field of economic discussion, which is of particular appropriateness in 1908, because we are apparently on the threshold of an era of sharp competition between railroads.

Broadly speaking, there has not been any severe railroad competition in the United States in a dozen years, while within that period, with overflowing prosperity, and transportation facilities severely taxed by excess of traffic, has come the application of the Sherman Law to railroads, and the creation of the Elkins Law of 1903, and the Rate Law of 1906. The clear legislative tendency has been to incite the carriers to compete, but the carriers have been too busy, and have remained indifferent; now that traffic is slack and some of the conditions are present which foster competition, are we really sure that we desire it? And is it wise to leave on the statute books laws of such severity to enforce competition that no attempt is made to enforce the laws, except where some particular offense is singled out for chastisement? Ever since the Northern Securities decision, and the ridiculous statement by the Attorney General that the government was not going to run amuck, the railroad systems and the great corporations have been living on sufferance; for all the limitation which can be found in the language of the law, there is scarcely one of them that does not possess the elements of trade restraint through combination.

It might be asked, with perfect justice, why we do not at once set about destroying our entire industrial fabric and reducing the manufacturing and transportation interests to primitive conditions, since our national attitude toward the principle of combination is so rigid; or, if we prefer efficiency in manufacturing and transportation to inefficiency, then

why we do not so alter the laws as to admit the conditions that exist, and deal with them in a constructive, instead of in a destructive, manner. The question is a pertinent one; as Chancellor Day expresses it, "This new doctrine, that you can legislate unsuccessful men into success by legislating successful men out of success, is a piece of imbecility that does injustice to our twentieth century!" Yet the whole fallacy of the Sherman Law originates in the national reverence for competition, and in the lack of clear thinking on the way competition works out, in its varying forms. As applied to the railroad situation in the United States, the discouraging fact about competition legislation is that it was given an exhaustive trial in England, fifty years ago, at which time certain truths were developed at great cost which, so far as we are concerned, need never have been developed at all, since we have not noted the relation of these truths to our own problems, but are proceeding independently, at still greater cost, to develop the same principles in this country.

Charles Francis Adams showed that it had always been the theory in England that the railroads ought to compete, until the commission of 1872 demonstrated that in the forty years since railroads began, English railroad legislation had never accomplished anything which it sought to bring about, nor prevented anything it sought to hinder. Thirty-three hundred useless enactments had cost the companies eighty million pounds, but the commission reported that competition between railroads existed only to a limited extent, and that it could not be maintained by legislation. The commission cited the case of the North Eastern Railway, formerly composed of thirty-seven independent, competing, and more-or-less bankrupt companies, but in 1872 (as to-day) prosperous and giving general satisfaction, and found that in view of such facts as this it was clear that amalgamation had "not brought with it the evils that were anticipated, but

that in any event, long and varied experience had fully demonstrated the fact that, while Parliament might hinder and thwart, it could not prevent it, and it was equally powerless to lay down any general rules determining its limits or character."

The attitude of British law toward the broad question of competition between the railroads of that country does not find particularly clear expression to-day, but the conservative work of the Railway and Canal Commission, which owes its existence to the parliamentary report just referred to, and the precedent of a long line of court decisions, make it quite apparent that the early lessons have had their effect. The working agreement recently proposed by the Great Northern and Great Central companies, which had competed extravagantly in almost identical territory in the eastern part of England, was not opposed on any broad lines of governmental policy. The arrangement amounted to a consolidation, to be brought about by the simple device of appointing the boards of directors of the two companies as a joint committee to manage both properties. This proposal was contested chiefly by certain other railroads because of its relation to their own special interests, and was refused by the Railway and Canal Commission (in which refusal the Commission was upheld by the Court of Appeal) for the purely technical reason that the original charter powers of the two companies did not provide for any such agreement. A working arrangement has been in force for three years between the London & North Western and the Lancashire & Yorkshire, and has been conspicuously successful, resulting in greater efficiency and economy of operation to the railroads and better service to the public. Curiously enough, though, when it comes to allowing a British railroad to control the tram-lines which compete sharply with it for suburban traffic, the law views the matter entirely differently. The thing is not even to be thought of.

In this country, control of street-railway lines by steam railroads has not yet appeared in politics outside the State of Massachusetts, and only to a limited extent there. The device by which the New England Investment and Security Company held the Massachusetts trolley-lines which the New York, New Haven & Hartford bought, was sufficiently effective as a preventive of harmful competition, regardless of the somewhat technical question where actual control of these lines is vested.¹ But our national attitude toward consolidation of steam railroads which from their geographical location are presumed to be competitors, is perfectly uncompromising; so uncompromising that, practically speaking, it is unenforceable in its entire purview — like the Sunday liquor law in New York.

The disheartening thing about a law like this, whichever one of the examples we take, is the opportunity which it gives government to be unscrupulous. When the Duke of Alva was "pacifying" the Netherlands, in 1568, his Blood Council defined treason so broadly and in such loose terms that the expressly stipulated privileges of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, and the constitutional rights under the terms of the Joyous Entry, were not sufficient to save Count Egmont after Alva got his hands on him. Then, as if the intolerable edicts of the duke's council were insufficient, a writ was actually issued from Rome, sentencing all the people of the Netherlands to death, on the heresy charge. The Duke of Alva did not really intend to execute all the people in the Netherlands, but it was very convenient for him to have authority to make such selections as he chose without undue formality.

This situation affords a pretty good historical parallel of the possibilities of governmental procedure against railroads and great industrial combinations under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. There are

¹ The Supreme Court of Massachusetts decided last May, after this paper was written, that this device was unlawful within that state.

few indeed of the railroad systems of the country that really know whether their skirts are clear of the entanglements of the law, as it has at present been construed; and it is hard to see how any large industrial company can avoid being a combination intrinsically in restraint of some other man's trade, and hence illegal. To all intent, the government can exercise the widest choice in its selection of victims; a condition which gives opportunity for unlimited favoritism, and tends to inject a personal element into prosecutions.

The futility of the enforced-competition legislation, when actually carried out, needs but a single instance — the Northern Securities case. James J. Hill controlled the Great Northern Railway and was influential in the Northern Pacific, but these lines had no proprietary access to Chicago, coming no nearer to it than St. Paul, and Ashland, Wisconsin. The joint purchase of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, in 1901, was really designed primarily to afford a perpetually friendly route into Chicago, the absence of which had handicapped the Hill lines in securing what they considered a full share of transcontinental traffic. To thwart this plan, Mr. Harriman and his associates, as everybody remembers, began buying Northern Pacific in the open market in March, 1901, and actually got control of that property by a narrow margin, — the price of stock going from fifty-eight dollars a share to one thousand dollars during the process. Both parties saw the futility of cut-throat competition, however, and compromised the matter by forming the Northern Securities Company, which ultimately held a very large proportion of the capital stocks of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific. The Northern Securities Company was bitterly opposed in the Minnesota courts, and was dissolved by the United States Supreme Court in 1904, on the ground that it was a combination in restraint of trade.

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Well, let us see what happened then. The Northern Pacific was the original bone of contention. The device of the Securities Company kept the Northern Pacific (and one half of a half-control of the Burlington) equitably poised between Hill and Harriman; the distribution required by the dissolution of the Securities Company by the Supreme Court decision was *pro rata*, and resulted in leaving an absolute monopoly of three companies in Mr. Hill's hands, — the Great Northern (which he started with), the Northern Pacific (with which Mr. Harriman went into the Securities Company), and the Burlington, which had been divided between the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific.

The Northern Securities decision was widely heralded as a positive governmental affirmation of the principle of enforced competition, — but does it appear that any important reduction in monopoly was effected thereby? Apart from the technical result of the decision, Mr. Hill got absolute control of eight thousand miles of parallel and competing lines of which he previously shared control with Mr. Harriman. His monopoly in the American Northwest was strengthened, not weakened.

The original purpose of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was undoubtedly to restrain manufacturing, rather than transportation, combination. Let us see what it accomplishes here.

It is a very ancient saying that competition is the life of trade, and there are few of us who cannot recall some special instance where we have reason to believe that, as consumers, we have been benefited by competition or inefficiently served because of the lack of it. It is generally possible to get better horses and carriages in a town where there are two livery stables than in a town where there is only one. The telegraph service, to-day, is unquestionably better than it was before the younger of the two great companies entered the field; the efforts of a tremendous group of daily newspapers to make

individual reputations by getting the first news from all parts of the world have enabled us to know more about current happenings in Sweden and Japan and South Africa, than Florence knew of the affairs of Milan four hundred years ago. In every branch of manufacturing, efficiency and economy have been carried to lengths undreamed of in early days, simply because they had to be, if the products were to be marketed in competition with similar products made somewhere else.

But this competitive efficiency was not law-made; the law had nothing whatever to do with it. The law did not require Eli Whitney to invent the cotton gin, nor was it instrumental in producing the sewing machine, or the power-loom, or the steamboat, or the telephone. In the great preliminary steps of economic development it was scarcely a spectator, but now that this development has been carried on and on, under conditions of constant betterment from within and of constant pressure from without, the law fears that the great natural force of competition which brought all this about is going to vanish from the earth, and that the collectivism which tries to put production on a basis of assured profit is going so far that the great industrial combination will have the power to make its own terms with its customers, concerned not with efficient service, but only with the exaction of the last farthing. It has a certain justification for this fear in the obvious fact that in modern industrial development the chance of the small individual producer is constantly tending to become less, and it reasons from this that the opportunity of the consumer to buy cheaply is also disappearing. Hence the great combination should be thwarted at every turn; it should be fined to death, or taxed to death, or broken in pieces, and its place taken by a host of lesser producers, competing among themselves, and therefore necessarily content with small profits, and keenly awake to the chance to improve their efficiency and skill.

This is perhaps an acceptable outline of the point of view which underlies enforced-competition legislation; it is based on the entirely correct belief that competition, in one form or another, is responsible for most of our economic development, and that we should be badly off without it. But from this impregnable position it proceeds to two lamentable fallacies: first, that competition can be killed by combination; and second, that it can be maintained by legislation!

Just as soon as combination gets two or three or more competing streams of industry diverted into the same channel and attempts to raise prices it invites fresh competitors into the same field, and also stimulates invention and resourcefulness to provide substitutes. Sometimes one of these effects is produced; sometimes the other; sometimes both together. It follows, therefore, that the successful combinations are those which use their organization to effect economies which keep the distribution price of their products just a little too low to tempt outsiders. The four corners of the world are tied so tightly together nowadays by steam and cable that competition has a long arm: American meat and meat-products compete in Europe, not only with European producers but with Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa; Denmark and Devonshire place their dairy products side by side in the London market, with a slight advantage in favor of Denmark; and oil from Kansas and Texas must be sold at an extremely low figure in Calcutta if it is to compete with oil from Baku.

We have heard much about the "Beef Trust" in the last few years, and a considerable element of the daily press has actually maintained with bitterness that a group of Chicago packing-houses could make prices for meat as high as they chose, in utter disregard of the fact that cattle, sheep, hogs, and chickens can be raised in every state in the Union, and that thousands of local butchers would be delighted to undersell the "trust" if current prices were high enough to

make it profitable. As a matter of fact, this omnipresent local competition is felt especially strongly in the provision business, and there is perhaps no other large industry where the margin of profit is smaller in proportion to the capital tied up. The net profit which a great packing-house derives from buying a steer, slaughtering it, and selling the meat and the by-products is around two dollars, or approximately four-fifths of the commission which a banker gets for the combined purchase and sale of a bond,¹ with the important difference that the banker gets spot cash or marketable collateral to cover his capital expenditure, while the packing-house pays spot cash for what it buys, but has to carry an open account unsecured for what it sells. Yet the government has been so afraid of combination in this industry, and has taken such vigorous steps to prevent it, that the Chicago packers no longer dare meet together to settle details of mutual helpfulness.

The very fact of the ease with which competition takes place in the provision business accounts for the concentration of capital in the gigantic packing plants at Chicago, Kansas City, and Omaha. As in nearly every other manufacturing industry, concentration brings efficiency with it; every one of the by-products can be developed to the highest commercial degree, and profits are made, not by raising prices but by eliminating waste. There is no doubt that the small, independent butcher finds it harder to make a living than he would if the great plants were not able, by their efficient organization, to sell meat a thousand miles from where it is dressed, at the smallest fraction above cost; but there is nothing in this situation to cause the consumer uneasiness. It is possible to demonstrate the truth of this in a striking manner by means of the industrial statistics collected by the Bureau of Labor, not only in the provision industry, but in others

which may be selected as highly organized.

Thus, if we take the average price of cattle for the years 1890 to 1899 as a base, represented by the figure 100, and the average price of dressed beef for the same ten years at the same base figure, the Bureau shows us that the packers, as the largest purchasers, paid 114.2 for their cattle in 1906, but sold the beef for 101.2 per cent of the base price. This is a very striking demonstration of the effect which a highly concentrated and much-attacked industry has had in keeping down the price of the finished product as compared with the cost of the material from which this product was worked up. And the figures can be carried further; for example, the price of sheep went from 100, in the years 1890 to 1899, to 132.6 in 1906, while the price of mutton went from 100 to 120.7, in the same period; the price of hogs, from 100 to 142.2, while the price of hams went only to 125.5, of bacon to 139.9 and of lard to 135.6. The price of all farm products (non-concentration of capital) was 28.6 per cent higher in 1906 than in 1898; the price of beefsteak (concentration of capital) rose only 14.2 per cent in the same period.

Much has been said about the "Sugar Trust," as representing an oppressive economic system, and the activities of this trust, along with all the others, are supposed to have become much more baneful in the last decade than in former times. Note, then, that the average price of sugar was 4.7 per cent less in 1908 than it was in 1901, and 3.1 per cent less in 1906 than it was in 1898. As regards the effect on prices which the Standard Oil Company has brought about, it is interesting to see that the price of crude petroleum, which the company buys, was 175.8 in 1906, as compared with 100, average of the 1890 to 1899 decade, while the price of refined oil, which it sells, was 131.8 in 1906. In the steel business, the price of Bessemer pig rose from 100 to 141.8 during the same

¹ Excluding rent, taxes, and depreciation of property in each case.

comparative period; the price of rails rose only to 107.4. The reader will understand that these figures do not represent dollars and cents, but the percentage-cost of the commodity when the prices from 1890 to 1899 are compared with those for 1906.

It would be possible to cite many more examples illustrating the tendency of raw materials and manufactured articles representing no concentration of capital to increase in price faster than those articles produced by concentration of capital and the supposed elimination of competition. To take a few illustrations at random: candles (concentration, non-competitive) were 2 per cent cheaper in 1906 than in 1890-99; axes (non-concentration, competitive) were 43.1 per cent dearer; hides (raw material, competitive) rose in price 64.7 per cent; leather (concentration of capital, reduced competition) increased 20.4 per cent.

The government, in its arraignment of the Standard Oil Company, admitted freely that the combination has not made prices burdensome, but argued that it might have made them cheaper. It seems only necessary to ask why it should have made them cheaper, with the cost of labor and of raw materials tending almost uniformly upwards. The opinion may at least be hazarded that the Standard Oil Company would long ago have been defeated in a battle against the impossible if it had attempted to force its current prices so high as really to tempt competition, — which is another way of saying that the price of oil, if produced under conditions of small individual manufacture, would not be any less than it now is. As regards the special advantages which are charged against great corporations, — rebates, and the power to shut out local competition by temporarily underselling, — it is not necessary at present to discuss the rather technical question whether these advantages are fair or unfair, in comparison with the ordinary trade methods of free competition. The point is that you cannot, as alleged,

achieve greatness with these methods; you must start with greatness in order to achieve the methods! When railroads and steamboats and oil companies used to drive one another out of business by underselling, it was not necessarily the wickedest company which came out ahead; it was the best organized company.

Now observe where the Sherman Law has led us, while we have been digressing! Does the wickedness of the great combinations lie in their efficiency in obtaining rebates (that is, wholesale rates) for transportation? Perhaps it did so lie, prior to the Elkins Law, — it depends largely upon one's definition of wickedness, — but rebates are essentially a competitive device, and the enforced-competition doctrine can have no quarrel with them. In what, then, do the great combinations so offend as to bring upon themselves the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the law of enforced competition? Besides their former ability to obtain privileged transportation, they have only two other advantages over the small producer: one is efficiency — the ability to buy more advantageously, to manufacture at a less cost per unit, to sell in a wider market; the other is the power to undersell local territory and spread the cost over world-wide territory, or else charge it to profit and loss.

Theoretically, the power to undersell small competition and drive it out of business, is accompanied by the subsequent power to make prices far higher than the small competitor would have made them; practically, it does not work that way, because the effect of the high prices would be to attract to the field a host of competitors, big and little, who would continue to charge the citadel of the monopoly over the fallen bodies of the vanquished until the monopolistic ammunition gave out. The Bureau of Labor unit-costs, quoted above, afford concrete illustrations of the attitude of the largest industrial organizations in the country; these organizations tend to keep

prices stable, but to lower, rather than raise them, in comparison with the cost of the raw materials they purchase.

If the great corporations offend because they are efficient, we must logically commend small enterprise because it is inefficient; if they offend because they undersell, we must praise the local manufacturer who is unable to undersell. Manufactured articles we must have; therefore we must buy them from the concern which is inefficient and weak, since the law forbids combination for purposes of strength and of efficiency. Does anybody suppose that this is going to benefit the consumer?

Probably nobody believes so, — and yet everybody feels the force of the livery-stable argument, mentioned above, or recalls some similar instance where he has seen competition work wonders, and he fears that the great corporation is going to remove competition from the earth. After all, the difficulty between the citizen who fears the “trusts,” and the citizen who believes in them, is largely a matter of definitions. Fundamentally, it is impossible so to define the word trust as to make it akin to our purpose at all; but if we spell it with a capital and give it the duty which the newspapers assign to it, we should suppose that the timorous citizen, and his representative, the Sherman Law, would define it somewhat as follows:—

Trust: a combination of corporations which is in restraint of trade, eliminates competition, and oppresses the consumer by charging him higher prices than would otherwise prevail.

On the other hand, the courageous citizen, who has done some thinking on his own account, and is not afraid of trusts at all, succeeds in locating the difference between the Standard Oil Company and the un-competed-with livery stable by creating for himself a definition something like this:—

Trust: a combination of corporations to increase efficiency, which, by means of this efficiency, reduces competition by selling

more cheaply than any but the most efficient of its competitors can sell.

But it may be presumed that the Sherman Law, in lending its support to the former rather than the latter of these definitions, seeks to establish not a weak and futile competition but a strong one, and that it takes the point of view that a group of efficient concerns seeking the same market will make the consumer's prices lower than will a single immense combination, governed rather by potential than by actual competition. The theory is an attractive one, but it is hard to find much concrete support for it. George Stephenson said two generations ago, when corporate development was in its infancy, that where combination was possible, competition was impossible, and the principle thus laid down has been receiving new application and expression every year. It is easy to find instances of severe sporadic competition which has served, for a brief time, to bring selling cost down to a point below the cost of production; but such a condition never lasts long before the weaker competitor is absorbed or driven to the wall, and the prices which the consumer derives from this process are so unstable that the retailer hesitates to carry goods in stock, while the recouping period which follows a struggle is apt to have its effect on qualities as well as prices.

These remarks apply to industries which are of such nature that they are naturally and readily subject to competition. But when the Sherman Law includes railroads in its purview, it is attempting to deal with an industry which is naturally monopolistic. It is more or less generally recognized that the effects of competition fall short of any usefulness in certain public-service enterprises. Nobody saves telephone bills by living in a city which is served by two or three competing telephone companies. Even if the toll-rate is low, two or three cheap services cost more than one dear one, and a business man must have them all. This is a case where monopoly is convenient to

the consumer; a street railway in a crowded district usually furnishes a case of monopoly which is inevitable. The clearest thinkers in all countries now concede that regulation furnishes a better solution in safeguarding the public welfare than competition does, throughout a fairly long list of what are generally termed public-service enterprises. The most conservative of these thinkers believe, probably without so much as raising the question in their own minds, that police forces and sewer systems are branches of the public service which can best be provided for by the municipality itself. It is also quite universally conceded that the control and supply of a city's drinking water ought to be a regulated monopoly rather than a competitive industry. There is difference of opinion whether better service is obtained from waterworks owned by private capital or from waterworks owned by the municipality, but this point is alien to our discussion.

Further down on the list come lighting and heating plants, telephones, and street railways. We do not want warfare between the companies supplying us with gas or electricity, involving fluctuating rates and large liability of interruptions to service because of wars and receiver-ships; we want regular, undisturbed service. The reason why competitive telephones are undesirable has already been stated. As regards street railways, competition under any circumstances must be of very limited extent, because the company first on the ground will always have secured the best routes, at least for a term of years, and it is not generally either feasible or desirable for two companies to operate on the same street. Where competition in one form or another does exist between street railways in the same town, it may be taken for granted that transfer privileges will not be liberal, that traffic will be interrupted, and that the disadvantages attendant upon the operation of a bankrupt or financially embarrassed company will tend to crop up with considerable frequency. Cleveland has been

giving an illustration, for some five years, of the practical disadvantages arising from street-railway competition in a busy city, these disadvantages including tracks torn up in midnight warfare, abolition of transfer privileges between competing lines, failure to run through services to important points, such as railroad stations, and the like.

It must be said in all frankness that in former days, when street railways were given franchises freely, and very little was required of them, the results to the public were extremely good, and there is reason for expressing doubt that the present tendency to scrutinize franchise privileges with extreme care and to reduce street-railway fares by franchise contracts is going to work as well. The average citizen would rather go over the whole city for five cents than be able to go over only half of it, even if he can get over that half for three cents; and capital has little inducement to build extensions to meet the city's growth in such places as Cleveland, Detroit, or the Canadian cities and towns where much is being asked of the street railways and little is being allowed them in the way of opportunities to earn. But even in the cities where the street railways have been most harassed, competition has not been advanced in good faith as a permanent way of bringing about better service, and in cities where street railways have been able to keep out of local politics, nobody advocates it at all.

The steam railroads have given ample demonstration that nobody gets any permanent profit from cut-throat competition between them. In the ten years when the general competition in this country was most severe, say from 1870 to 1880, the shipper might get an exceedingly low rate on a competitive transaction, but was quite sure to get an exceedingly high one to compensate for it on a transaction in noncompetitive territory. At all events, he never knew six months, or even one month, ahead, what his rate was going to be, and the uncertainty attendant upon this state of affairs worked a great deal of

harm and resulted in a thousand forms of discrimination, intentional and unintentional, on the part of the railroad. Moreover, the lines which felt the competition most were in wretched physical condition, and were unable to better themselves. This was particularly true in the South. Albert Fink pointed out that, in the rate wars prior to the formation of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association, gross earnings of the southern railroads were reduced about 42 per cent below what regular rates would have allowed; an amount in many cases equal to the whole net earnings which could have been derived from the competitive business at the regular rates, so that the business was really unprofitable, and the roads were, in consequence, practically worthless to their owners. In 1876 a committee of the stockholders of the Central Railroad & Banking Company of Georgia reported: "It is conceded that the property of your stockholders is on the brink of being sunk forever, and the bankruptcy of a number of your roads is imminent, if not even now a fact." Of course, roads in this condition could not afford to make their facilities better or to give their country a better service in any way. They had no surplus net earnings for betterment work, and nobody wanted to buy their securities. It was not until the great consolidations like the Southern Railway, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Seaboard Air Line got the situation well in hand that the South began to have a decent railroad service. Prior to that time, the best and strongest companies always had to compete with the bankrupts; a process which does no good to a well company or a sick company, or to the territory which either of them serves.

S. W. Dunning, with his long experience as a close observer and critic of railroad affairs, used to say that the people who built the West Shore Railroad did more harm and caused greater destruction of property than they would have done if they had gone around burning barns all along the route; and this simile

portrays pretty well the workings of unrestricted competition. The shipper gets a high rate one day, a low one the next, and confronts a constant tendency on the part of the hard-beset railroad company to "scamp" its work; the railroad company works at cost in one locality and on a basis of exorbitant profit in another, and engages in a long struggle with bankruptcy, while the investor realizes that he has made a mistake, and resolves to keep out of such enterprises in the future, or else to require an extremely high potential return on his investment.

This, in brief, was the effect upon railroads and upon the interests they served, in the period of maximum free competition. The particular harmfulness of this kind of competition to railroads arises from the fact that the capital invested in them must perform its work just where it is, no matter how great the disadvantages, so that the bankrupt that has given up trying to pay fixed charges has powers of harmfulness almost unlimited. It is surely to our discredit as an intelligent people that we should try to maintain this kind of free competition by law!

The odd fact about the present activity in enforcing the Sherman Law is that it comes at a time when everybody has been enabled to observe that, in practice, great corporations and great railroad combinations do not operate to force rates up. People ought not to be afraid of bigness in concerns any longer, and they ought not to cherish the illusion that they really want to be served by small concerns doing business at a loss. The cheaper a given service can be performed, the less people are going to have to pay for it, in the long run, and it has been shown over and over again that consolidation means efficiency, and that sharp competition means waste; also, that the cost of killing the loser and buying his useless plant must be borne by the winner's customers. Competition means duplication of facilities for doing the same work, and the theoretic economic loss of this duplication is habitually converted into a practical loss either in

dollars or in efficiency, with a rapidity which far outstrips many of the economic processes that rejoice in our full belief and confidence.

There has been no more curious result of our enforced-competition legislation — a result surely not looked for by the lawmakers — than the unsympathetic attitude of the law towards small dealers organized to prevent big concerns from underselling them. Here we have a temporary industrial combination fighting a permanent industrial combination, and the law sides with the permanent one, and finds the little fellows guilty of conspiracy! This has been exemplified in the opposition to the mail-order houses in the West; in the case of the National Druggists' Association, etc. In the drug trade, the owners and manufacturers of certain proprietary medicines sold their goods to jobbers under an agreement that certain "aggressive cutters," principally large department stores, should not be allowed to receive these goods from the wholesalers at any price. These "aggressive cutters" had been accustomed to act as wholesalers, in buying very large consignments at best prices, and then selling at retail at cost or below, charging off loss to the advertising account. The sale of some well-known "household remedy" for seven cents or thirteen cents below the prevailing price was, of course, a strong drawing card, but the process devastated the business and the reputations of the small retailers, who were the manufacturers' best steady customers. It was to protect these people that the manufacturers and jobbers agreed, in substance, to blacklist retail firms that would not maintain prices as per schedule. Of course this was readily proved to constitute a combination in restraint of trade, within the meaning of the Sherman Law, and the manufacturers were prosecuted by the government and enjoined from carrying out their agreement.¹

Now, a big department store is not.

¹ William Jay Schieffelin, before the National Conference on Trusts, 1907.

technically, a combination, because it does not illustrate amalgamation of a group of industries which might in the eyes of the law be regarded as natural competitors. But it is, in point of fact, a very effective grouping of capital, and its organization is such that it possesses nearly all the working characteristics of a "trust," in action. The law was perfectly consistent in finding that a group of small individual producers were banded together in restraint of trade; but the application of the law, without regard to its theory, was to protect the large, permanent aggregation of capital against the temporary attack of small concerns joined together in what is sometimes called antagonistic coöperation, for protection against a common foe. Competition was continually present, in one form or another, between the units of capital making up the wholesale druggists' combination; it was conspicuously lacking between the units of capital making up the department-store organization; yet the technical position of the department store was impregnable.

If we agree that the outworking of this case was not precisely in line with what the framers of the law intended, we are probably safe in concluding that the intense criminality of the two grocers who confer on the selling price of eggs, and the technical uncertainty as to the legality of nearly every manufacturing concern in the country, formed by a process of consolidation, would also surprise the lawmakers of 1890. If it is really true that all common control of parallel railroad lines is in restraint of trade, which of our great systems is exempt from disintegration? And suppose that this disintegration really can be effected, — who is the gainer thereby? In the days when the coastwise steamers could beat the railroad trains down the coast, because of the handicaps of bad connections, different gauge, and lack of friendly coöperation, due to rivalry, we had an advance illustration of the perfect fulfillment of the laws of enforced competition.

Many conservative people will concede, without argument, the contention that excessive competition, with its bankruptcies, its discouragement of new enterprises, and its constant incentive to discrimination, is undesirable; but they feel, nevertheless, that a condition where competition is entirely absent would be worse. Granting that it would be, does not the weakness of the Sherman Law lie in the fact that it overlooks the constant working of potential competition? Apart from its direct effects, giving the strongest inducement to industrial combinations to keep prices at a figure where they will not serve as a constant temptation to new comers, potential competition finds constant exemplification in the principle of "charging what the traffic will bear." It has often been pointed out that the common interpretation of this principle is wrong. In the language of W. M. Acworth, charging what the traffic will bear is not the same thing as charging what the traffic will not bear! A certain New England railroad has made a rate on pulp-wood which, in itself, would barely pay for coal and train-crew's wages. It does this in order to open up a new territory, so remote from the market that the pulp-wood which it produces cannot be sold at all unless the railroad rate is carefully adjusted with this in view. This road does not get its profit from the pulp-wood traffic; it gets it from opening the territory to mills, farms, and minor man-

ufactures, with coal and materials to be hauled in, and some little general traffic to be hauled out, besides the staple. It has accomplished this by charging only what the traffic will bear.

This is a single instance of countless cases where railroads and industrial combinations alike have to determine the rate at which they can make the most profit; and it has again and again been proved that it is better in all industries to do a tremendous business at a very small margin of profit than to do a very small business at a large margin of profit! In parallel efforts to reduce prices for the consumer, the Sherman Law has always to compete with the forces of enlightened selfishness, and enlightened selfishness is continually successful, while the Sherman Law has never succeeded at all!

It should not be inferred from this argument that the writer believes that railroads and industrial combinations should be free of regulation in the public interest. Certain police powers are just as necessary to the national government as they are to a municipal government; certain kinds of corporate conduct, such as the practice of giving rebates to favored shippers, may certainly be determined to be contrary to public policy without violation of economic laws. But the attempt to confer a public benefit by requiring universal competition in place of consolidation is just as absurd in theory as it is unattainable in practice.

THE MOODS OF THE MISSISSIPPI

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

THE Indians who knew the Mississippi River before the advent of Joliet and La Salle named the vast phenomenon "The Father of Waters." White men who live upon the river or along its swamp-land banks now know whence came that expressive term. After one has been with the stream long enough for its novelty to have worn away, acquaintance and proximity do not diminish the wonder aroused by the huge torrent. Far from it! One learns to realize a magnificent presence which is neither of the stream, nor of the banks, nor of the wide, low sandbars, nor of the long sweep of the caving bends, but which is doubtless the personification of all these. It was not alone the physical size and manifest strength of the stream that compelled the name "Father of Waters," but the awesome, overwhelming, unbending grandeur of the wonderful spirit ruling the flow of the sands, the lumping of the banks, the unceasing shifting of the channel, and the send of the mighty flood.

Until the white man at last directed his analytical faculties toward the investigation of the unwritten code of laws governing the rise and fall, the sweep and send, the flow and rush of the torrent, expression of the river wonders found egress in myths and speculations, traditions and romance, as those who have read the lives of Hennepin, Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, and lesser men, may remember. Then came the trained enthusiasm and tireless vigilance of keen observers. Charles Ellet paved the way for Humphreys and Abbott, and in the report made by the two latter one finds the spirit of the river almost reduced to cubic feet and bald statements of hydraulic laws. "Every important fact connected with the various physical conditions of the river and

the laws uniting them being ascertained, the great problem of protection against inundation was solved." That was written in August, 1861.

For thirty years men had groped with learned effort among the mysteries of river-floods, tides, discharges, causes, and effects, as exemplified by the Mississippi. Countless thousands of facts were brought together, studied, weighed, grouped, and placed in wonderfully orderly array, so convincingly that it seemed the river mystery had been reduced to black and white, with copious indexes. Twenty years later, the greatest riverman of all, Eads, ran amuck among the theories and deductions. For one thing, he declared the folly of levees parallel to the river current. He came as near knowing the river as any one can. He walked along its bottom under a diving-bell; he traveled on its surface; he sat upon the bank and studied the wanderings of the torrent day after day. He knew its dangers, for he had landed as a youth in St. Louis, penniless, having been "burned out" on a river steamer. The time came when he erected the first human structure that compared with the mighty waters in vastness, — the Eads Bridge at St. Louis. Then, at his own risk, he tamed the shoals at The Passes.

The Indians measured the river with their eyes. They knew its width, but not its length. Better, perhaps, than any one else has since known, they were acquainted with the terror of the great fluctuations of the river heights. Tradition does not preserve the stories of Indian adventure with the floods, but in the bottoms, notably in the Yazoo Swamps, are mute evidences of the spring rise of pre-historic years. Here and there are mounds on whose tops, buried by the mould of

centuries, are bones, flint implements, and fire-remains. There the Indian families took refuge above the overflow against which they had provided by heaping up hills of refuge, mindful of the spring floods. White men have fenced off with dirt hundreds of miles of bottom-lands, seeking to protect them from the overflow; but back in the swamps to this day, one finds the people building their homes on the high places. Some even keep skiffs, rafts, and houseboats at their cotton plantations in order to have an ark of refuge when a levee breaks or is topped by the waters.

People who live far from the Mississippi banks, in the depths of the swamp-lands, watch the water-flow in their nearest bayous or rivers or delta streams with anxiety born of long and unhappy experience. Down on the Atchafayala, one finds people who read the waters better than sailors read the wind. Every morning the "swamp angel" goes to the bayou bank and gazes long at the water. Perhaps the bank is twenty feet high, and the water red. He knows then that Red River has the Mississippi "edded" — that Red River is higher than the Mississippi. Perhaps the water rises day by day, week after week, and continues to be red in shade. Then the water-gazer detects a change. The red shade becomes a tinge lighter, and there is a difference in the send and lunge of the waters.

"Hi-i-i!" the swamp man exclaims, "Ole Mississipp's a-risin'!"

Little by little the Mississippi waters overcome the Red River ones. Red River is "edded," backed up by the superior flow of the great stream. The time comes when the bayou is as yellow as the Mississippi, and is rising under the impulse of waters from Wisconsin, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, instead of a flow across the plains from the Rockies. There are men who claim to detect an Ohio rise by the look of the waters in the swamps of Louisiana.

When Atchafayala is bank-full, the water pours to right and left into the

swamps over the "low lands." The high land and low land of the Mississippi bottoms is one of the most surprising of Mississippi features. At New Orleans one hears of a ridge between the city and Lake Pontchartrain. A man from a hill country has a vision of a massy height of land, with gullies and steep places and far views. But that ridge which is historic in the annals of Louisiana rises about three feet eight inches above the surrounding lowlands. They measure their hills and valleys with six-inch rules in the lower regions of the bottoms. I was going down Atchafayala a few years ago, when an old fisherman asked me to take particular notice of a highland on the left bank half a mile down stream.

"Why," he said, "that land's four inches higher than any other land for twenty miles along 'Chaffelli! I'm going to build a house there, yassuh!"

For days after the whole of the surrounding region was under water, this height of land was above the level. Back there, fifty miles from the Mississippi, and as far from any height of land above the overflow, the swamp people watch for the long flood wave which rolls down the Mississippi in memorable years, as some people watch for droughts, others for financial panics, and still others for flights of grasshoppers or visitations of boll-weevils.

At no other time is the Mississippi so impressive and majestic as during "high water." When the river is out of its banks near the crest of the levees, excitement and dread is in the heart of every lowlander. If anything happens, the blow will fall on him. At such times, every man has his duty to perform. Cattle, horses, and hogs are driven to the highlands, — perhaps rafted across the sipe water to Crowley's ridge, or driven swimming by canoe men from knoll to knoll, to safety above overflows. Everything is made as ready as can be against the possibility of the levee breaking — against the dreaded crevasse. Men walk the levee, Winchester in hand, along regular

sentry beats day and night, watching and listening for the noise of flowing water. If a little stream once breaks through the levee, it will quickly wear away a hole, and the hole, if not filled in time, may widen to a break half a mile wide, through which the flood waters would flow, inundating and killing countless cotton plants, besides tearing up and ruining square miles of land.

Muskrats, crawfish, rotten sticks, and men are the makers of crevasses. Where the river flows between two levees, and the high water is coming higher, threatening both east and west bottoms, human nature says, "Thou shalt die ere I die!" Hence the Winchesters. If one can break away the levee opposite, the flood pressure will be relieved, on the home levee.

There is another notable spectacle to be seen at the highest of a flood. When the water comes close to the levee-top, and the levee protects a thickly populated lowland, sacks are filled with dirt and piled on the levee. If hands are scarce, the white men get on their horses, ride out and herd the stout negroes, and perhaps miles of levee are banked higher by these not-too-willing workers. Thus at Helena, Arkansas, one spring, the citizens of that city held back the flood that was two feet higher than the permanent levee-top, by piling on earth-filled sacks.

In whatever direction one may turn his attention, the Mississippi overshadows all the bottom-lands. What winter is to the mountains, droughts to the plains, blights and fungi to the market-gardener, and frosts to the orange-grower, floods are to the people of the Mississippi lowlands. From the mountains of southwest Virginia to the Red River raft, people date their traditions from the flood years, — the tide of 1867, the flood of 1903.

The manifestations of the river strength are so many that the white men, like the Indians, cannot regard it as a mere phenomenon. "He's shore comin' this mohnin'!" a shanty-boater says, watching the surge of a river rise swaggering down some wide crossing. "He's feelin'

purty ca'man' decent, yassuh!" the same man will remark when the river is holding steady at the nine-foot stage, say, on a quiet October afternoon.

In the hearts of the river people — the shanty-boater, the riverside dwellers, and the people of the lonely bends — one finds clear manifestations of the spirit of the river. The old river man takes his moods from the river. When the river is ugly and rising — when, for instance, there are about 750 grains of sediment to the cubic foot of water, and the river is at a 45-foot stage — the face of the river man clouds and his tongue becomes tart and surly. But when there are only about 250 grains of sediment to the cubic foot of water, and the stage is down to 7 or 8 feet above low-water mark, the river man is likely to be in a cheerful mood, "singing like a blackbird."

The ice and drift are the ugliest of river phenomena. No man on the river is cheerful when the ice comes grinding down from the Ohio or Upper Mississippi. One might think a sunshiny February day would bring good cheer and gentleness to a heart, but not so on the river. That is one of the harshest of river facts. At Rosedale, Mississippi, a few years ago, — to illustrate, — a man started across the river in a skiff. Ice was flowing by, but the fleets seemed scattered and harmless as they poured by to the music of bird songs in the radiance of spring sunshine. The man was more than half-way across, when a great mass of ice came circling around and around in the fleet toward him. He saw it coming, — saw the tree trunks grinding around, and heard the ice-pack screaming. The ice closed in on him, surrounded him in spite of his stoutest pulling at the oars, twisted his boat into fragments, and then sucked him down, screaming, into the mass. A minute later the frozen whirlpool flung apart, and the fragments scattered and bobbed serenely in the afternoon sunlight.

On the other hand, the river never is more buoyant and cheering to those close to it, than when the settled gloom of win-

try cold, sleet, and night is upon it. Just when the human soul is oppressed by the sadness and terror of a lonely bend, something comes dancing down the murk, and with an exclamation of inexplicable joy, the river man reaches for his fiddle or banjo and begins to sing — not a boisterous, reveling song, but some strange incantation, some weird, exhilarating chant whose inspiration is found in the breadths and depths and murks of a Mississippi night.

One can express the Mississippi River in cubic feet. In the morning, on December 3, 1901, the gauge-reading at Helena, Arkansas, was 1.5 feet. The area of the cross section of the river water was 51,100 square feet. The mean velocity of the current was 2.19 feet per second. The discharge per second was 112,000 cubic feet. That afternoon, a subtle change had come over the stream. It is expressed by a gauge reading of 1.53 feet, a velocity of only 1.93 feet per second, and a discharge of 99,000 cubic feet per second. The river was higher, but flowing slower — loafing along, as one might say.

The same phenomenon is observable when the river is high. Thus, on March 23, 1903, the gauge-reading at Helena was 50.4 feet. The area of the cross-section was 210,500 square feet. The velocity of the current was 6.71 feet per second. The discharge per second was 1,413,000 cubic feet. On the 24th, the water was .28 feet higher, the cross section was 1500 feet greater, but the discharge was 43,000 cubic feet less per second because the velocity was .25 feet slower per second.

The river is never twice alike. There are a dozen different velocities for each tenth of an inch gauge-reading. Sometimes the river rises fast, sometimes slowly. It may drop twice as fast at one time as at another. Sometimes the flow seems to "bank up" in a bend, and again the current sucks along apparently unresisted. The seeing eyes of the river men see the ugliness of a coming flood-wave in the look of a crossing or reach. Again, they catch the gentleness of the slacking

and loafing waters by the wash of an eddy under a wide sand-bar.

Whether one gazes upon the river with the eye of a mathematician or of a poet, the result is the same. One finds himself face to face with a great creature whose moods one may partly express in cubic feet and velocities, and partly in words descriptive of psychological phenomena. Complete expression of the subject seems out of question.

In due course, perhaps humanity will add to its means of description. For some time past there has been an effort to express the river in terms of mere dollars and cents. One is bound to say that the endeavor has not been without success. Thus, the Mississippi River Commission has received and expended "in specific appropriations" by Congress, \$52,179,555.51. To this might be added many scores of millions put in by state and private endeavor. Possibly, the significance of the vast amount may be better understood if one mentions the fact that in Lake Providence Reach \$3,863,741.51 was spent in an effort to gain a navigable depth of 9 feet of water through the shifting sands. About 7 feet was actually secured. On Ashbrook Neck, on about a mile of river, \$655,878.56 has been spent to prevent a cut-off — a short cut across a narrow strip of land — which would change the regimen of the river.

To the money already expended, it is now expected a sufficient sum will be added to discover how much it will cost to "tame and control" the largest and most uncertain river in America.

Perhaps there is no fact regarding the attempts to make a tame and navigable stream of the Mississippi more interesting than the one that contractors and boomers demand that the river itself be controlled, at a least possible cost of \$200,000,000. Between New Orleans and Cape Girardeau there are hundreds of miles of caving banks and rolling waves of sands to be matted and jettied, in order to secure a permanent depth of 14 feet throughout the channel's course. A

canal dug down the river lowlands would reduce the distance from over 1000 miles to less than 600 miles. The cost of dredging a canal down the bottoms, putting in the twenty-five or thirty necessary locks and rights of way, would amount, all told, to less than \$75,000,000. The canal would, at one stroke, solve the question of draining the St. Francis and Tensas bottoms. It would reduce the cost of maintaining a navigable channel of 14 feet permanent depth from \$10,000,000 a year to less than \$1,500,000, and it would cut the time required to secure a 14-foot channel from an uncertain number of years to two or three years.

The fact that the Mississippi Valley demands the taming of the Mississippi itself can be traced to the river's own lawless challenge flaunted in the face of humanity time out of mind. The people of the Mississippi Valley are at heart not so anxious for a deep-water way and for the sight of ocean-going steamers at the wharves of St. Louis, Vicksburg, Memphis, and other river towns, as they are for the sight of the river humbled and humiliated and in shackles.

The Mississippi is the greatest irritant in the United States. Its fickleness, conscious power, and taunting eddies bring oaths to the lips of the most respectable and law-abiding residents along its lower course. The greatest admirers of the river, the people who sing its praises with the most emphasis, are the ones who go off on a tangent of temper quickest when

they find a new caving of river-bank headed toward the newest and most expensive levee, built to protect great plantations, while just across the stream arise worthless bluffs and useless sand-bars. Talk to a Mississippi River man, — shanty-boater, pilot, raftsmen, plantation owner, or city merchant, — and he will brag about the river wonders. Its bigness charms him, and makes him feel large and elated. Bring him around to his own experiences with it, and suddenly a shade of resentment crosses his face, as he recalls a shanty-boat wrecked by a cyclone, a steamboat snagged, a raft torn up in some bend, a plantation under-cut and washed away, or a season's trade spoiled by an overflow and crevasse.

"We love the river, damn it!" is a literal expression.

The river is a constant invitation to battle, and there is to-day no more remarkable or suggestive spectacle anywhere than that of millions of people making ready to clinch with the influence they call "Ole Mississipp'!"

The river is no mere problem in mathematics; it cannot be expressed in terms of poetry; its complete history is beyond the ken of man. It is a mystery of longing and power, striving through the ages toward the consummation of some titanic ambition for quiet flowing, down a beautiful, gently-sloping valley among the wide vistas of an orderly continent. This is, perhaps, as close to the meaning of the river as one can come.

THESE ENCHANTED WOODS

BY ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

Enter these enchanted woods
You who dare.

I SAT on the edge of the pine wood which stretched in a gradual slope up the hill. I was completing a sketch of a clump of pine-needles, etching them in with ink, and putting an aura of peacock-blue about them,—an experiment which, while recalling the drawings of Japanese artists, conveyed the sense of vague mystery peculiar to our western landscape. I was well satisfied with the work I had done in Surrey: the woods themselves seemed shaped in happiest circumstance, and pictures encountered me at every step, while the atmosphere at that time of year—it was late summer—possessed some special quality of revelation, so that as a rule I was able to pierce without effort to the very spirit of the scene. What was most delightful to me, however, was the feeling that I was on the verge of an æsthetic discovery, on the threshold of an artistic experience; that the pine woods held a secret which perhaps it would be mine to surprise and interpret. Once, in a sun-burst of radiance that turned the ground metallic with copper and bronze, I thought I had caught it; and once again, in a terrible twilight alive with strange noise; but the senses were not quick enough to respond, to focus the impression, and the moment passed.

That day, as I sat half-mechanically etching in the pine-needles, it seemed to me that the mystery was again not far away. It was a gray day, a little cold and breathless, with that pause and strain in the air which suggests the concentration of vast forces. The gloom between the trees became a tangible shadow, and the needle-strewn ground turned stone-color. It was only four o'clock in the afternoon,

and I wondered if a storm threatened. I began putting my things together when my eye was caught by a dark flapping movement coming down the hill between the trees: then I realized that it must be that chap Connell, in the long, odd-looking cape he always affected. He was a tall young fellow, strongly and loosely built, but thin; with black hair, rather absurdly long, and extraordinary dark eyes set in a pale, handsome face. He would have been striking in any costume, but I confess the slight eccentricity in his dress—his green ties and soft hats—rather prejudiced me against him; and though we had been lodging in the same village during the summer, we were no more than casual acquaintances. An insignificant fellow like myself can wear almost anything without attracting notice; but I thought it rather bad form in Connell to force attention to his already remarkable appearance. He was coming down toward me quickly, with a scared face, and when he reached me he merely nodded, threw himself on the ground quite close, and buried his face in his hands. I went on putting up my materials, indifferent to his presence, and after a while he twisted himself round and sat staring at me intently. It was an interesting face,—I had never before realized how interesting; the brows had the architecture and shadow of thought and imagination, and the eyes unusual depth and strangeness.

"I've found a good subject for you to sketch, a little way up the hill," he said in a rather strained voice. "Can you come and look at it now? I don't want you to miss it."

"All right," I said. "I can leave my paraphernalia under a bush. It's getting too dark to do much more to-day."

He chafed a little as I leisurely finished

my packing. There was a curious eagerness about him.

We began climbing the hill. We were seven or eight miles from the village where we both lodged, and I had never been up this hill before. Under the trees it was much clearer than I had expected; the light was like a medium of liquid gray that mellowed and enriched the sombre coloring of bole and foliage, and emphasized detail to its finest edge. The days that give at the same time full tones with minute intricacies are rare, and I was beginning to regret that I had not brought my paint-box, when my attention was caught by a building we were approaching right among the trees. It was some way off yet and its outline confused by the pine-stems, but a long façade of stone was distinguishable, with stone embrasures and a stone-pillared entrance arch.

"What a curious situation for a house!" I exclaimed. "No road to it, no carriage drive, no path even, — and the pines growing almost against the windows!"

"You see it too, then," said Connell in a low voice. "Come a little farther, where you can get a better view."

He advanced a step or two, and then paused. If this was Connell's picture, it was certainly one of extreme beauty. For composition, for color, he had chosen a unique spot, an inspired moment. There was an enchanting delicacy in the intersection of lines made by the pine-stems growing up the bank and barring faintly the stone of the house; the detail of the building, the battlements, the stone device above the porch, the carvings of the stone embrasures, had the intricacy and definition that distance gives when there is a clear light between. I took out my notebook which I always carried in my pocket, and began sketching in the scene with pencil. But color was wanted to do justice to the picture; and I tried rapidly to memorize the veiled radiance of the stone, that threw into sombre dusk of a new depth and quality the smoky blue of

the pine foliage and the rusty yellows of the foreground. The house shone with pale light in a circle of dim rich gloom, and I foresaw the difficulty of making this light convincing on canvas; the luminous lichens on the pillars of the porch, the weather-worn surface of the stone, which gave opportunity to impalpable reflections and contrasts, — these accounted only partly for the vaguely diffused glow, which held the eye by its strangeness.

While I was sketching, Connell remained silent, looking at the house.

"Do you know Henri Le Sidaner's pictures?" I asked, "those moonlit blanks of wall that suggest so convincingly the life inside — a life that by reason of its simplicity is allied to the mysteries? I would like to give this house in my picture the same quality of suggestion, but it suggests something different, something more complex, — wonder, — terror, —"

"The unknown," said Connell slowly. "Le Sidaner reaches the spirit, the essence of exquisite familiar things; but this house holds — do you not feel? — some transcending secret."

"I would like to convey that impression," I answered. "I would like to paint it as it appears to me now, — a thing of romance, of dream, extraordinarily real, and yet not exactly material. I've been looking for this all the summer," I added. "I knew it was in the woods somewhere."

"You *knew*," Connell repeated, "you *knew*, — and I fancied that I alone —" He startled me, he was so serious.

"Have you been up to the house?" I asked. "I won't go any nearer, — I want to keep this impression intact."

"I have been — up to the house," he replied.

"What is it? Some open-air-cure place? The shell of an Elizabethan manor?"

"It won't hurt your conception if you come a little bit nearer," said Connell; "it will be better, — I want you to —"

"Oh, very well," I answered, thinking

his manner strange; "but mind, you'll be responsible if I lose the inspiration."

We got a less clear view as we went on, owing to the conformation of the ground and the sudden crowding of the pine-stems, but a step or two farther brought the building full in sight. I went a few paces nearer, — then stopped abruptly. There was nothing in front of me but the pine-stems growing up a slope, and the stone-colored ground; façade, windows, battlements, pillars, archway, — all had vanished.

I could hardly believe my senses, — so vivid, so actual had been the illusion. I turned to Connell in amazement. "Yes, I've lost it too," he said.

"Look here, Connell, — you're playing a joke on me. You've manoeuvred a flank movement, or something of that sort. I thought we were making straight for the house, but you've turned us off somewhere. However, it's getting late, and if we're to explore the place at all, we must hurry up."

"There's no house, there's no place," said Connell in a low voice, speaking rapidly; "we saw what you said, — a thing of faery, of romance, of dream, — a little bit of one of the great kingdoms that interpenetrate the material world suddenly, inexplicably made visible, —"

I hardly listened to what he said. I was bitterly disappointed. I had been fooled, — fooled by a mere optical illusion. Nature does sometimes play these cruel tricks upon us. How could I paint my picture when I knew my subject to be a phantom, dependent on a fortuitous arrangement of light and shadow, — a deception induced by the slope of the hill and the pine-stems? And yet, what a stupendous deception it had been, convincing alike in its details and in its completeness!

"So much for the truth of our sense-impressions!" I exclaimed. "My picture's ruined, of course. We'd better go home. It's getting colder."

"Let me see your sketch," said Connell.

I handed him the book.

"You drew exactly what you saw? You added nothing from imagination?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"And yet you maintain that this palace, definite in every minutest particular, proportioned, finished, perfect, was a mere illusion?"

"I'm forced to suppose so. I confess I can't explain in the least how the effect was produced. True, the ground is not unlike the color of stone, and the crooked pine-stems might in the distance take the shape of carved windows, — but —"

Connell interrupted me. "I know what you will say, — but this barely touches the fringe of the problem. This only asserts that the light, the atmosphere, the color, were sympathetic. This only means that we were attuned to vibrations that in ordinary circumstances would have failed to reach us, that we were made partners in a mystery that would otherwise have passed us by."

"I don't understand you," I remarked abruptly.

"And yet you said that you *knew* that this palace was somewhere in the woods, — you said you had been looking for it. Like me, you have been expecting to surprise the hidden secret, — to glimpse the vision, the revelation —"

"Are you trying to make out that the 'palace' as you call it, was a thing of actual existence?"

"Yes, of actual existence. Not of material existence, as we understand matter, though doubtless it was built of some subtler form of matter, or it would have eluded us altogether. It's not unusual for a moment to overstep the sense-limitations, and the interpenetration of various planes of being is common knowledge. As a rule, we crash unconsciously through all the crystal loveliness of our surrounding worlds, and trample upon their divine blooms. But sometimes our eyes are opened —"

"This is merely fanciful," I began.

"The poets have seen!" cried Connell with passion, "and experience has

been the scaffolding for their dream structures. Do you suppose Mrs. Browning's 'Lost Bower' was a mere imagination? It transcended the loveliness of the world she knew; but for a time it was definitely about her.

"Mystic Presences of power
Had upsnatched me to the Timeless, then
returned me to the Hour.

Can you deny that our palace produced an impression deeper, stronger, more mysterious than the ordinary sights that meet our eyes? Your sketch is inspired, every line of it alive with magic, with what is to us incalculable, unaccountable; because you have seen through the veil, have captured the beyond —"

I shook my head. "You're not an artist, Connell. My sketch is nothing but a clever impression. What you say is interesting, and I've heard something of the theory that thoughts are things, if that's what you're driving at. But why seek so far-fetched an explanation? We happened to be in an impressionable mood, and our active imaginations, working upon this mirage arranged by nature, produced the illusion that deceived us both."

"I'm very sorry you think that way," said Connell. "I wanted your help — badly."

"You can have that in any case," I answered.

"You mean it?" said Connell. "After all, you saw the thing, you drew it, your real self is convinced, though reason may hang out its paltry denials. Anyhow you are interested enough to explore further."

"What is there to explore?"

"The palace," said Connell; "the inside."

I stared at him in amazement. "Pine-needles and pine-roots," I murmured.

"For years," he said earnestly, "I have been seeking this experience, this opportunity. I have read, I have studied, I have meditated, — and now you and I stand on the threshold of actual knowledge. I must go on, — by myself if necessary, — go through the archway of the

palace into the courtyard beyond, into a realm untrodden, unknown, —"

"But you forget, — our palace has vanished into air, into thin air."

"It can be materialized, — sufficiently materialized at least for us to enter it. I must pierce to the heart of the mystery. I must obtain certainty, absolute certainty, — I must grasp the essence of beauty that burns in poets' dreams."

I did not think him mad. In this age the regions of the possible have been so indefinitely extended that no one may venture to proclaim their confines. We have learned to receive at least with courtesy the most incredible ideas. The time has gone by for educated people to approach the mystical and the occult with cheap sneers. Personally, though I could not explain the emotion and unrest induced in me by the phantom palace, I held it an effect of imagination working on circumstance; but I was willing to allow that something might possibly be said for Connell's contention. As a matter of fact, he said a great deal for it as we walked home together through the pine woods. He talked well, in a low voice, with large and ample gesture, pausing sometimes in the twilight to emphasize his points: a strange figure, his head uncovered, his eyes shining. Much of his talk was above and beyond me, but it was alive, and full of suggestion, — indeed the very landscape seemed mobile under its influence. When he spoke of Eastern symbolisms, the pine trees clumped into the forms of faintly gleaming Buddhas, their myriad arms of power stretching beneath clouds of heavy smoke; we were walking among the shrines of forces, magnetic, terrible. When he touched upon the unending flux of matter, a wave of motion seemed suddenly to overwhelm the wood, and the pines began marching and countermarching in interminable procession, multiplying down far vistas. When he spoke of the fairylands created out of the core of weariness and disillusion, I almost apprehended threads of opalescence floating in the gloom. And

when he spoke of the Supreme, the blue of night grew with a solemnity that was tragic to a soul suddenly unprepared to meet it.

Connell certainly had the poetic gift in a high degree, the gift of evoking images, of awakening emotions, and during our walk he quite carried me off my feet. We took up again a more normal relationship when he came with me to my cottage for a meal of bread and cheese. He looked rather haggard under the lamp, and his rapid walk and gesticulation had disheveled his appearance a little: his hair was tossed and his green tie astray. His excitement struck me as somewhat feverish, and I determined to keep watch over his movements, for there might be danger in the absorbing fascination of the subjects that attracted him. The phantom in the wood, the vision, whatever it was, had set his emotional nature aflame, and no longer under the spell of his eloquence I observed with some misgiving the passion of his gestures and the unnatural brightness of his eyes.

He ate hardly anything; he refused to smoke. After supper, while I was lighting my pipe, he remarked, "I'm afraid I've wandered a good deal from the subject of this afternoon's adventure. But my point is this: if I find a way of making the palace material, — will you come inside with me?"

"How will you find a way?" I asked.

"It is a question of vibration," he answered; "as this universe is built upon vibrations, so are all the universes beyond. Light, heat, sound, electricity, depend upon waves and rhythms; look at wireless telegraphy — the whole gamut of life upon this planet is but the beating pulse of the Word. Even mechanical vibrations set up a living current, as the Thibetans understand when they make their prayer-wheels. And it is well-known that music builds form."

"How does this bear upon the subject?"

"I'm horribly discursive, — incoherent as well, I fear. Has it never occurred

to you to consider the vibrations of a pine wood? Millions and millions of needles, quivering year in, year out, to the faintest breath of wind, — strings struck by the storm into infinitudes of harmony, — an instrument delicate and multitudinous beyond all conceiving? If vibrations, if music create form, imagine the structures of splendor that must inhabit a pine wood!"

"You imply that the palace we saw — like the vision of Abt Vogler — was built out of sound vibrations?"

"No. Our palace was too largely infused with some intense emotional quality to have been built by mechanical means."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I suppose you have n't studied the magical tradition at all?" asked Connell. I shook my head. "Then you don't know much about the power of incantation — vibration again — a succession of sounds and rhythms framed to penetrate to planes beyond ours? It's a dangerous study, for you may chance upon some word of might that may bring down upon you forces that will shrivel you to dust. But I have learned to walk warily in this path. And as by incantation one can call up spirits from the vasty deep, so by incantation I intend to call up once again, and to enter, the palace in the wood."

"I don't approve of this meddling with things we know nothing about," I said bluntly. "I daresay there's a good deal in occultism and magic, — I'm inclined to think there is, — but most of us have n't reached a stage when it's safe to make risky experiments. If that palace in the woods was the effect of magic, well, it came to us unsought, and was indeed the most exquisite piece of beauty I have ever seen; but it is a very different matter to go out and try to evoke a vision by means of forces of which we know absolutely nothing."

"Our ignorance is not so profound as all that," said Connell. "When you think of it, incantation is a common enough

thing in daily life, though not always recognized, and all poetry that is real poetry is incantation, magic,—the awakening of raptures and ecstasies by inspired rhythms and sounds. There are, however, other ways; for vibrations attract to themselves subtle forms of matter, which they ensoul. But I need n't enter into this, since you don't sympathize."

Indeed I thought it better to turn the conversation to saner subjects, and soon after this Connell took his leave. We made an appointment to meet next day in the pine wood, I to demonstrate that our palace was a mere coincidence of soil and root, and he to prove if possible that it was a dream made solid. But in vain we sought to recover the spot whence the illusion had been obtained; sought in vain to trace anything resembling the outlines of a house among the confused pine-stems. The wood which yesterday had seemed athrob with vitality and tense with meaning, was to-day empty, languid, commonplace. We who yesterday had believed ourselves thrilled by the breath of genuine inspiration were to-day a couple of tricked idiots wasting our time in trying to recapture a transitory effect of light.

Connell had taken my sketch-book, and having apparently obtained his bearings, he began tracing on a flat piece of ground among the pine-needles, with a pine-branch he had sharpened, certain geometrical diagrams covering some ten feet in circumference. He stripped and sharpened other pine-branches which he set up within the circle.

I watched him idly. "What are you doing?" I asked.

"To-night it will be full moon," he answered. "To-night I am going to make my experiment."

"It involves the use of these bits of stick?"

I suppose my tone offended him. "I don't care to explain," he said.

I could make some guess at his object. He was anxious, evidently, to mark a particular spot with exactitude, and little as

I knew of the subject, I had no doubt that within the circle he was drawing an intricacy of magical figures. This mystery-mongering was distasteful to me; nevertheless, as he drew I could not help feeling that these trceries were affecting me with a kind of mesmeric influence. Connell's long stooping figure and flapping cloak, which should have appeared merely grotesque, seemed somehow tragic, and I laid a hand on his arm.

"Come away, my dear fellow, and leave all this. It is n't healthy. You've been living too long by yourself,—brooding too much. You've been dabbling in forbidden lore. You ought to leave the country altogether, and mix awhile in a crowd. I'll go with you if you like. Let's take the next train up to London. We'll get a snack at a restaurant somewhere and look in at the Empire—"

He disengaged himself gently. "And yesterday," he said, "you saw the vision."

It was ridiculous, but he made me feel ashamed of myself,—as if I had intruded with some unpardonable triviality into a sacred place. Indeed, I had made the proposal partly in self-defense, because I could not shake myself free of the impression that some unguessed meaning underlay the illusion that had tricked us. I half expected and half feared the recurrence of the phantom, and my glances kept seeking the place where I supposed it had stood; but the slopes continued empty of all suggestion. Under such circumstances the imagination is unnaturally stimulated and is apt to create deceiving shapes; and I felt that if I stayed much longer in the wood, I should see things, without being able to distinguish if they were of my own fancy, or had individual existence.

"Come along, Connell, there's a good fellow," I urged. "Anyhow, suppose we go back to my diggings for a quiet smoke and chat—"

"Please leave me," said Connell. "I'm sorry to have bothered you at all with my talk and theories,—and I'm

better alone. To be frank, I think you're rather a disturbing influence here. Do you mind leaving me?"

His tone was too gentle for me to take offense; besides, I had got to have a liking for the man. His strangeness, which struck the outsider as an affectation, was in reality of the very fibre of his character; there was indeed a ring of absolute sincerity in all he said and did, together with some quality of sweetness that made strong appeal to friendship. But what most attracted was the sense he conveyed of that indescribable thing we call genius. His talk was more than clever talk, it had inspiration, — he could fire the mind and sway the emotions, and suggest in flashing juxtaposition new facets of beauty and of truth. I liked him, I liked him very much. So I took no offense at his words, but hung about a while, expecting him to join me. At last it struck me as undignified to be waiting so long on his good pleasure, and I turned my steps homeward. I walked slowly, thinking he would catch me up; for nearly an hour I sat on an open hill watching the sunset; then, determining to delay no longer, I plunged once more into the pine woods, and made for home.

But once inside my cottage, I was seized with an extraordinary unrest. I tried to concentrate my attention on the evening paper, — in vain; I engaged my garrulous landlady in conversation, — in vain: I saw nothing but Connell's cloaked figure flapping among the pine-stems which seemed to be shifting ceaselessly in intricate diagrams. After supper I became so uneasy that I went round to Connell's lodgings to assure myself of his safety. He had not come back. Surely he was not waiting till moon-rise to carry out any mad-brained scheme? Instinctively, without reflection, I turned my steps away from the village. It was ten o'clock, and dark; still, it might be possible to trace the path through the woods. I did not stop to consider the absurdity of such an expedition, the possibility of my missing Connell, the use-

lessness of my joining him. I was possessed of an unreasoning anxiety on his account, and my only thought was to find him. This desire so took hold of me that I rushed along blindly, almost unaware of obstacles and difficulties; but soon such headlong progress became impracticable. Where the foliage overhead was thick, I had to grope my way, and though I am courageous by nature the darkness, the loneliness, the unnatural stillness inspired me with terror. This night was not as other nights. There were unknown forces lurking round, — whether maleficent or beneficent I had no means of guessing; and my whole will was bent on stifling perception, lest I should surprise some sight transcending experience in beauty or horror. This wild effort of shutting out from consciousness something that pressed nearer and nearer, with sounds almost audible and shape almost visible, made my walk a nightmare; but I stumbled on, covering the ground somehow, till a deathly paleness struck dimly through the woods. Then, with a sense of overwhelming relief, I realized that the moon would not be long in rising.

As I crossed the valley, the wooded hill that had contained the phantom palace took filmy definition. The landscape beyond the valley's length expanded into distances so remote that I felt as if my power of vision had been miraculously augmented. My sight went over soft intricacies of misty silver to horizons beyond horizons, and all the vagueness spoke with a tender meaning, so that there was no point too far to be beyond my reading of its implications. So alien an experience cut me away suddenly from common humanity, isolated me in a white silence, and the horror of loneliness possessed me. My nature called out for companionship, for Connell, — I seemed to be dissipating in the vastness, and struggled in vain to recover my accustomed limitations.

Then from those spheres beyond the reach of our senses, there struck a chord of notes, penetrating in sweetness, a pil-

lar of sound attaining heights and depths unapprehended by normal hearing, embracing subtleties of interval too delicate to be discriminated by our ordinary coarse perceptions. It seemed as if every tone in the whole stretch of creation had been touched: and the harmony was so complete, the range so vast, that the body quivered as if caught in the wind of some stupendous revolution.

I could not bear the burden of such amplitude; so exquisite a perfection hurt past enduring; and instinctively I sought cover beneath the trees, to cage me from these crushing expansions.

Then, floating down the hill, came a voice, Connell's voice, in a chant, rising and falling with rhythmic monotony, now low, now loud, entreating and commanding, curiously human amid all its strangeness. The sense of his presence helped me to recover my balance a little, and I hastened my climbing, led by the sound of his voice. Then when I had nearly reached him in the centre of his circle, I stopped, gasping.

There stood the palace on the slope, a thing shining and radiant beyond thought or dream. The moon herself seemed to be burning in the structure, and the barring pine-stems were melted to transparency by the intense light. The weather-worn stone of window and battlement and archway, caressed by faint shadows, spiritualized to attenuation, was instinct with life; a tracery of rose-stems clipped the fissures, and a few pink roses blossomed in the glow. Impossible to doubt the actuality of this building, impossible to deny the power of unknown forces that lurked behind its walls, impossible to resist the call of its beauty and its terror. If the thing remained standing, if Connell succeeded in making his way to the entrance, if he dared the dreadful step of crossing the threshold into the unknown, I determined that I would not be behind; we might be shattered to dust or blasted to ashes, but the experience must be braved, the adventure culminated.

Again came that infinite chord of notes

upon the air, but this time quite near, striking with deafening vibrations upon the senses, till the nerves almost snapped under the strain, and consciousness itself was nearly overwhelmed. Then a flight of shadows began chasing over the surface of the palace as if the moon were being obscured by driving clouds.

In a passing gleam I caught the wildness of Connell's face, and stepped into the circle.

"Connell!" I cried, "Connell!"

He gripped my hand. "Come!" he whispered.

We had hardly proceeded more than a few steps when the whole wood rattled with all the winds of heaven suddenly let loose. We were plunged in a chaos of noise, — of roaring and hisses and shrieks, of shouting and wild laughter, — voices that were not of the storm, that were not of the earth. The ground itself became unstable, and seethed with a whirling mass of atoms, while branches from a tossing ocean above came crashing through the air amid flying forms. Still we struggled on, the darkness increasing, the house now lost and now visible amid the confusion. But it endured. At last only a strip of slightly rising ground divided us from our goal. Lashed and blinded by the storm, bewildered by its fury, scarce able to stand against its force, the palace yet loomed vaguely before us in all its vastness, and it seemed as if lights flashed now and again across the windows and through the shadows of the arch.

And now, so close to this manifestation of the unknown, unreasoning terror came upon me again with irresistible force. Something awful in its appearance subdued me with a groveling sense of weakness, something sinister in its aspect struck a tremor through my frame. The wind had decreased a little in violence, and I tried to make myself heard of Connell. "Enough of this madness!" I uttered hoarsely. He turned upon me a rapt face. "You shall not go!" I cried, gripping his arm. He moved forward,

dragging me with him. At every step, the terror increased upon me; I felt that I was approaching forces so tremendous that imagination quailed before them. They drew me as by a magnet, and I knew that in another moment we must both be swept into the vortex. Exerting all my strength, I tried to draw Connell back, but he was taller and stronger than I, in a state of exaltation; and he shook me off easily. I swung from him, stumbled, caught my foot in some undergrowth and fell, a great flash of lightning almost blinding me, followed by the swirl of a cloudburst and a roar of thunder breaking in my very ears.

I must have lain there a long time; consciousness came with a sense of aching limbs. At first I could not remember why I was lying out on a brier-patch in the pine woods, wet to the skin; then slowly

memory returned. With sore pain I struggled to my feet, — the sun was up, revealing a scene of devastation. Along the rim of the pine wood, where last night the palace had been, whole series of pine trees were torn up by their roots; the ground where I had lain was strewn by pine-branches and heaped with eddies and whirls of pine-needles. But where was Connell?

That question has never been answered. In high fever as I was, I searched the woods for hours, and when my strength failed me I gave the alarm, and the whole country was scoured. But he was never found. I had expected that he would not be. For I knew that Connell had dared the experiment, had culminated the adventure, had passed through the archway into the unknown beyond.

SAINT R. L. S.

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

SULTRY and brazen was the August day
When Sister Stanislaus came down to see
The little boy with the tuberculous knee.

And as she thought to find him, so he lay:
Still staring, through the dizzy waves of heat,
At the tall tenement across the street.

But did he see that dreary picture? Nay,
In his mind's eye a sunlit harbor showed,
Where a tall pirate ship at anchor rode.

Yes, he was full ten thousand miles away. —
(The Sister, when she turned his pillow over,
Kissed *Treasure Island* on its well-worn cover.)

ON THE FRENCH SHORE OF CAPE BRETON

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

SUMMER comes late along the Cape Breton shore; and even while it stays there is something a little diffident and ticklish about it, as if each clear warm day might perhaps be the last.

Though by early June the fields are in their first emerald, there are no flowers yet. The little convent girls who carry the banners at the head of the Corpus Christi procession at Augette wear wreaths of artificial lilies of the valley and marguerites over their white veils, and often enough their teeth chatter with cold before the completion of the long march, — out from the church portals westward by the populous street, then up through the steep open fields to the old calvary on top of the hill, then back to the church along the grass-grown upper road, far above the roofs, in full view of the wide bay.

Despite some discomforts, the procession is a very great event; every house along the route is decked out with bunting or flags or a bright home-made carpet, hung from a window. Pots of tall geraniums in scarlet bloom have been set out on the steps; and numbers of little evergreen trees, or birches newly in leaf, have been brought in from the country and bound to the fences. Along the roadside are gathered all the Acadians from the neighboring parishes, devoutly gay, enchanted with the pious spectacle. The choir, following after the richly canopied Sacrament and swinging censers, are chanting psalms of benediction and thanksgiving; banners and flags and veils flutter in the wind; the harbor, ice-bound so many months, is flecked with dancing white-caps and purple shadows: surely summer cannot be far off.

"When once the ice has done passing down there," they say, — "which may

happen any time now — you will see! Perhaps all in a day the change will come. The fog that creeps in so cold at night — it will all be sucked up; the sky will be clear as glass down to the very edge of the water. Ah, the fine season it will be!"

That is the way summer arrives on the Acadian shore: everything bursting pell-mell into bloom; daisies and buttercups and August flowers rioting in the fields, lilacs and roses shedding their fragrance in sheltered gardens; and over all the world a drench of unspeakable sunlight.

You could never forget your first sight of Augette if you entered its narrow harbor at this divine moment. Steep, low hills, destitute of trees, set a singularly definite sky-line just behind; and the town runs — dawdles, rather — in a thin, wavering band for some miles sheer on the edge of the water. Eight or ten wharves, some of them fallen into dilapidation, jut out at intervals from clumps of weatherbeaten storehouses; and a few small vessels, it may be, are lying up alongside or anchored idly off shore. Only the occasional sound of a creaking block or of a wagon rattling by on the hard roadway breaks the silence.

Along the street the houses elbow one another in neighborly groups, or straggle out in single file, separated by bits of declivitous white-fenced yard; and to the westward, a little distance up the hill, sits the square church, far outvying every other edifice in size and dignity, glistening white, with a tall bronze Virgin on the peak of the roof, — Our Lady of the Assumption, the special patron of the Acadians.

But what impresses you above all is the incredible vividness of color in this landscape: the dazzling gold-green of the

fields, heightened here and there by luminous patches of foam-white where the daisies are in full carnival, or subdued to duller tones where, on uncultivated ground, moss-hummocks and patches of rock break through the investiture of grass. The sky has so much room here too: the whole world seems to be adrift in azure; the thin strip of land hangs poised between, claimed equally by firmament and the waters under it.

In the old days, they tell us, Augette was a very different place from now. Famous among the seaports of the Dominion, it saw a continual coming and going of brigs and ships and barquentines in the South American fish trade.

"But if you had known it then!" they say. "The wharves were as thick all the length of the harbor as the teeth of a comb; and in winter, when the vessels were laid up, — eh, *mon Dieu!* you would have called it a forest, for all the masts and spars you saw there. No indeed, it was not dreamed of in those days that Augette would ever come to this!"

So passes the world's glory! An air of tender, almost jealous reminiscence hangs about the town; and in its gentle decline into obscurity it has kept a sort of dignity, a self-possession, a certain look of wisdom and experience, which in a sense make it proof against all arrows of outrageous Fortune.

Back from the other shore of the harbor, jutting out for some miles into Chedabucto Bay, lies the Cape. You get a view of it if you climb to the crest of the hill, — a broad reach of barrens, fretted all day by the sea. Out there it is what the Acadians call a bad country. About the sluice-like coves that have been eaten into its rocky shore are scrambling groups of fishermen's houses; but aside from these and the lighthouse on the spit of rocks to southward, the region is uninhabited, — a waste of rock and swamp-alder and scrub-balsam, across which a single thread of a road takes its circuitous way, dipping over steep low hills, turning

out for gnarls of rock and patches of gleaming marsh, losing itself amid dense thickets of alder, then emerging upon some bare hilltop, where the whole measureless sweep of sea and sky fills the vision.

When the dusk begins to fall of an autumn afternoon — between dog and wolf, as the saying goes — you could almost believe in the strange noises — the rumblings, clankings, shrill voices — that are to be heard above the dull roar of the sea by belated passers on the barrens. Some people have seen death-fires too, and a headless creature, much like a horse, galloping through the darkness; and over there at Fougère's Cove, the most remote settlement of the Cape, there were knockings at doors through all one winter from hands not human. The Fougères — they were mostly of one tribe there — were driven to desperation; they consulted a priest; they protected themselves with blessed images, with prayers and holy water; and no harm came to them, though poor Marcelle, who was a *jeune fille* of marriageable age, was prostrated for a year with the fright of it.

This barren territory, where nothing grows above the height of a man's shoulder, still goes by the name of "the woods" — *les bois* — among the Acadians. "Once the forest was magnificent here," they tell you, — "trees as tall as the church tower; but the great fire swept it all away; and never has there been a good growth since. For one thing, you see, we must get our firewood from it somehow."

This fact accounts for a curious look in the ubiquitous stubby evergreens: their lower branches spread flat and wide close on the ground, — that is where the snow in winter protects them, — and above reaches a thin, spire-like stem, trimmed close, except for new growth at the top, of all its branches. It gives suggestion of a harsh, misshapen, all but defeated existence; the adverse forces are so tyrannical out here on the Cape, the material of life so sparse.

I remember once meeting a little funeral train crossing the barrens. They were bearing the body of a young girl, Anna Béjean, to its last rest, five miles away by the road, in the yard of the parish church amongst the wooden crosses. The long box of pine lay on the bottom of a country wagon, and a wreath of artificial flowers and another of home-dyed immortelles were fastened to the cover. A young fisherman, sunburned and muscular, was leading the horse along the rough road, and behind followed three or four carts, carrying persons in black, all of middle age or beyond, and silent.

Yet in the full tide of summer the barrens have a beauty in which this characteristic melancholy is only a persistent undertone. Then the marshes flush rose-pink with lovely multitudes of calopogons that cluster like poisoning butterflies amongst the dark grasses; here too the canary-yellow bladderwort flecks the black pools, and the red, leathery pitcher-plant springs in sturdy clumps from the moss-hummocks. And the wealth of color over all the country! — gray rock touched into life with sky-reflections; rusty green of alder thickets, glistening silver-green of balsam and juniper; and to the sky-line, wherever it can keep its hold, the thin, variegated carpet of close-cropped grass, where creeping berries of many kinds grow in profusion. Flocks of sheep scamper untended over the barrens all day, and groups of horses, turned out to shift for themselves while the fishing season keeps their owners occupied, look for a moment, nose in the air, at the passer, kick up their heels, and race off.

As you turn back again toward Augette you catch a glimpse of its glistening white church, miles distant in reality, but looking curiously near, across a landscape where none of the familiar standards of measure exist. You lose it on the next decline; then it flashes in sight again, and the blue, sun-burnished expanse of water between. It occurs to you that the whole life of the country finds its focus there: christenings and first communions, mar-

riages and burials, — how wonderfully the church holds them all in her keeping; how she sends out her comfort and her exhortation, her reproach and her eternal hope across even this bad country, where the circumstances of human life are so ungracious.

But it is on a Sunday morning, when, in response to the quavering summons of the chapel bell, the whole countryside gives up its population, that you get the clearest notion of what religion means in the life of the Acadians. From the doorway of our house, which was close to the road at the upper end of the harbor, we could see the whole church-going procession from the outlying districts. The passing would be almost unbroken from eight o'clock on for more than an hour and a half: a varied, vivacious, friendly human stream. They came in hundreds from the scattered villages and hamlets of the parish, — from Petit de Grat and Little Anse and Pig Cove and Gros Nez and Point Rouge and Cap au Guet, eight or nine miles often enough.

First, those who went afoot and must allow plenty of time on account of age: bent old fishermen, whose yellowed and shiny coats had been made for more robust shoulders; old women, invariably in short black capes, and black bonnets tied tight under the chin, and in their hands a rosary and perhaps a thumb-worn missal. Then troops of children, much *endimanché*, — one would like to say "Sundayfied," — trotting along noisily, stopping to examine every object of interest by the way, extracting all the excitement possible out of the weekly pilgrimage.

A little later the procession became more general: young and old and middle-aged together. In Sunday boots that creaked loudly passed numbers of men and boys, sometimes five or six abreast, reaching from side to side of the street, sometimes singly attendant upon a conscious young person of the other sex. The wagons are beginning to appear now, scattering the pedestrians right and left

as they rattle by, bearing whole families packed in little space; and away across the harbor, you see a small fleet of brown sails putting off from the Cape for the nearer shore.

Outside the church, in the open space before the steps, is gathered a constantly growing multitude, a dense, restless swarm of humanity, full of gossip and prognostic, until suddenly the bell stops its clangor overhead; then there is a surging up the steps and through the wide doors of the sanctuary; and outside all is quiet once more.

The Acadians do not appear greatly to relish the more solemn things of religion. They like better a religion demurely gay, pervaded by light and color.

"Elle est très chic, notre petite église, n'est-ce pas?" was a comment made by a pious soul of my acquaintance, eager to uphold the honor of her parish.

Proper, mild-featured saints and smiling Virgins in painted robes and gilt haloes abound in the Acadian churches; on the altars are lavish decorations of artificial flowers — silver lilies, paper roses, red and purple immortelles; and the ceilings and pillars and wall-spaces are often done in blue and pink, with gold stars; such a style, one imagines, as might appeal to our modern St. Valentine. The piety that expresses itself in this inoffensive gayety of embellishment is more akin to that which moves universal humanity to don its finery o' Sundays, — to the greater glory of God, — than to the sombre, death-remembering zeal of some other communities. A kind religion this, one not without its coquetties, gracious, tactful, irresistible, interweaving itself throughout the very texture of the common life.

Last summer, out at Petit de Grat, three miles from Augette, where the people have just built a little church of their own, they held a "Grand Picnic and Ball" for the raising of funds with which to erect a glebe house. The priest authorized the affair, but stipulated that sunset should end each day's festivities,

so that all decencies might be respected. This parish picnic started on a Monday and continued daily for the rest of the week, — that is to say, until all that there was to sell was sold, and until all the youth of the vicinity had danced their legs to exhaustion.

An unoccupied shop was given over to the sale of cakes, tartines, doughnuts, imported fruits, syrup drinks (unauthorized beverages being obtainable elsewhere), to the vending of chances on wheels of fortune, target-shooting, dice-throwing, hooked rugs, shawls, couvertures, knitted hoods, and the like; and above all the hubbub and excitement twanged the ceaseless, inevitable voice of a graphophone, reviving long-forgotten rag-time.

Outside, most conspicuous on the treeless slope of hill, was a "pavilion" of boards, bunting-decked, on which, from morn till eve, rained the incessant clump-clump of happy feet. For music there was a succession of performers and of instruments: a mouth-organ, a fiddle, a concertina, each lending its particular quality of gayety to the dance; the mouth-organ, shrill, extravagant, whimsical, failing in richness; the concertina rich, noisy, impetuous, failing in fine shades; the fiddle, wheedling, provocative, but a little thin. And besides — the fiddle is not what it used to be in the hands of old Fortune.

Fortune died a year ago, and he was never appreciated till death snatched him from us: the skinniest, most ramshackle of mankind, tall, loose-jointed, shuffling in gait; at all other times than those that called his art into play, a shiftless, hang-dog sort of personage, who would always be begging a coat of you, or asking the gift of ten cents to buy him some tobacco. But at a dance he was a despot unchallenged. Only to hear him jig off the Irish Washerwoman was to acknowledge his preëminence. His bleary eyes and tobacco-stained lips took on a radiance, his body rocked to and fro, vibrated to the devil-may-care rhythm of the thing,

while his left foot emphatically rapped out the measure.

Until another genius shall be raised up amongst us, Fortune's name will be held in cherished memory. For that matter, it is not likely to die out, since, on the day of his death, the old reprobate was married to the mother of his seven children, — baptized, married, administered, and shuffled off in a day.

It had never occurred to any of us, somehow, that Fortune might be as transitory and impermanent as his patron goddess herself. We had always accepted him as a sort of ageless thing, a living symbol, a peripatetic moral, coming out of Petit de Grat, and going about, tobacco in cheek, fiddle under arm, as irresponsible as mirth itself among the sons of men. God rest him! Another landmark gone.

And old Maximen Forêt, too, from whom one used to take weather-wisdom every day — his bench out there in the sun is empty. Maximen's shop was just across the street from our house — a long, darkish, tunnel-like place under a steep roof. Tinware of all descriptions hung in dully shining array from the ceiling; barrels and a rusty stove and two broad low counters occupied most of the floor space, and the atmosphere was charged with a curious sharp odor in which you could distinguish oil and tobacco and molasses. The floor was all dented full of little holes, like a honeycomb, where Maximen had walked over it with his iron-pointed crutch; for he was something of a cripple. But you rarely had any occasion to enter the smelly little shop, for no one ever bought much of anything there nowadays.

Instead, you sat down on the sunny bench beside the old man — Acadian of the Acadians — and listened to his tireless, genial babble — now French, now English, as the humor struck him.

"It go mak' a leetle weat'er, m'sieu'," he would say. "I t'ink you better not go fur in the p'tit caneau t'is day. Dere is squall — *là-bas* — see, dark — may be

t'unner. Dat is not so unlike, dis mont'. Oh, w'at a hell time for de hays!"

For everybody who passed he had a greeting, even for those who had hastened his business troubles through never paying their accounts. To the last he never lost his faith in their good intentions.

"Dose poor devil fishermen," he would say, "however dey mak' leeve, God know. You t'ink I mak' 'em go wid notting? It ain't lak dat wit' me here yet, m'sieu'. Dey pay some day, when le bon Dieu, he send dem some feesh; dat's sure sure."

If it happened that anybody stopped on business, old Maximen would hobble to the door and tug violently at a bell-rope.

"Cr-r-r-line! Cr-r-r-line!" he would call.

"*Tout d' suite!*" answered a shrill voice from some remoter portion of the edifice; and a moment later an old woman with straggling white hair, toothless gums, and penetrating, humorous eyes, deepset under a forehead of infinite wrinkles, would come shuffling up the pebble walk from the basement.

"Me voilà!" she would ejaculate, panting. "Me ol' man, he always know how to git me in a leetle minute, hé?"

On Sundays Caroline and Maximen would drive to chapel in a queer, heavy, antiquated road-cart that had been built especially for his use, hung almost as low between the axles as a chariot.

"We go mak' our respec' to the bon Dieu," he would laugh, as he took the reins in hand and waited for Célestine, the chunky little mare, to start, — which she did when the mood took her.

The small shop is closed and beginning to fall to pieces. Maximen has been making his respects amid other surroundings for some four or five years, and Caroline, at the end of a twelvemonth of lonely waiting, followed after.

"It seem lak I need t'e ol' man to look out for," she used to say. "All t'e day I listen to hear t'at bell again. '*Tout d' suite!*' I used to call, no matter what I do — maybe over the stove or pound-

ing my bread; and den, 'Me voilà, mon homme!' I would be at t'e shop, ready to help."

I suppose that wherever a man looks in the world, if he but have the eyes to see, he finds as much of gayety and pathos, of failure and courage, as in any particular section of it; yet so much at

least is true: that in a little community like this, so removed from the larger, more spectacular conflicts of life, so face to face, all the year, with the inveterate and domineering forces of nature, one seems to discover a more poignant relief in all the homely, familiar, universal episodes of the human comedy.

ON THE SLOPES OF PARNASSUS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"Perhaps no man ever thought a line superfluous when he wrote it. We are seldom tire-some to ourselves." — DR. JOHNSON.

It is commonly believed that the extinction of verse — of verse in the bulk, which is the way in which our great-grandfathers consumed it — is due to the vitality of the novel. People, we are told, read rhyme and metre with docility, only because they wanted to hear a story, only because there was no other way in which they could get plenty of sentiment and romance. As soon as the novel supplied them with all the sentiment they wanted, as soon as it told them the story in plain prose, they turned their backs upon poetry forever.

There is a transparent inadequacy in this solution of a problem which still confronts the patient reader of buried masterpieces. Novels were plenty when Mr. William Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper* went through twelve editions, and when Dr. Darwin's *Botanic Garden* was received with deferential delight. But could any dearth of fiction persuade us now to read the *Botanic Garden*? Were we shipwrecked in company with the *Triumphs of Temper*, would we ever finish the first canto? Novels stood on every English book-shelf when Fox read *Madoc* aloud at night to his friends, and they stayed up — so he says — an hour after their bed-time to hear it. Could that miracle

be worked to-day? Sir Walter Scott, with indestructible amiability, re-read *Madoc* to please Miss Seward, who, having "steeped" her own eyes "in transports of tears and sympathy," wrote to him plainly that it carried "a master-key to every bosom which common good sense and anything resembling a human heart inhabit." Scott, unwilling to resign all pretensions to a human heart, tried hard to share the Swan's emotions, and failed. "I cannot feel quite the interest I would like to do," he patiently confessed.

If Southey's poems were not read as Scott's and Moore's and Byron's were read (give us another Byron, and we will read him with fifty thousand novels knocking at our doors!); if they were not paid for out of the miraculous depths of Murray's *Fortunatus*'s purse, they nevertheless enjoyed a solid reputation of their own. They are mentioned in all the letters of the period (save and except Lord Byron's ribald pages) with carefully measured praise, and they enabled their author to accept the laureateship on self-respecting terms. They are at least — as Sir Leslie Stephen reminds us — more readable than Glover's *Leonidas*, or Wilkie's *Epigoniad*, and they are shorter, too. Yet the *Leonidas*, an epic in nine books, went through four editions; whereupon its elate author expanded it into twelve books; and the public, undaunted, kept

on buying it for years. The *Epigoniad* is also in nine books. It is on record that Hume, who seldom dallied with the poets, read them all nine, and praised them warmly. Mr. Wilkie was christened the "Scottish Homer," — which was very pleasant for him, — and he bore that modest title until his death. It was the golden age of epics. The ultimatum of the modern publisher: "No poet need apply!" had not yet blighted the hopes and dimmed the lustre of genius. "Everybody thinks he can write verse," observed Sir Walter mournfully, when called upon for the hundredth time to help a budding aspirant to fame.

With so many competitors in the field, it was uncommonly astute in Mr. Hayley to address himself exclusively to that sex which poets and orators call "fair." There is a formal playfulness, a ponderous vivacity about the *Triumphs of Temper*, which made it especially welcome to women. In the preface of the first edition the author gallantly laid his laurels at their feet, observing modestly that it was his desire, however "ineffectual," "to unite the sportive wildness of Ariosto and the more serious sublime painting of Dante with some portion of the enchanting elegance, the refined imagination, and the moral graces of Pope; and to do this, if possible, without violating those rules of propriety which Mr. Cambridge has illustrated, by example as well as by precept, in the *Scribleriad*, and in his sensible preface to that elegant and learned poem."

Accustomed as we are to the confusions of literary perspective, this grouping of Dante, Ariosto, and Mr. Cambridge does seem a trifle foreshortened. But our ancestors had none of that sensitive shrinking from comparisons which is so characteristic of our timid and thin-skinned generation. They did not edge off from the immortals, afraid to breathe their names, lest it be held *lèse majesté*; they used them as the common currency of criticism. Why should not Mr. Hayley have challenged a contrast with Dante

and Ariosto, when Miss Seward assured her little world — which was also Mr. Hayley's world — that he had the "wit and ease" of Prior, a "more varied versification" than Pope, and "the fire and the invention of Dryden, without any of Dryden's absurdity"? Why should he have questioned her judgment when she wrote to him that Cowper's *Task* would "please and instruct the race of common readers," who could not rise to the beauties of Akenside, or Mason, or Milton, or of his (Mr. Hayley's) "exquisite *Triumphs of Temper*"? There was a time, indeed, when she sorrowed lest his "inventive, classical, and elegant muse" should be "deplorably infected" by the growing influence of Wordsworth; but that peril past, he rose again, the bright particular star of a wide feminine horizon.

Mr. Hayley's didacticism is admirably adapted to his readers. The men of the eighteenth century were not expected to keep their tempers; it was the sweet prerogative of wives and daughters to smooth the roughened current of family life. Accordingly the heroine of the *Triumphs*, being bullied by her father, — a fine old gentleman of the Squire Western type, — maintains a superhuman cheerfulness, gives up the ball for which she is already dressed, wreathes her countenance in smiles, and

with sportive ease

Prest her Piano-forte's favourite keys.

The men of the eighteenth century were all hard drinkers. Therefore Mr. Hayley conjures the "gentle fair" to avoid even the mild debauchery of siruped fruits.

For the sly fiend, of every art possest,
Steals on th' affection of her female guest;
And, by her soft address, seducing each,
Eager she plies them with a brandy peach.
They with keen lip the luscious fruit devour,
But swiftly feel its peace-destroying power.
Quick through each vein new tides of frenzy
roll,
All evil passions kindle in the soul;
Drive from each feature every cheerful grace,
And glare ferocious in the sallow face;
The wounded nerves in furious conflict tear,
Then sink in blank dejection and despair.

All this combustle — to use Gray's favorite word — about a brandy peach! But women have ever loved to hear their little errors magnified. In the matter of poets, preachers, and confessors, they are sure to choose the denunciatory.

Dr. Darwin, as became a scientist and a skeptic, addressed his ponderous *Botanic Garden* to male readers. It is true that he offers much good advice to women, urging upon them especially those duties and devotions from which he, as a man, was exempt. It is true also that, when he first contemplated writing his epic, he asked Miss Seward — so, at least, she says — to be his collaborator; an honor which she modestly declined, as not "strictly proper for a female pen." But the peculiar solidity, the encyclopædic qualities, of this masterpiece fitted it for such grave students as Mr. Edgeworth, who loved to be amply instructed. It is a poem replete with information, and information of that disconnected order in which the Edgeworthian soul took true delight. We are told, not only about flowers and vegetables, but about electric fishes, and the salt mines of Poland; about Dr. Franklin's lightning-rod, and Mrs. Damer's bust of the Duchess of Devonshire; about the treatment of paralytics, and the mechanism of the common pump. We pass from the death of General Wolfe at Quebec to the equally lamented demise of a lady botanist at Derby. We turn from the contemplation of Hannibal crossing the Alps to consider the charities of a benevolent young woman named Jones.

Sound, Nymphs of Helicon! the trump of
Fame,
And teach Hibernian echoes Jones's name;
Bind round her polished brow the civic bay,
And drag the fair Philanthropist to day.

Pagan divinities disport themselves on one page, and Christian saints on another. St. Anthony preaches, not to the little fishes of the brooks and streams, but to the monsters of the deep, — sharks, porpoises, whales, seals, and dolphins, that assemble in a sort of aquatic camp-meet-

ing on the shores of the Adriatic, and "get religion" in the true revivalist spirit.

The listening shoals the quick contagion feel,
Pant on the floods, inebriate with their zeal;
Ope their wide jaws, and bow their slimy
heads,

And dash with frantic fins their foamy beds.

For a free-thinker, Dr. Darwin is curiously literal in his treatment of hagiology and the Scriptures. His Nebuchadnezzar (introduced as an illustration of the "Loves of the Plants") is not a bestialized mortal, but a veritable beast, like one of Circe's swine, only less easily classified in natural history.

Long eagle plumes his arching neck invest,
Steal round his arms, and clasp his sharpened
breast;

Dark brindled hairs in bristling ranks behind,
Rise o'er his back, and rustle in the wind;
Clothe his lank sides, his shrivelled limbs surround,

And human hands with talons print the
ground.

Lolls his red tongue, and from the reedy side
Of slow Euphrates laps the muddy tide.
Silent, in shining troupes, the Courtier throng
Pursue their monarch as he crawls along;
E'en Beauty pleads in vain with smiles and
tears,

Not Flattery's self can pierce his pendant ears.

The picture of the embarrassed courtiers promenading slowly after this royal phenomenon, and of the lovely inconsiderates proffering their vain allurements, is so ludicrous as to be painful. Even Miss Seward, who held that the *Botanic Garden* combined "the sublimity of Michael Angelo, the correctness and elegance of Raphael, with the glow of Titian," was shocked by Nebuchadnezzar's pendant ears, and admitted that the passage was likely to provoke inconsiderate laughter.

The first part of Dr. Darwin's poem, *The Economy of Vegetation*, was warmly praised by critics and reviewers. Its name alone secured for it esteem. A few steadfast souls, like Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, refused to accept even vegetation from a skeptic's hands; but it was generally conceded that the poet had "entwined the Parnassian laurel with the

balm of Pharmacy " in a very creditable manner. The last four cantos, however, — indiscreetly entitled "The Loves of the Plants," — awakened grave concern. They were held unfit for female youth, which, being then taught dribbles of science in a guarded and muffled fashion, was not supposed to know that flowers had any sex, much less that they practised polygamy. The glaring indiscretion of their behavior in the *Botanic Garden*, their seraglios, their amorous embraces, and involuntary libertinism, offended British decorum, and — what was worse — exposed the poem to Canning's pungent ridicule. When the "Loves of the Triangles" appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*, all England — except Whigs and patriots who never laughed at Canning's jokes — was moved to inextinguishable mirth. The mock seriousness of the introduction and argument, the "horrid industry" of the notes, the contrast between the pensiveness of the Cycloid and the innocent playfulness of the Pendulum, the solemn head-shake over the licentious disposition of Optics, and the description of the three Curves that require the passion of the Rectangle, are all in Dr. Darwin's most approved and ornate style.

Let shrill Acoustics tune the tiny lyre,
With Euclid sage fair Algebra conspire;
Let Hydrostatics, simpering as they go,
Lead the light Naiads on fantastic toe.

The indignant poet, frigidly vain, and immaculately free from any taint of humor, was as much scandalized as hurt by this light-hearted mockery. Being a dictator in his own little circle at Derby, he was naturally disposed to consider the *Anti-Jacobin* a menace to genius and to patriotism. His criticisms and his prescriptions had hitherto been received with equal submissiveness. When he told his friends that Akenside was a better poet than Milton, — "more polished, pure and dignified," — they listened with respect. When he told his patients to eat acid fruits with plenty of sugar and cream, they obeyed with alacrity. He had a taste for inventions, and first won the acquaint-

ance of Mr. Edgeworth by showing him an ingenious carriage of his own contrivance, which was designed to facilitate the movements of the horse, and enable it to turn with ease. The fact that Dr. Darwin was three times thrown from this vehicle, and that the third accident lamed him for life, in no way disconcerted the inventor or his friends, who loved mechanism for its own sake, and apart from any given results. Dr. Darwin defined a fool as one who never in his life tried an experiment. So did Mr. Day of *Sandford and Merton* fame, who experimented in training animals, and was killed by an active young colt that had failed to grasp the system.

The *Botanic Garden* was translated into French, Italian, and Portuguese, to the great relief of Miss Seward, who hated to think that the immortality of such a work depended upon the preservation of a single tongue. "Should that tongue perish," she wrote proudly, "translations would at least retain all the host of beauties which do not depend upon the felicities of verbal expression."

If the interminable epics which were so popular in these halcyon days had condescended to the telling of stories, we might believe that they were read, or at least occasionally read, as a substitute for prose fiction. But the truth is that most of them are solid treatises on morality, or agriculture, or therapeutics, cast into the blindest of blank verse, and valued, presumably, for the sake of the information they conveyed. Their very titles savor of statement rather than of inspiration. Nobody in search of romance would take up Dr. Grainger's *Sugar Cane*, or Dyer's *Fleece*, or the Rev. Richard Polwhele's *English Orator*. Nobody desiring to be idly amused would read the *Vales of Weaver*, or a long didactic poem on *The Influence of Local Attachment*. It was not because he felt himself to be a poet that Dr. Grainger wrote the *Sugar Cane* in verse, but because that was the form most acceptable to the public. The ever famous line, —

Now Muse, let's sing of rats!

which made merry Sir Joshua's friends, is indicative of the good doctor's struggles to employ an uncongenial medium. He wanted to tell his readers how to farm successfully in the West Indies, how to keep well in a treacherous climate, what food to eat, what drugs to take, how to look after the physical condition of negro servants, and guard them from prevalent maladies. These were matters on which the author was qualified to speak, and on which he does speak with all a physician's frankness; but they do not lend themselves to lofty strains. Whole pages of the *Sugar Cane* read like prescriptions and dietaries done into verse. It is as difficult to sing with dignity about a disordered stomach as about rats and cockroaches; and Dr. Grainger's determination to leave nothing untold leads him to dwell with much feeling, but little grace, on all the disadvantages of the tropics.

Musquitoes, sand-flies, seek the sheltered roof,
And with fell rage the stranger guest assail,
Nor spare the sportive child; from their retreats

Cockroaches crawl displeasingly abroad.

The truthfulness and sobriety of this last line deserve commendation. Cockroaches in the open *are* displeasing to sensitive souls; and a footnote, half a page long, tells us everything we could possibly desire — or fear — to know about these insects. As an example of Dr. Grainger's thoroughness in the treatment of such themes, I quote with delight his approved method of poisoning alligators.

With Misnian arsenic, deleterious bane,
Pound up the ripe cassada's well-rasped root,
And form in pellets; these profusely spread
Round the Cane-groves where skulk the vermin-breed.

They, greedy, and unweeting of the bait,
Crowd to the inviting cates, and swift devour
Their palatable Death; for soon they seek
The neighbouring spring; and drink, and swell
and die.

Then follow some very sensible remarks about the unwholesomeness of the water in which the dead alligators are decomposing, — remarks which Mr. Kipling has unconsciously parodied.

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But 'e gets into the drinking casks, and then
o' course we dies.

The wonderful thing about the *Sugar Cane* is that it was read, — nay, more, that it was read aloud at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and though the audience laughed, it listened. Dodsley published the poem in handsome style; a second edition was called for; it was reprinted in Jamaica, and pirated (what were the pirates thinking about?) in 1766. Even Dr. Johnson wrote a friendly notice in the London *Chronicle*, though he always maintained that the poet might just as well have sung the beauties of a parsley-bed or of a cabbage-garden. He took the same high ground when Boswell called his attention to Dyer's *Fleece*: "The subject, Sir, cannot be made poetical. How can a man write poetically of serges and druggets?"

It was not for the sake of sentiment or story that the English public read *The Fleece*. Nor could it have been for the sake of information, for farmers, even in 1757, must have had some musty almanacs, some plain prose manuals to guide them. They could never have waited to learn from an epic poem that

the coughing pest
From their green pastures sweeps whole flocks
away;

or that

Sheep also pleurisies and dropsies know;
or that

The infectious scab, arising from extremes
Of want or surfeit, is by water cured
Of lime, or sodden stave-acre, or oil
Dispersive of Norwegian tar.

Did the British woollen-drapers of the period require to be told in verse about

Cheyney, and bayse, and serge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countless
list

Of woollen webs?

Surely they knew more about their own dry goods than did Mr. Dyer. Is it possible that British parsons read Mr. Polwhele's *English Orator*, for the sake of his somewhat confused advice to preachers: —

Meantime thy Style familiar, that alludes
 With pleasing Retrospect to recent Scenes
 Or Incidents amidst thy Flock, fresh graved
 On Memory, shall recall their scattered
 Thoughts,
 And interest every Bosom. With the Voice
 Of condescending Gentleness address
 Thy kindred People.

It was Miss Seward's opinion that the neglect of Mr. Polwhele's "poetic writings" was a disgrace to literary England, from which we conclude that the reverend author outwore the patience of his readers. "Mature in dulness from his earliest years," he had wisely adopted a profession which gave his qualities room for expansion. What his congregation must have suffered when he addressed it with "condescending gentleness," we hardly like to think; but free-born Englishmen, who were so fortunate as not to hear him, refused to make good their loss by reading the *English Orator*, even after it had been revised by a bishop. Miss Seward alone was faithful among the faithless, in return for which devotion she was hailed as a "Parnassian sister" in six benedictory stanzas.

Still gratitude her stores among,
 Shall bid the plausible poet sing;
 And, if the last of all the throng
 That rise on the poetic wing,
 Yet not regardless of his destined way,
 If Seward's envied sanction stamps the lay.

The Swan, indeed, was never without admirers. Her *Louisa; a Poetical Novel in four Epistles*, was favorably noticed; Dr. Johnson praised her ode on the death of Captain Cook; and no contributor to the Bath Easton vase received more myrtle wreaths than she did. "Warble" was the word commonly used by partial critics in extolling her verse. "Long may she continue to warble as heretofore, in such numbers as few even of our favorite bards would be shy to own." Scott sorrowfully admitted to Miss Baillie that he found these warblings — of which he was the reluctant editor — "execrable;" and that the despair he used to feel on receiving Miss Seward's letters gave him a horror of sentiment; but for once it is im-

possible to sympathize with Sir Walter's sufferings. If he had never praised the verses, he would never have been called upon to edit them; and James Ballantyne would have been saved the printing of an unsalable book. There is no lie so little worth the telling as that which is spoken in pure kindness to spare a wholesome pang.

It was, however, the pleasant custom of the time to commend and encourage female poets, as we commend and encourage a child's unsteady footsteps. The generous Hayley welcomed with open arms these fair competitors for fame.

The bards of Britain with unjaundiced eyes
 Will glory to behold such rivals rise.

He ardently flattered Miss Seward, and for Miss Hannah More his enthusiasm knew no bounds.

But with a magical control,
 Thy spirit-moving strain
 Dispers the languor of the soul,
 Annihilating pain.

"Spirit-moving" seems the last epithet in the world to apply to Miss More's strains; but there is no doubt that the public took her seriously as a poet, and encouraged her high estimate of her own powers. After a visit to another lambent flame, Mrs. Barbauld, she writes with irresistible gravity:—

"Mrs. B. and I have found out that we feel as little envy and malice towards each other, as though we had neither of us attempted to 'build the lofty rhyme;' although she says this is what the envious and the malicious can never be brought to believe."

That the author of *The Search after Happiness* and the author of *A Poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce* should loudly refuse to envy each other's eminence sounds like a satire on the irritable race of poets. There is nothing to equal it for magnanimity, except perhaps a passage in one of Miss Seward's letters, in which she avows that she is fairly bewildered by the rival claims of feminine genius, — by the "classic elegance" of Mrs. Barbauld's verse, the "striking imagery"

of Miss More's, the "wit and attic spirit" of Mrs. Thrale, or "the sublime and beautiful creations" of Helen Williams. It was a fruitful period.

Finally, there stepped into the arena that charming embodiment of the female muse, Mrs. Hemans; and the manly heart of Protestant England warmed into homage at her shrine. From the days she "first carolled forth her poetic talents under the animating influence of an affectionate and admiring circle," to the days when she faded gracefully out of life, her "half-etherealized spirit" rousing itself to dictate a last "Sabbath Sonnet," she was crowned and garlanded with bays. In the first place, she was fair to see, — Fletcher's bust shows real loveliness, — and it was Christopher North's opinion that "no really ugly woman ever wrote a truly beautiful poem, the length of her little finger." Then she was sincerely pious, and the Ettrick Shepherd reflected faithfully the opinions of his day when he said that "without religion, a woman's just an even-down deevil." The appealing helplessness of Mrs. Hemans's gentle and affectionate nature, the nar-

rowness of her sympathies, and the limitations of her art were all equally acceptable to critics like Gifford and Jeffrey, who held strict views as to the rounding of a woman's circle. Even Byron heartily approved of a pious and pretty woman writing pious and pretty poems. Even Wordsworth flung her lordly words of praise. Even the youthful Shelley wrote her letters so eager and ardent that her very sensible mamma, Mrs. Browne, requested him to cease. And as for Scott, though he confessed she was too poetical for his taste, he gave her always the honest liking she deserved. It was to her he said, when some tourists left them hurriedly at Newark Tower, "Ah, Mrs. Hemans, they little know what two lions they are running away from." It was to her he said, when she was leaving Abbotsford, "There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin; and you are one of them."

Who would not gladly have written *The Siege of Valencia*, and *The Vespers of Palermo*, to have heard Sir Walter say these words?

UNBUILDING A BUILDING

BY WINTHROP PACKARD

I TORE down an old house recently, rent it part from part with my two hands and a crowbar, piling it in its constituents, bricks with bricks, timber on timber, boards with boards.

Any of us who dare love the iconoclast would be one if we dared sufficiently, and in this work I surely was an image-breaker, for the old house was more than it seemed. To the careless passer, it was a gray, bald, doddering old structure that seemed trying to shrink into the ground, untenanted, unsightly, and forlorn. I know, having analyzed it, that it was an

image of New England village life of the two centuries just gone, a life even the images of which are passing, never to return.

As I knocked the old place down, it seemed to grow up, more vivid as it passed from the roadside of the visible to the realm of the remembered. You may think you know a house by living in it, but you do not; you need to unbuild it to get more than a passing acquaintance. And to unbuild a building you need to be strong of limb, heavy of hand, and sure of eye, lest the structure upon which you

have fallen fall upon you; nor do business mottoes count, for you begin not at the bottom, but at the top, or near it.

Up in the attic among the cobwebs, stooping beneath the ancient rafters, dodging crumbly bunches of pennyroyal and hyssop, hung there by hands that have been dust these fifty years, you poise and swing a forty-pound crowbar with a strong uplift against the roof-board, near where one of the old-time hand-made, hammer-pointed, wrought-iron nails enters the oak timber. The board lifts an inch and snaps back into place. You hear a handful of the time-and-weather-worn shingles jump and go sputtering down the roof. You hear a stealthy rustling and scurrying all about you. Numerous tenants who pay no rent have heard the eviction notice, for the house in which no men live is the abode of many races. Another blow near another nail, and more shingles jump and flee, and this time a clammy hand slaps your face. It is only the wing of a bat, fluttering in dismay from his crevice. Blow after blow you drive upon this board from beneath, till all the nails are loose, its shingle-fetters outside snap, and with a surge it rises, to fall grating down the roof, and land with a crash on the grass by the old door-stone.

The morning sun shines in at the opening, setting golden motes dancing, and caressing rafters that have not felt its touch for a hundred and fifty years, and you feel a little sob of sorrow swell in your heart, for the old house is dead, beyond hope of resurrection. With your crowbar you have knocked it in the head.

Other boards follow more easily, for now you may use a rafter for the fulcrum of your iron lever and pry where the long nails grip the oak too tenaciously, and it is not long before you have the roof unboarded. And here you may have a surprise and be taught a lesson in wariness which you will need if you would survive your unbuilding. The bare rafters, solid oak, six inches square, hewn from the

tree, as adze-marks prove, are halved together at the top and pinned with an oak pin. At the lower end, where they stand upon the plates, they are not fastened, but rest simply on a V-shaped cut, and when the last board is off they tumble over like a row of ninepins and you may be bowled out with them if you are not clever enough to foresee this.

As with the roof-boards, so with the floors and walls. Blows with the great bar, or its patient use as a lever, separate part from part, board from joist, and joist from timber, and do the work, and you learn much of the wisdom and foolishness of the old-time builder as you go on. Here he dovetailed and pinned the framework so firmly and cleverly that nothing but human patience and ingenuity could ever get it apart; there he cut under the ends of splendid strong floor joists and dropped them into shallow mortises, so that but an inch or two of the wood really took the strain, and the joist seemed likely to split and drop out, of its own weight. You see the work of the man who knew his business and used only necessary nails, and those in the right places; and the work of that other, who was five times as good a carpenter because he used five times as many nails!

You learn, too, how the old house grew from a very humble beginning to an eleven-room structure that covered a surprising amount of ground, as one generation after another passed and one owner succeeded another. In this the counsel of the local historian helps you much, for he comes daily and sits by as you work, and daily tells you the story of the place, usually beginning in the middle and working both ways; for the unbuilding of a building is a great promoter of sociability. Fellow townsmen whom you feel that you hardly know beyond a rather stiff bowing acquaintance hold up their horses and hail you jovially, even getting out to chat a while or lend a hand, each having opinions according to his lights. Strickland, whose prosperity lies in swine, sees but one use for the old timbers.

"My!" he says, "what a hog-pen this would make!" Downes is divided in his mind between hen-houses and green-houses, and thinks there will be enough lumber and sashes for both. Lynde suspects that you are going to establish gypsy camps wholesale, while Estey, carpenter and builder, and wise in the working of wood, knows that you are lucky if the remains are good enough for fire-wood.

Little for these material aspects cares the historian, however, as he skips gayly from one past generation to another, waving his phantoms off the stage of memory with a sweep of his cane, and poking others on to make their bow to the man with the crowbar, who thus, piecing the narrative out with his own detective work in wood, rebuilds the story. It was but a little house which began with two rooms on the ground floor and two attic chambers, built for Stoddard who married the daughter of the pioneer land-owner of the vicinity, and it nestled up within a stone's throw of the big house, sharing its prosperity and its history. No doubt the Stoddards were present at the funeral in the big house, when stern old Parson Dunbar stood above the deceased, in the presence of the assembled relatives, and said with Puritanical severity, "My friends, there lies the body, but the soul is in hell!"

The dead man had failed to attend the parson's sermons at the old First Congregational Church, near by, a church that with successive pastors has slipped from the Orthodoxy of Parson Dunbar to the most modern type of present-day Unitarianism.

A later dweller in the old house lives in local tradition as publishing on the bulletin board in the church vestibule his intention of marriage with a fair lady of the parish, as was the custom of the day. Another fair lady entering the church on Sunday morning pointed dramatically at the notice, saying to the sexton, "Take that notice down, and don't you dare to put it up again till I give the word."

The sexton, seeming to know who was in charge of things, took it down and it was not again posted for two years. The marriage then took place. A few years later the wife died, and after a brief period of mourning another notice was posted announcing the marriage of the widower and the lady who had forbidden the banns of his first marriage. The second marriage took place without interference, and they lived happily ever after, leaving posterity in doubt whether the incident in the church vestibule was the climax in a battle royal between the two ladies for the hand of the man who dwelt in the old house, or whether the man himself had loved not wisely but too many.

Another dweller in the old house was a locally celebrated singer who for years led the choir and the music in the old church, having one son whom a wealthy Bostonian educated abroad, "becoming," said the historian sagely, "a great tenor singer, but very little of a man." These were days of growing importance for the old house. Two new rooms were added to the ground-floor-back by the simple expedient of tacking long spruce rafters to the roof, making a second roof over the old one, leaving the old roof with boards and shingles still on it. Thus there grew a roof above a roof, — a shapeless void of a dark attic, — and below, the two rooms.

The use of the spruce rafters and hemlock boarding marks a period in building little more than a half-century gone. About this time the house acquired a joint owner, for a local lawyer of considerable importance joined his fortunes and his house to it, bringing both with him. This section, two more rooms and an attic, was moved in from another part of the town and attached very gingerly, by one corner, to one corner. It was as if the lawyer had had doubts as to how the two houses might like each other, and had arranged things so that the bond might be broken with as small a fracture as possible. This "new" part may well have been a hundred years old at the time, for, whereas the original house was boarded

with oak on oak, this was boarded with splendid clear pine on oak, marking the transition from the pioneer days when all the timber for a house was obtained from the neighboring wood, through the time when the splendid pumpkin pines of the Maine forests were the commonest and cheapest sources of lumber, to our own, when even poor spruce and shaky hemlock are scarce and costly. In the same way you note in these three stages of building three types of nails. First is the crude nail hammered out by the local blacksmith, varying in size and shape, but always with a head formed by splitting the nail at the top and bending the parts to the right and left. These parts are sometimes quite long, and clinch back into the board like the top of a capital T. Then came a better nail of wrought iron, clumsy but effective; and, later still, the cut nail in sole use a generation ago. That modern abomination, the wire nail, appears only in repairs.

Thus the old house grows from four rooms to eight, with several attics, and the singer and lawyer pass off the scene, to be followed by the Baptist deacon who later seceded and became a Millerite, holding meetings of great fervor in the front room, where one wall used to be covered with figures which proved beyond a doubt that the end of the world was at hand, and where later he and his fellow believers appeared in their ascension robes. He too added a wing to the old house, three rooms and another attic, and when I had laid bare the timbers of this the historian rose, holding both hands and his cane toward heaven, and orated fluently.

"There!" he said, "that's Wheeler! I knew it was, for the old deeds could n't be read in any other way. They told me it was built on by the Millerite, but I knew better. This was moved up from the Wheeler farm, and it was a hundred years old and more when it came up, sixty years ago. I knew it. Look at those old cap-posts!"

I dodged the cane as it waved, and

took another look, for it was worth while. There were the corner posts, only seven feet high, but ten inches square at the bottom, solid oak, swelling to fourteen inches at the top, with double tenants on which sat the great square oak-plates, dovetailed and pinned together, and pinned again to the cap. A hundred and fifty years old and more was this addition, which the Millerite had moved up from the Wheeler farm and built on for his boot-shop; yet these great oak cap-posts marked a period far more remote. They were second-hand when they went into the Wheeler building, for there were in them the marks of mortising that had no reference to the present structure. Some building, old a century and a half ago, had been torn down and its timbers used for the part that "had been Wheeler."

Thus the old house grew again as it fell, and the old-time owners and inhabitants stepped forth into life once more. Yet I found traces of other tenants that paid neither rent nor taxes, yet occupied apartments that to them were commodious and comfortable. In the attic were the bats, but not they alone. Snuggled up against the chimney in the southern angle, right under the ridge-pole, was a whole colony of squash-bugs which had wintered safely there and were only waiting for the farmer's squash vines to become properly succulent. A bluebottle fly slipped out of a crevice and buzzed in the sun by the attic window. Under every ridge-board and corner-board, almost under every shingle, were the cocoons and chrysalids of insects, thousands of silent lives waiting but the touch of the summer sun to make them vocal.

On the ground floor, within walls, were the apartments of the rats, their empty larders choked with corn-cobs showing where once had been feasting, their bed chambers curiously upholstered with rags laboriously dragged in to senseless confusion. The field mice had the floor above. Here and there on the plates, between joists, and over every window and door,

were their nests, carefully made of wool, chewed from old garments and made fine, soft, and cosy. Their larders were full of cherry-stones, literally bushels on bushels of them, each with a little round holegnawed in it and the kernel extracted. As the toil of the human inhabitants year after year had left its mark on the floors of the house, worn thin everywhere, in places worn through with the passing and repassing of busy feet, so had the generations of field mice left behind them mute witnesses of patient, enormous labor. From the two cherry trees in the neighboring yard how many miles had these shy little people traveled, unseen of men, with one cherry at a time, to lay in this enormous supply!

Within the chimneys were the wooden nests of chimney swifts, glued firmly to the bricks; under the cornice was the paper home of a community of yellow hornets; and under the floor where was no cellar, right next the base of the warm chimney, were apartments that had been occupied by generations of skunks. Each space between floor joists and timber was a room. In one was a huge clean nest of dried grass, much like that which red squirrels build of cedar bark. Another space had been the larder, for it was full of dry bones and feathers; others were for other uses, all showing plainly the careful housekeeping of the family in the basement.

I looked long and carefully, as the work of destruction went on, for the pot of gold beneath the floor, or the secret hoard which fancy assigns to all old houses; but not even a stray penny turned up. Yet I got several souvenirs. One of these is a

nail in my foot whereby I shall remember my iconoclasm for some time. Another is a curiously wrought wooden scoop, a sort of butter-worker, the historian tells me, carved, seemingly, with a jackknife from a pine plank. A third is a quaint, lumbering, heavy, hand-wrought fire-shovel which appeared somewhat curiously. Re-entering a room which I had cleared of everything movable, I found it standing against the door-jamb. Fire-shovels have no legs, so I suppose it was brought in. However, none of the neighbors has confessed, and I am content to think it belonged in the old house and was brought back, perhaps by the Baptist deacon who "backslided" and became a Millerite. It has been rusted by water and burned by fire, and I don't believe even Sherlock Holmes could make a wiser deduction.

As I write, a section of one of the old "Wheeler" cap-posts is crumbling to ashes in my fireplace. It was of solid oak, of a texture as firm and grainless almost as soapstone. No water had touched this wood, I know, for a hundred and fifty years, perhaps for almost a hundred added to that. For hours it retained its shape, glowing like a huge block of anthracite, and sending forth a heat as great but infinitely more kindly and comforting. Toward the last the flames which came from it lost their yellow opaqueness and slipped fluttering upward in a transparent opalescence which I never before saw in fire. It was as if the soul of the old house, made out of all that was beautiful and kindly in the hopes and longings of those who built it and lived in it, stood revealed a moment in its shining beauty before it passed on.

THE SCARCITY OF SKUNKS

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE ragged quilt of snow had slipped from the shoulders of the slopes, the gray face of the maple swamp showed a flush of warmth, and the air, out of the south to-day, breathed life, the life of buds and catkins, of sappy bark, oozing gum, and running water — the life of spring; and through the faintly blending breaths, as a faster breeze ran down the hills, I caught a new and unmistakable odor, single, pointed, penetrating, the sign to me of an open door in the wood-lot, to me, indeed, the Open Sesame of spring.

“When does the spring come? And who brings it?” asks the watcher in the woods. “To me spring begins when the catkins on the alders and the pussy-willows begin to swell,” writes Mr. Burroughs, “when the ice breaks up on the river and the first sea-gulls come prospecting northward.” So I have written, also; written verses even to the pussy-willow, to the bluebird, and to the hepatica, as spring’s harbingers; but never a line yet to celebrate this first forerunner of them all, the gentle early skunk. For it is his presence, blown far across the February snow, that always ends my New England winter and brings the spring. Of course there are difficulties, poetically, with the wood-pussy. I don’t remember that even Whitman tried the theme. But, perhaps, the good gray poet never met a spring skunk in the streets of Camden. The animal is comparatively rare in the densely populated cities of New Jersey.

It is rare enough here in Massachusetts; at least, it used to be; though I think, from my observations, that the skunk is quietly on the increase in New England. I feel very sure of this as regards the neighborhood immediate to my farm.

This is an encouraging fact, but hard

to be believed, no doubt. I, myself, was three or four years coming to the conviction, often fearing that this little creature, like so many others of our thinning woods, was doomed to disappear. But that was before I turned to keeping hens. I am writing these words as a naturalist and nature-lover, and I am speaking also with the authority of one who keeps hens. Though a man give his life to the study of the skunk, and have not hens, he is nothing. You cannot say, “Go to, I will write about my skunks.” There is no such anomaly as professional nature-loving, as vocational nature-writing. You cannot go into your woods and count your skunks. Not until you have kept hens can you know, can you even have the will to believe, the number of skunks that den in the dark on the purlieus of your farm.

That your neighbors keep hens is not enough. My neighbors’ hens were from the first a stone of stumbling to me. That is a peculiarity of next-door hens. It would have been better if my neighbors had had no hens. I had lately moved among these half-farmer folk, and while I found them intelligent enough, I immediately saw that their attitude toward nature was wholly wrong. They seemed to have no conception of the beauty of nature. Their feeling for the skunk was typical: they hated the skunk with a perfect hatred, a hatred implacable, illogical, and unpoetical, it seemed to me, for it was born of their chicken-breeding.

Here were these people in the lap of nature, babes in nature’s arms, knowing only to draw at her breasts and gurgle, or, the milk failing, to kick and cry. Mother Nature! She was only a bottle and rubber nipple, only turnips and hay and hens to them. Nature a mother? a spirit? a

soul? fragrance? harmony? beauty? Only when she cackled like a hen.

Now there is something in the cackle of a hen, a very great deal, indeed, if it is the cackle of your own hen. But the morning stars did not cackle together, and there is still solemn music in the universe, music that is neither an anvil nor a barnyard chorus. Life ought to mean more than turnips, more than hay, more than hens to these rural people. It ought, and it must. I had come among them. And what else was my coming but a divine providence, a high and holy mission? I had been sent unto this people to preach the gospel of the beauty of nature. And I determined that my first text should be the skunk.

All of this, likewise, was previous to the period of my hens.

It was now my second February upon the farm, when the telltale wind brought down this poignant message from the wood-lot. The first spring skunk was out! I knew the very stump out of which he had come — the stump of his winter den. Yes, and the day before, I had actually met the creature in the woods, for he had been abroad now something like a week. He was rooting among the exposed leaves in a sunny dip, and I approached to within five feet of him, where I stood watching while he grubbed in the thawing earth. Buried to the shoulders in the leaves, he was so intent upon his labor that he got no warning of my presence. My neighbors would have knocked him over with a club, — would have done it eagerly, piously, as unto the Lord. What did the Almighty make such vermin for, anyway? No one will phrase an answer; but every one will act promptly, as by command and revelation.

I stood several minutes watching, before the little wood-pussy paused and pulled out his head in order to try the wind. How shocked he was! He had been caught off his guard, and instantly snapped himself into a startled hump, for the whiff he got on the wind said *danger!* — and nigh at hand! Throwing his

pointed nose straight into the air, and swinging it quickly to the four quarters, he fixed my direction, and turning his back upon me, tumbled off in a dreadful hurry for home.

This interesting, though somewhat tame, experience, would have worn the complexion of an adventure for my neighbors, a bare escape, — a ruined Sunday suit, or, at least, a lost jumper or overalls. I had never lost so much as a roundabout in all my life. My neighbors had had innumerable passages with this ramping beast, most of them in the dark, and many of them verging hard upon the tragic. I had small patience with it all. I wished the whole neighborhood were with me, that I might take this harmless little wood-pussy up in my arms and teach them again the first lesson of the Kingdom of Heaven, and of this earthly Paradise, too, and incidentally, put an end forever to these tales of Sunday clothes and nights of horror and banishment in the barn.

As nobody was present to see, I did not pick the wood-pussy up. I did not need to prove to myself the baselessness of these wild misgivings; nor did I wish, without good cause, further to frighten the innocent creature. I had met many a skunk before this, and nothing of note ever had happened. Here was one, taken suddenly and unawares, and what did he do? He merely winked and blinked vacantly at me over the snow, trying vainly to adjust his eyes to the hard white daylight, and then timidly made off as fast as his pathetic legs could carry him, fetching a compass far around toward his den.

I accompanied him, partly to see him safely home, but more to study him on the way, for my neighbors would demand something else than theory and poetry of my new gospel: they would require facts. Facts they should have.

I had been a long time coming to my mind concerning the skunk. I had been thinking years about him; and during the previous summer (my second here on the farm) I had made a careful study

of the creature's habits, so that even now I had in hand material of considerable bulk and importance, showing the very great usefulness of the animal. Indeed, I was about ready to embody my beliefs and observations in a monograph, setting forth the need of national protection — of a Committee of One Hundred, say, of continental scope, to look after the preservation and further introduction of the skunk as the friend and ally of man, as the most useful of all our insectivorous creatures, bird or beast.

What, may I ask, was this one of mine doing here on the edge of the February woods? He had been driven out of his winter bed by hunger, and he had been driven out into the open snowy sunshine by the cold, because the nights (he is nocturnal) were still so chill that the soil would freeze at night past his ploughing. Thus it chanced at high noon that I came upon him grubbing among my soft, wet leaves, and grubbing for nothing less than obnoxious insects!

My heart warmed to him. He was ragged and thin and even weak, I thought, by the way he staggered as he made off. It had been a hard winter for men and for skunks, particularly hard for skunks on account of the unbroken succession of deep snows. This skunk had been frozen into his den, to my certain knowledge, since the last of November.

Nature is a severe mother. The hunger of this starved creature! To be put to bed without even the broth, and to be locked in, half awake, for nearly three months. Poor little beastie! Perhaps he had n't intelligence enough to know that those gnawings within him were pain. Perhaps our sympathy is all agley. Perhaps. But we are bound to feel it when we watch him satisfying his pangs with the pestiferous insects of our own wood-lot.

I saw him safely home, and then returned to examine the long furrows he had ploughed out among the leaves. I found nothing to show what species of insects he had eaten, but it was enough to know that he had been bent on bugs —

gypsy-moth eggs, maybe, on the underside of some stick or stone, where they had escaped the keen eye of the tree-warden. We are greatly exercised over this ghastly caterpillar. But is it entomologists, and national appropriations, and imported parasites, that we need to check the ravaging plague? These things might help, doubtless; but I was intending to show in my monograph that it is only skunks we need; it is the scarcity of skunks that is the whole trouble — and the abundance of cats.

My heart warmed, I say, as I watched my one frail skunk here by the snowy woodside, and it thrilled as I pledged him protection, as I acknowledged his right to the earth, his right to share life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness with me. He could have only a small part in my life, doubtless, but I could enter largely into his, and we could live in amity together — in amity here on *this* bit of the divine earth, anyhow, if nowhere else under heaven.

This was along in February, and I was beginning to set my hens.

A few days later, in passing through the wood-lot, I was surprised and delighted to see three skunks in the near vicinity of the den, and evidently residents of the stump. "Think!" I exclaimed to myself, "think of the wild flavor to this tame patch of woods! And the creatures so rare, too, and beneficial! They multiply rapidly, though," I thought, "and I ought to have a fine lot of them by fall. I shall stock the farm with them."

This was no momentary enthusiasm. In a book that I had published some years before I had stoutly championed the skunk. "Like every predatory creature," I wrote, "the skunk more than balances his debt for corn and chickens by his destruction of obnoxious vermin. He feeds upon insects and mice, destroying great numbers of the latter by digging out the nests and eating the young. But we forget our debt when the chickens disappear, no matter how few we lose.

Shall we ever learn to say, when the red-tail swoops among the pigeons, when the rabbits get into the cabbage, when the robins rifle the cherry-trees, and when the skunk helps himself to a hen for his Thanksgiving dinner — shall we ever learn to love and understand the fitness of things out-of-doors enough to say, ‘But then, poor beastie, thou maun live’?”

Since writing those warm lines I had made further studies upon the skunk, all establishing the more firmly my belief that there is a big balance to the credit of the animal. Meantime, too, I had bought this small farm, with a mowing-field and an eight-acre wood-lot on it; with certain liens and attachments on it, also, due to human mismanagement and to interference with the course of Nature in the past. Into the orchard, for instance, had come the San José scale; into the wood-lot had crawled the gypsy-moth — human blunders! Under the sod of the mowing-land had burrowed the white grub of the June-bugs. On the whole fourteen acres rested the black shadow of an insect plague. Nature had been interfered with and thwarted. Man had taken things into his own clumsy hands. It should be so no longer on these fourteen acres. I held the deed to these, not for myself nor my heirs, but for Nature. Over these few acres the winds of heaven should blow free, the birds should sing, the flowers should grow, and through the gloaming, unharmed and unaffrighted, the useful skunk should take his own sweet way.

This last summer had been a season remarkable for the ravages of the June-bug. The turf in my mowing went all brown and dead suddenly in spite of frequent rains. No cause for the trouble showed on the surface of the field. You could start and with your hands roll up the tough sod by the yard, as if a clean-cutting knife had been run under it about an inch below the crowns. It peeled off under your feet in great flakes. An examination of the soil brought to light the

big fat grubs of the June-bugs, millions of the ghastly monsters! They had gone under the grass, eating off the roots so evenly and so thoroughly that not a square foot of green remained in the whole field.

It was here that the skunk did his good work (I say “the skunk,” for there was only one on the farm that summer, I think). I would go into the field morning after morning to count the holes he had made during the night in his hunt for the grubs. One morning I got over a hundred holes, all of them dug during the previous night, and each hole representing certainly one grub, possibly more; for the skunk would hear or smell his prey at work in the soil before attempting to dig.

A hundred grubs for one night, by one skunk! It took me only a little while to figure out the enormous number of grubs that a fair-sized family of skunks would destroy in a summer. A family of skunks would rid my farm of the pest in a single summer and make inroads on the grubs of the entire community.

Ah! the community! the ignorant, short-sighted, nature-hating community! What chance had a family of skunks in this community? And the fire of my mission burned hot within me.

And so did my desire for more skunks. My hay crop was short, was *nil*, in fact, for the hayfield was as barren of green as the henyard. I had to have it ploughed and laid down again to grass. And all because of this scarcity of skunks.

Now, as the green of the springing blades began to show through the melting snow, it was with immense satisfaction that I thought of the three skunks under the stump. That evening I went across to my nearest neighbor’s and had a talk with him over the desirability, the necessity indeed, of encouraging the skunks about us. I told him a good many things about these animals that, with all his farming and chicken-raising, he had never known.

But these rural folk are quite difficult.

Perhaps it is demanding too much of them. For, after all, it takes a naturalist, a lover of the out-of-doors, to appreciate the beautiful adjustments in nature. A mere farmer can hardly do it. One needs a keen eye, but a certain aloofness of soul also, for the deeper meaning and poetry of nature. One needs to spend a vacation, at least, in the wilderness and solitary place, where no other human being has ever come, and there, where the animals know man only as a brother, go to the school of the woods and study the wild folk, one by one, until he discovers them personally, temperamentally, all their likes and dislikes, their little whimseys, freaks, and fancies — all of this, there, far removed from the cankering cares of hens and chickens, for the sake of the right attitude toward nature.

My nearest neighbor had never been to the wilderness. He lacked imagination, too, and a ready pen. Yet he promised not to kill my three skunks in the stump; a rather doubtful pledge, perhaps, but at least a beginning toward the new earth I hoped to see.

Now it was perfectly well known to me that skunks will eat chickens if they have to. But I had had chickens — a few hens — and had never been bothered by skunks. I kept my hens shut up, of course, in a pen — the only place for a hen outside of a pie. I knew, too, that skunks like honey, that they had even tampered with my hives, reaching in at night through the wide summer entrances and tearing out the brood combs. But I never lost much by these depredations. What I felt more, was the destruction of the wild bees and wasps and ground-nesting birds, by the skunks.

But these were trifles! What were a few chickens, bees, yellow-jackets, and even the occasional bird's-nest, against the hay-devouring grubs of the June-bug! And as for the characteristic odor that drifted in now and again with the evening breeze, that had come to have a pleasant quality for me, floating down across my two wide acres of mowing.

February passed gently into March, and my chickens began to hatch. Every man must raise chickens at some period of his life, and I was starting in for my turn now. Hay had been my specialty heretofore, — making two blades grow where there had been one very thin one. But once your two acres are laid down, and you have a stump full of skunks, near by, against the ravages of the June-bugs, then there is nothing for you but chickens or something, while you wait. I got Rhode Island Reds, fancy exhibition stock, — for what is the use of chickens if you cannot take them to the show?

The chickens began to hatch, little downy balls of yellow, with their pedigrees showing right through the fuzz. How the sixty of them grew! I never lost one. And now the second batch of sitters would soon be ready to come off.

Then one day, at the morning count, five of one hen's brood were gone! I counted again. I counted all the other broods. Five were gone!

My nearest neighbor had cats, barn cats, as many as ten, at the least. So I got a gun. Then more of my chickens disappeared. I could count only forty-seven.

I shifted the coop, wired it in, and stretched a wire net over the top of the run. Nothing could get in, nor could a chicken get out. All the time I was waiting for the doomed cat.

A few nights after the moving of the coop a big hole was dug under the wire fence of the run, another hole under the coop, and the entire brood of Rhode Island Reds was taken.

Then I took the gun and cut across the pasture to my neighbor's.

"Hard luck," he said. "It's a big skunk. Here, you take these traps, and you'll catch him: anybody can catch a skunk."

And I did catch him. I killed him, too, in spite of the great scarcity of the creatures. Yet I was sorry, and, perhaps, too hasty; for catching him near the coop was no proof. He might have wandered this

way by chance. I should have put him in a bag and carried him down to Valley Swamp and liberated him.

That day, while my neighbor was gone with his milk wagon, I slipped through the back pasture and hung the two traps up on their nail in the can-house.

I went anxiously to the chicken-yard the next morning. All forty came out to be counted. It must have been the skunk, I was thinking, as I went on into the brooding-house, where six hens were still sitting.

One of the hens was off her nest and acting queerly. Her nest was empty! Not a chick, not a bit of shell! I lifted up the second hen in the row, and of her thirteen eggs, only three were left. The hen next to her had five eggs; the fourth hen had four. Forty chickens gone, counting them before they were hatched, all in one night!

I hitched up the horse and drove thoughtfully to the village, where I bought six skunk-traps.

"Goin' skunkin' some, this spring," the store man remarked, as he got me the traps, adding, "Well, they 's some on 'em. I've seen a scaacty of a good many commodities, but I never yet see a scaacty o' skunks."

I did n't stop to discuss the matter, being a trifle uncertain just then as to my own mind, but hurried home with my six traps. Six I thought would do to begin with, though I really had no conception of the number of cats (or skunks) it had taken to dispose of the three and one-third dozens of eggs (at three dollars a dozen!) in a single night.

Early that afternoon I covered each sitting hen so that even a mouse could not get at her, and fixing the traps, I distributed them about the brooding-house floor; then, as evening came on, I slipped a shell into each barrel of the gun, took a comfortable perch upon a keg in the corner of the house, and waited.

I had come to stay. Something was going to happen. And something did happen, away on in the small hours of

the morning, namely — one little skunk. He walked into a trap while I was dozing. He seemed pretty small hunting then, but he looms larger now, for I have learned several more things about skunks: I have learned that forty eggs, soon to hatch, are just an average meal for the average half-grown skunk.

The catching of these two thieves put an end to the depredations, and I began again to exhibit in my dreams, when one night, while sound asleep, I heard a frightful commotion among the hens. I did the hundred-yard dash to the chicken-house in my unforgotten college form, but just in time to see the skunk cross the moonlit line into the black woods ahead of me.

He had wrought dreadful havoc among the thoroughbreds. What devastation a skunk, singlehanded, can achieve in a pen of young chickens beggars all description.

I was glad that it was dead of night, that the world was at home and asleep in its bed. I wanted no sympathy. I wished only to be alone, alone in the cool, the calm, the quiet of this serene and beautiful midnight. Even the call of a whip-poor-will in the adjoining pasture worried me. I desired to meditate, yet clear, consecutive thinking seemed strangely difficult. I felt like one disturbed. I was out of harmony with this peaceful environment. Perhaps I had hurried too hard, or I was too thinly clothed, or perhaps my feet were cold and wet. I only know that, as I stooped to untwist a long and briery runner from about my ankle, there was great confusion in my mind, and in my spirit there was chaos. I felt myself going to pieces — I, the nature-lover! Had I not advocated the raising of a few extra hens just for the sake of keeping the screaming hawk in air and the wild fox astir in our scanty picnic groves? And had I not said as much for the skunk? Why, then, at one in the morning should I, nor clothed, nor in my right mind, be picking my bare-foot way among the tangled dewberry vines

behind the barn, swearing by the tranquil stars to blow the white-striped carcass of that skunk into ten million atoms if I had to sit up all the next night to do it?

One o'clock in the morning was the fiend's hour. There could be no risk in leaving the farm for a little while in the early evening, merely to go to the bean supper over at the chapel on the Corner. So we were dressed and ready to start, when I spied a hen outside the yard, trying to get in.

Hurrying down, I caught her, and was turning back to the barn, when I heard a slow, faint rustling among the bushes behind the hen-house. Tiptoeing softly around, I surprised a large skunk making his way slowly toward the hen-yard fence.

I grabbed a stone and hurled it, jumping, as I let it drive, for another. The flying missile hit within an inch of the creature's nose, hard upon a large flat rock over which he was crawling. The impact was stunning, and before the old rascal could get to his groggy feet, I had fallen upon him — literally — and done for him.

But I was very sorry. I hope that I shall never get so excited as to fall upon another skunk, — never!

I was picking myself up, when I caught a low cry from the direction of the house — half scream, half shout. It was a woman's voice, the voice of my wife, I thought. Was something the matter?

"Hurry!" I heard. But how could I hurry? My breath was gone, and so were my spectacles, while all about me poured a choking, blinding smother. I fought my way out.

"Oh, hurry!"

I was on the jump; I was already rounding the barn, when a series of terrified shrieks issued from the front of the house. An instant more and I had come. But none too soon, for there stood the dear girl, backed into a corner of the porch, her dainty robes drawn close about her, and a skunk, a wee baby of

a skunk, climbing confidently up the steps toward her.

"Why *are* you so slow!" she gasped. "I've been yelling here for an hour! — Oh! do — don't kill that little thing, but shoo it away, quick!"

She certainly had not been yelling an hour, nor anything like it. But there was no time for argument now, and as for shooing little skunks, I was past that. I don't know exactly what I did say, though I am positive that it was n't "shoo." I was clutching a stone, brought with me from behind the hen-yard, and letting it fly, I knocked the little creature into a harmless bunch of fur.

The family went over to the bean supper and left me all alone on the farm. But I was calm now, with a strange, cold calmness born of extremity. Nothing more could happen to me; I was beyond further harm. So I took up the bodies of the two creatures, and carried them, together with some of my late clothing, over beyond the ridge for burial. Then I returned by way of my neighbor's, where I borrowed two sticks of blasting-powder and a big cannon fire-cracker. I had watched my neighbor use these explosives on the stumps in a new piece of meadow. The next morning, with an axe, a crow-bar, shovel, gun, blasting-powder, and the cannon-cracker, I started for the stump in the wood-lot. I wished the cannon-cracker had been a keg of powder. I could tamp a keg of powder so snugly into the hole of those skunks!

It was a beautiful summer morning, tender with the half-light of breaking dawn, and fresh with dew. Leaving my kit at the mouth of the skunk's den, I sat down on the stump to wait a moment, for the loveliness and wonder of the opening day came swift upon me. From the top of a sapling, close by, a chewink sent his simple, earnest song ringing down the wooded slope, and, soft as an echo, floated up from the swampy tangle of wild grape and azalea, the pure notes of a wood thrush, mellow and globed, and almost fragrant of the thicket where the

white honeysuckle was in bloom. Voices never heard at other hours of the day were vocal now; odors and essences that vanish with the dew hung faint in the air; shapes and shadows and intimations of things that slip to cover from the common light, stirred close about me. It was very near — the gleam! the vision splendid! How close to a revelation seems every dawn! And this early summer dawn, how near a return of that

time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light.

From the crest of my ridge I looked out over the tree-tops far away to the Blue Hills still slumbering in the purple west. How huge and prone they lie! How like their own constant azure does the spirit of rest seem to wrap them round! On their distant slopes it is never common day, never more than dawn, for the shadows always sleep among their hollows, and a haze of changing blues, their own peculiar beauty, hangs, even at high noon, like a veil upon them, shrouding them with largeness and mystery.

A rustle in the dead leaves down the slope recalled me. I reached instinctively for the gun, but stayed my hand. Slowly nosing his way up the ridge, came a full-grown skunk, his tail a-drag, his head

swinging close to the ground. He was coming home to the den, coming leisurely, contentedly, carelessly, as if he had a right to live. I sat very still. On he came, scarcely checking himself as he winded me. How like the dawn he seemed! — the black of night with the white of day — the furtive dawn slipping into its den! He sniffed at the gun and cannon-cracker, made his way over them, and calmly disappeared beneath the stump.

The chewink still sang from the sapling, but the tame broad day had come. I stayed a little while, looking off still at the distant hills. We had sat thus, my six-year-old and I, only a few days before, looking away at these same hills, when the little fellow, half questioningly, half pensively asked, "Father, how can the Blue Hills be so beautiful and have rattlesnakes?"

I gathered up the kit, gun and cannon-cracker, and started back toward home, turning the question of hills and snakes and skunks over and over as I went along. Over and over the question still turns: How can the Blue Hills be so beautiful? The case of my small wood-lot is easier: beautiful it must ever be, but its native spirit, the untamed spirit of the original wilderness, the free wild spirit of the primeval forest, shall flee it, and vanish forever, with this last den of the skunks.

THE PROVINCE OF BURMA

BY JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD

THE fact that an Englishman, however humble his origin, may make it the aim of his life to become the ruler of men and may attain that aim, is one which distinguishes this age from all that precede it. The goal is reached, not through the accident of birth, through military prowess, or popular election, but simply because the man has proved his fitness for the position. Some thirty years ago six young men, four being the sons of clergymen, came to India as government clerks. In January, 1908, they had won their way to a rank next to that of the viceroy, being the rulers of six provinces having a population of over 160,000,000.

Any "natural-born subject" of King Edward, provided that he has a sound body and is of good moral character, may become a candidate for the Indian civil service. An appointment is secured simply by passing successfully an examination in several ancient and modern languages and literatures, mathematics, natural science, history, moral and mental philosophy, political science, and Roman and English law. Some idea may be formed of the nature of this examination from the following examples of the subjects and papers set in 1904.

"The comparative influence of Education and Heredity in the forming of character," was the subject of an essay to be written. A question in moral philosophy was, "Explain and criticise from a modern standpoint Plato's views as to the duty of the State in regard to the moral and religious education of its citizens." In political science a comment was asked for on James Russell Lowell's statement, "Laws of the wisest human device are, after all, but the sheath of the sword of Power." In zoölogy, "State any facts that you know concerning the structure,

life-history, and habits of the Indian elephant." In English literature, "Point out the resemblances and differences in the allegories of the Red Cross Knight and of *The Pilgrim's Progress*." In Latin literature, "Spain furnished some of the leaders of Roman literature in the first century A. D.' Who were these literary Spaniards? What was their social position? In what kinds of literature did they excel?" In modern history, "Explain and criticise the foreign policy of Nicholas I. How far was he the typical Russian autocrat?" Chemistry, "Give an account (with sketches of plant) of one of the modern methods now employed in the manufacture of chlorine."

If the young candidate is successful, he will be on probation for a year, and then will be required to pass a final examination on the code and history of India and the principal vernacular language of the province to which he is to be assigned. In case this is Burma we are enabled to follow his career by means of the recently published work, *The Province of Burma*, of the well-known traveler and lecturer, Mr. Alleyne Ireland. It is the first part of a report prepared on behalf of the University of Chicago on "Colonial Administration in the Far East." Its object, as stated in the preface, is to make "a clear exposition of the different systems which have been devised by Great Britain, the United States, Holland, and France for the solution of administrative problems of closely identical character."

The systems which fall within the range of the inquiry are the Crown Colony system in the Straits Settlements and Hong Kong, the Residential system in the Federated Malay States, the Indian Provincial system in Burma, the

Chartered Company system in British North Borneo, the Autocratic system in Sarawak, the French system in Indo-China, the Dutch system in Java, and the American system in the Philippine Islands."

Mr. Ireland's preparation for this work was a preliminary examination of the material available in the libraries of the government officers in London. Then two years and a half were spent in visiting each of the nine dependencies on which he was to report, that he might study on the spot their administrative problems. He also went with the same purpose to India, China, and Japan, the countries which represent the ultimate forces by whose mutual action the future of the Far East will be moulded to a great extent. During this time, it may be added, he contributed some valuable articles to the *London Times*, giving his impressions of the countries visited, with special reference to the manner in which they are governed. The three following years were occupied in arranging and digesting the material gained during his journeys and from his examination of some six thousand volumes, covering more than a million pages, of government documents, as well as histories, biographies, travels, and reminiscences.

He begins with Burma, possibly because it is the best organized of all the dependencies, and represents the highest stage yet reached of colonial administration. After a sketch of the physical features of the country and the history of its acquisition by the British, he treats of the administration in every particular, from the duties of the lieutenant-governor to those of the village headman, of the revenue and financial systems, education, trade and labor, forestry, and public works. The information is given almost wholly by reprints of or extracts from official reports and other public documents. No attempt, accordingly, has been made to give the work a literary form that shall attract the general reader, nor is there any extended treatment of antiquarian or archæological

subjects or of natural history or languages. There is neither criticism of methods, nor detailed comments on them, nor comparison with those of other countries. All this is reserved for the concluding volumes of the report. His present object is simply "to give an accurate and fairly comprehensive presentation of the facts" relative to Burma. As a manual of instruction, therefore, for all who are called upon to bear any part in the government of a dependent Eastern people, it is invaluable.

With Mr. Ireland as our guide, let us endeavor to form some idea of the way in which the English govern this Cinderella of the Indian provinces, as it has been termed. The administrative head is the lieutenant-governor, who is appointed by the governor-general of India and usually holds his office for a term of five years. His legislative council consists of nine members, five of whom as a rule belong to the civil service; the remainder are chosen from the non-official community. The chief executive officers under him are the commissioners of the eight divisions of the province, which are further subdivided into thirty-six districts under the charge of deputy-commissioners. These are the Englishmen who are in the closest contact with the natives. They act as magistrates, judges, collectors, and registrars, besides discharging the various miscellaneous duties which fall to the representative of the supreme government. A large part of their time, therefore, is occupied in visiting the different towns and villages of their district, for it is a fundamental principle of the British rule that one at least of its higher officials shall personally know the leading men in every settlement, and shall be ready to hear all complaints and appeals for justice from the humblest of the people.

Attention may be called here to the fact that the successful English candidate for the civil service, on his arrival in the province to which he is assigned, is not deemed ready for active duties, but is in

training for the first two years, that he may have some experience of the people and gain some insight into the traditions of administration. Naturally, one of the best ways to get this experience and insight will be for him to accompany a deputy-commissioner on one of his tours. As they pass from village to village, — for nine-tenths of the people live in villages, — the newcomer will be impressed with the fact that the chief and most important part of his companion's duties is the appointment and oversight of the headman who is over every village, or in some instances group of small neighboring villages. This method of local government is not an innovation, but is a continuation of the "village system which in Burma as in India has been the basis of the indigenous administration from time immemorial."

This headman is one who lives among his people and must know all that is going on about him. A printed Village Manual, from which Mr. Ireland gives some interesting extracts, defines his duties in the clearest possible manner. He is the magistrate to try all small offenses, as theft, breach of peace, drunkenness, and, most significant in an Eastern land, "doing any obscene act in a public place, singing, reciting, or uttering any obscene song, ballad or words to the annoyance of others in or near a public place." He is collector of taxes, sees that the roads are kept open, and prevents the illicit manufacture or sale of opium or intoxicants. An important part of his duty is to see that a certain simple, but very effective, sanitary code is obeyed; as for instance: "The headman shall not allow any latrine or cesspit in any house, enclosure or land in any village under his control to be kept in a filthy or insanitary condition." There are also rules for the prevention of cattle disease.

If any headman is inefficient or neglectful of his duties, the deputy-commissioner appoints another man in his place. An indication of their faithfulness as a rule is the fact that the population of Burma has

increased with marvelous rapidity since the British control, — its increase indeed is greater than that of any other province of India. Had the population of the United States increased in like proportion during the last quarter of a century it would number now at least 120,000,000. Immigration, it should be noted, has had little or no part in Burma's increase, which is due wholly to natural causes, primarily the sanitary condition of the villages. In 1904 the percentage of deaths was below that of any other part of India.

There are forty towns in the province, which are governed by committees, of whom about a fifth are elected, the others holding their seats *ex officio* or by nomination. Out of 537 members of these municipal committees in 1903, only 158 were Europeans. The duties of these bodies are carefully defined in the Municipal Act of 1898, in which there is to be found a special provision against graft, the punishment for which is imprisonment or fine, or both in some instances. If the committee of any town is incompetent or neglects its duties or exceeds its powers, the commissioner or deputy-commissioner can supersede it.

The oversight of the schools, in the towns and the villages, is another very important part of the work of the English official whom we are supposed to be accompanying on his tour of inspection. According to the government orders, the district officer is "responsible for the state of education generally in his district, and the Education Department is the instrument in his hand for carrying out this responsibility." This department consists of a director and about one hundred inspectors, including some headmasters of the higher government schools. Among the special objects to which his attention should be directed is the discipline and moral training of the scholars, and "the cleanliness of person and dress in both teachers and pupils." In the primary schools the instruction is in the vernacular tongue, in accordance with the Indian educational policy, that "a

child should not be allowed to learn English as a language until he has made some progress in the primary stages of instruction and has received a thorough grounding in his mother tongue." In the village schools the aim is to give to the children a preliminary training which will make them intelligent cultivators, and their reading-books deal with topics associated with rural life. In addition to instruction in the common branches of learning, there is provision for the teaching of seventeen different industries, as blacksmithing, carpentry, cane and bamboo-work, and lace-making (for girls only).

To encourage the higher education there are some ninety scholarships, of which six are "female medical scholarships." There are also training schools for teachers, with nearly six hundred students in 1905. An interesting feature in the educational system is a staff of itinerant teachers whose special aim is the "spreading primary education in the districts." In the towns the committees have the care of the schools, and in the government instructions "the principle laid down is that indigenous primary education has the first claim on the public funds." It is encouraging to note in this connection that the appropriation for public instruction in Rangoon increased from \$4000 in 1901 to \$34,000 in 1905.

In the light of these facts the conclusions reached in the Report on the Census of 1901 are not surprising. From the returns it appears that "in point of education as a whole, the Burmese outstrip all the other indigenous people with 270 literates in every thousand of their number. In male education too they are far ahead of the other communities. It can almost be said that every second Burman boy or man is able to read and write, for the proportion of literates per thousand of the sex is no less than 490." There can be little doubt that the proportion is greater to-day, so deep is the interest in education. This is shown by the fact that in the ten years ending in 1905 the number

of girls' schools had increased from 242 to 619, and the number of pupils from 9869 to 54,787.

Another phase of the British influence on an Eastern people will be seen by accompanying on his tour of inspection a deputy-commissioner of one of the districts of the Shan States region. This is practically the whole eastern part of the province, and up to 1886 consisted of forty-three semi-independent principalities under the suzerainty of the King of Burma. For at least thirty years before the British occupation, constant civil war between the states had prevailed, and universal ruin was the result. One of the capitals, Monè, "which within living memory had ten thousand households was reduced to seventeen huts." Naturally, these civil wars had disorganized society, and a great number of the Shans lived by robbery, or "dacoity," to use the Hindu term. As this consisted often in raids upon the people on the plains under British rule, it was absolutely necessary in the interest of the peaceful and industrious Burmese to put an end to this condition of mis-rule and to establish a stable government in these states. This was done with little opposition on the part of the Shans, and the States became a part of the province. The result in less than ten years is indicated in a speech of the lieutenant-governor, Sir Frederic Fryer, at a durbar at the headquarters of the Southern States: "As I rode up from the plains to your pleasant hills I was impressed by indications of order and wealth on every side. Even at this late time of the year the road was crowded with traders; the fields showed signs of careful cultivation; the villages through which I passed seemed populous and well cared for. . . . The increase of trade has been really marvelous. No single case of dacoity or other organized crime has been reported during the year." To this we may add that the forty-three princes, who still hold their position as rulers, have recently sent a joint petition to the British government asking for the construction of

a railway for the development of their states.

A similar condition to that which once prevailed among the Shans characterized the Chin Hills, a region lying on the western frontier of the province. Here raids and blood feuds were so frequent that every village was fortified by gates and surrounded and defended by cactus and stiff thorn-hedges, palisades, stone breast-works, and rifle-pits. "No one was safe," writes one who had lived among them in those days; "the women worked in the fields guarded by the men; no one ever knew when raiders from many villages at feud with theirs were lying along the paths, and pickets kept guard night and day on the approaches to the villages." Here again the necessity of protecting the plains from the constant raids of the Chin tribes was the cause of the British occupation of the Hills, and in 1896 a condition of complete peace was established throughout the region. What this condition was in 1900 we may learn from the statement of Commissioner Sir George Scott: "Raids are unknown, and scarcely any crimes are committed, so that the Chin Hills are actually more secure than many parts of Lower Burma. Roads, on which Chin coolies now readily work, have been constructed in all directions. The rivers have been bridged. The people have taken up the cultivation of English vegetables, and the indigenous industries have been largely developed. British officers now tour about with escorts of only four or five men where formerly they could only go with columns."

If it be asked, What was the general policy of the British government which has brought about this marvelous change in so short a time, the answer is this: "To interfere as little as possible with the customs of the people and their system of tribal government; to prevent bloodshed and internal feuds; to advise the chiefs and tribesmen, and to build up a sound

primitive form of government; to punish severely all crimes committed against government servants and property; to demand tribute from all the tribes as a token of their fealty to the British Government."

These are perhaps the most salient methods by which the English have sought to solve the peculiar governmental problems presented by an Eastern people. There is much in Mr. Ireland's report on which we have not touched, as his account of the judicial and financial administration, the public works and forestry departments, not because of its lack of interest, but because of its generally technical character. It is interesting to note, however, in respect to finance, that nearly half of the expenditure for 1905 was for irrigation, the building of roads and railways, and other public works. As regards what has been accomplished in developing the wealth of the land, a single illustration will suffice. A railway passes for one hundred miles through almost continuous rice-fields, where, fifteen years ago, there was a dense, uninhabited forest. This development would be more rapid and greater were Burma, as it should be, independent of India. Now a considerable part of its revenues is devoted to the promotion of Indian interests with which it has no concern.

One thing, it should be noted in conclusion, has contributed vastly to the success of the English in Burma, and that is the absence of caste, for caste is the greatest obstacle to righteous government and progress in India. To this absence largely may be attributed the fact that the unrest which prevails in some parts of that country is unknown in Burma. The people live contentedly under their foreign rulers. It is a peace — not the result of force, for I cannot find out that there is a single British soldier in the whole province; but the peace of pure contentment.

THE PLAYWRIGHT AND THE PLAYGOERS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

It is one of the many disadvantages of the divorce between literature and the theatre which was visible in English from the last quarter of the eighteenth century to the last quarter of the nineteenth, that there grew up an uncomfortable tradition of considering the drama as a department of literature which could exist without any connection with the actual stage. Historians of literature even went so far as to accept as drama, and to criticise as drama, poems in dialogue composed in total disregard of the theatre. Sometimes they ventured to compare these so-called plays — which were strangely unreal, in that they assumed a form not expressive of the actual intent of their author — with the masterpieces of the dramatic poets who had carefully adjusted their great dramas to the theatrical conditions of their own days.

The composers of these "closet-dramas" did not see that a play not intended to be played is a contradiction in terms, and they did not suspect — what every true dramatist has always felt — that the proof of a play is in the performance. They were poets of more or less prominence who wanted to claim praise without facing the peril of the ordeal by fire in front of the footlights. They despised the acted drama because it had to appeal to the mob, to the vulgar throng. Their sentiments are voiced by the Poet in the "Prologue on the Stage" of Goethe's *Faust* : —

Speak not to me of yonder motley masses,
Whom just to see puts out the fire of
Song !
Hide from my view the surging crowd that
passes,
And in its whirlpool forces us along !
No, lead me where some heavenly silence
glasses
The purer joys that round the poet throng.

This attitude may not be unbecoming in the lyric poet, who has but to express his own emotions; but it is impossible in a true dramatic poet, who feels that what he has wrought is not complete until he has seen it bodied forth by actors on the stage before the motley masses and the surging crowd, and until he has been able to test its effect upon the throng itself. The true dramatic poet would never hesitate to adopt Molière's statement of his own practice: "I accept easily enough the decisions of the multitude, and I hold it as difficult to assail a work which the public approves as to defend one which it condemns." But however much even the lyric poet may detach himself from the surging crowd and despise the motley masses, even he must not forget his readers absolutely; it is only at his peril that he can neglect the duty of being readable. Taine declared that Browning had been guilty of this fault in *The Ring and the Book*, wherein he "never thinks of the reader, and lets his characters talk as though no one was to read their speeches."

What may be only a fault in the lyric poet becomes a crime in the dramatic poet, who can never claim the right of solitary self-expression which the lyrist may assert. The drama has for its basis an appeal to the whole public and not to any coterie of dilettanti. "Since we write poems to be performed, our first duty ought to be to please the court and the people and to attract a great throng to their performance." So said Corneille, declaring frankly the doctrine of every genuine dramatic poet. "We must, if we can, abide by the rules, so as not to displease the learned and to receive universal applause; but, above all else, let us win the voice of the people."

The great dramatists of every period when the drama was flourishing would unhesitatingly echo this declaration of Corneille. They might refrain from the discourteous assertion, but they would surely hold the "closet-drama" to be a pretentious absurdity, appropriate only to weaklings unwilling to grapple with the difficulties of the actual theatre. By their own splendid experience they had learned how greatly the artist may profit by a resolute struggle with limitations and obstacles; and they could scarcely refrain from contempt for the timorous poets who have shrunk from the profitable effort. And as the result of this choice of the easier path by the craven bards, they fail to reach the goal toward which they like to think they are going. The poems in dialogue, due to a refusal to take thought of the theatre and of the throng, are very rarely successful even in the library. The closet-dramas are all of them unactable; most of them are unreadable; and many of them are unspeakable. Although many poets of distinction have condescended to the composition of plays not intended to be played, — Milton, for one, and Byron, and Browning, — their distinction is not due to these closet-dramas; and their fame would be as high if they had refrained from these poems in dialogue.

True dramatic poets — Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière — have always been willing to take thought of the players by whom their plays were to be performed, of the playhouses in which their plays were to be presented, and of the playgoers whom they hoped to attract in motley masses. Consciously, to some extent, and unconsciously more often, they shaped the stories they were telling to the circumstances of the actual performance customary on the contemporary stage. Whether they knew it or not, their great tragedies and their great comedies as we have them now, are what they are, partly because of the influence of the several actors for whom they created their chief characters, partly because the theatre to

which they were accustomed was of a certain size and had certain peculiarities, and partly because the spectators they wished to move had certain prejudices and certain preconceptions natural to their nation and their era. This is why there is profit in an attempt to consider the several influences which the actor, the theatre, and the audience, may exert on the dramatist, — influences felt by every dramatic poet, great or small, in every period in the long evolution of the drama.

The strongest pressure upon the content of the drama of any special period, and of any special place, is that of the contemporary audience for whose delight or for whose edification it was originally devised. How any author at any time can tell his story upon the stage depends upon the kind of stage he has in view; but what kind of story he must tell depends upon the kind of people he wants to interest. As Dryden declared in one of his epilogues: —

They who have best succeeded on the stage
Have still conformed their genius to the age.

And this couplet of Dryden's recalls the later lines of Johnson: —

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And those who live to please, must please to live.

In other words, the dramatic poet is not independent of his hearers, as the lyric poet may be, since he can never be satisfied with mere self-expression. His work depends for its effect upon his hearers, and he has to take them into account, under penalty of blank failure. He must give them what they want, even if he gives them also what he wants. The author of a drama cannot labor for himself alone; he has to admit the spectators as his special partners. There is ever a tacit agreement, a quasi-contract, between the playwright and the playgoers. As the ingenious and ingenuous Abbé d'Aubignac asserted, more than two centuries ago, when he was laying down laws for the drama: "We are not to forget here (and I think it one of the best Observations I

have made upon this matter) that if the subject is not conformable to the Manners as well as the Opinions of the spectators, it will never take." And a later remark of his proved that he possessed the prime requisite of a dramatic critic, in that he had worked out his principles not only in the library, but also in the theatre itself. "For if there be any Act or Scene that has not that conformity to the Manners of the spectators, you will suddenly see the applause cease, and in its place a discontent succeed, though they themselves do not know the cause of it."

Just as the theatre for which Sophocles wrote differed in almost every way from the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote, so the audience that the Greek poet had to please — if he was to win the awarded prize — was very unlike the audience that the English poet had to please — if he was to make his living as a professional playwright. There is not a wider difference between the theatre of Louis XIV's time, wherein Molière's comedies were first produced, and the cosmopolitan modern playhouses wherein Ibsen's dramas are now and again performed, than there is between the courtiers and the burghers of Paris, whom the melancholy French humorist had to amuse, and the narrow-minded villagers of Grimstad, whom Ibsen seems to have had always before him as the individual spectators he wished to startle out of their moral lethargy.

Even though the playwright has ever to consider the playgoers, their opinions and their prejudices, he is under no undue strain when he does this, and the most of his effort is unconscious, since he is always his own contemporary, sharing in the likes and dislikes of the men of his own time, the very men whom he hopes to see flocking to the performances of his plays. Sophocles did not need to take thought what would be displeasing to the thousands who sat around the hollow slope of the Acropolis; he was an Athenian himself; and yet, no doubt, he acted always on the advice Isocrates used to give to his pupils in oratory, who were

told to "study the people." Shakespeare did not have to hold himself in for fear of shocking the energetic Elizabethans; he was himself a subject of the Virgin Queen, one of the plain people, with an instinctive understanding of the desires of the playgoers of his age. As M. Jusserand has acutely asserted, the English play-going public of Shakespeare's time demanded "nourishment suited to its tastes, which were spontaneous and natural; it imposed these on the playmakers; it loved, like all peoples, to see on the stage, made more beautiful or more ugly, that is to say, more highly colored, what it found in itself embryonically, what it felt and could not express, what it could do and yet knew not how to narrate." Strikingly contrasted as are Sophocles and Shakespeare, they are not more unlike than the respective audiences they sought to gratify.

Molière was able to choose themes to interest his contemporaries, because he was himself a Frenchman sympathizing with the sentiments of his time, and trained by the same heredity as the spectators of his plays. He is himself the superb example of the truth of Nisard's assertion: "in France the man of genius is he who says what everybody knows; he is only the intelligent echo of the crowd; and if he does not wish to find us deaf and indifferent, he must not astonish us with his personal views — he must reveal us to ourselves." And as Molière is the type of the urban and urbane French dramatic poet, guided by the social instinct, ever dominant in France, so is Ibsen rather a rural type, forever preaching individualism to the dwellers in the tiny seashore village where he spent his youth, and giving little thought to the inhabitants of the larger world where he had lived since his maturity. Although cosmopolitan audiences have appreciated Ibsen's power and skill, it was not for cosmopolitan audiences that he wrote his social dramas, but for the old folks at home in Norway whom he wanted to awaken morally and mentally. And here, in his memory of the

feelings and failings of the men and women among whom he grew to manhood, we can find the obvious explanation of that narrow parochialism which is sometimes revealed most unexpectedly in more than one of his plays.

A certain knowledge of the people to whom the playwright belonged and for whom he wrote is a condition precedent to any real understanding of his plays. And, on the other hand, a study of the drama of any period or of any place cannot fail to supply interesting information about the manners and customs, the modes of thought and the states of feeling, of the people of that country at that time. For example, the mediæval drama seems to have had its earliest development in France, and perhaps for this reason all over Europe one mystery is very like another mystery, whether it is French or English, Italian or German; but one of the variations from monotony is to be found in the scene between Joseph and Potiphar's wife, which the English redactors preferred to treat in outline only or omitted altogether, but which the French compilers delighted to elaborate and to amplify for the greater joy of their compatriots. To this day the French are willing to laugh at the humorous side of conjugal infidelity, whereas we who speak English are unwilling to take this other than seriously. Here we can see reason why many an amusing French farce has failed to please in New York and in London.

The lack of popular attention and approval, about which Terence often complained loudly, was due to his incompatibility with the only audiences which Rome then knew. He proportioned his intrigues and polished his dialogue to please spectators accustomed to coarse buffoonery. Terence was born out of time; and he might have been a really successful writer of comedies had he lived in the Italian Renaissance, when he could hope for an audience of scholars swift to enjoy his finish and his felicity of phrase. As it was, Terence refused to gratify the

tastes of the populace of his own time; and he had to confess failure. The more practical Lope de Vega accepted the audiences of his day for what they were—less violent than Terence's, but quite as robust and willful as Shakespeare's; and the Spanish playwright made the best of the situation, disclosing his marvelous inventiveness and his splendid productivity in countless pieces of every type. In his apologetic poem on the "New Art of Writing Plays" he pretended that he composed these pieces more or less against his own better knowledge of the true rules of the drama, and that before he sat down to write he was careful to put Terence and Plautus out of the room; but he was probably too completely his own contemporary, too much a man of his time and of his race, to have been forced to any great sacrifice of his artistic code. He seems to have felt no awkward restraint from his desire to please his public; and apparently he was able to express himself fully and freely in his plays, even if he also took care to have them conform to the likings of the populace of Madrid. So Shakespeare took care to have his plays conform to the likings of the populace of London; and he also was able to use them for the amplest self-expression. Here we observe once more how it is that the true artist accepts the conditions imposed on him, whatever they may be, and that he is often able to turn a stumbling-block into a stepping-stone to higher things.

Even if a Greek dramatic poet could by his prophetic power have foreseen the potency of modern romantic love, he could never have dared a *Romeo and Juliet*, because the contemporary spectators would have failed to understand the emotion which is its mainspring. And on the other hand, the Greek dramatic poets dealt with many a motive with which the modern audience can have no sympathy. For us the beautiful pathos of *Alcestis* is spoiled by the contemptible alacrity with which the husband allows his devoted wife to die for him, although

his conduct did not seem at all reprehensible to the Greeks, who held so exalted an opinion of the value of the young male citizen to the state, that they saw no impropriety in his accepting his wife's lovely sacrifice of herself. The *Antigone* turns also on a Greek sentiment very remote from our modern feeling, a sentiment which has to be explained to us before we can grasp its significance or understand its importance to the noble heroine. And again in the *Medea*, the wrathful heroine's slaughter of her children, to revenge herself for their father's abject desertion of her, seems to us repugnant.

It would not be difficult to adduce many another example of the effect exerted on the dramatist by the racial point of view. For instance, in Sudermann's strong drama *Heimat*, known to us by the name of the heroine, Magda, the unbending rigor of the aged father and his violent harshness are almost repulsive to us in America where we are not accustomed to yield so blind a deference to the head of the family as the old colonel insists upon in Germany. But there is no need to multiply these examples, since we all know the divergent attitudes of different peoples toward the social organization. In this divergence we can find the explanation why more than one fine play is little known outside the land of its birth. The best of French comedies of the nineteenth century is *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* of Augier and Sandeau; and although it has been translated into English, or adapted, more than once, it has failed to interest our audiences, because it is intensely French both in theme and in treatment. Its appeal is essentially local; and the veracity of its interpretation of characters fundamentally French has prevented its acceptance in Great Britain and the United States. The more truthfully a dramatist produces the life about him, the more sincerely he presents the special types his countrymen will most surely appreciate; the more he subordinates plot and situation to the revelation of character, the less likely he is to see his

plays successful outside of his own language. The ingenious plots of the inventive Scribe, in which the characters were only puppets in the hands of the playwright, were performed all over the world, while the rich and solid comedies of Augier have rarely been exported beyond the boundaries of France.

Mr. Bronson Howard once declared that there were certain themes peculiar to each nation, upon which the dramatists of that nation could play infinite variations, secure always in the knowledge that the basis of their stories would be interesting to their special audiences. He illustrated his remark by drawing attention to the numberless French plays dealing with the topic of marital infelicity, and to the numberless British plays dealing with the topic of caste. And he suggested that here in the United States the spectators were ever eager to see on the stage plays dealing with the topic of business, the organization of affairs, and the making of money.

From Mr. Bronson Howard's own experience may be taken an illustration of one of the minor differences between American audiences and British. In his play, *The Banker's Daughter*, the young artist to whom the heroine is engaged when the piece begins, and whom she then thinks she loves, even when she marries another man to save her father, has to be killed off, so that she may find herself absolutely free to give her true love to her devoted husband. Therefore one act took place in Paris, and a noted French swordsman was introduced to force a quarrel on the young painter and to kill him in a duel. Although the duel is no longer possible in the Eastern States, our audiences know that it still exists in France, and we are familiar with the feuds of the southwest and with the street-shooting of the mining camps. But when Mr. Howard's play was adapted for London, with its characters localized as British subjects, his English collaborator protested against the duel, on the ground that a British audience would not accept

it. If the young artist was to become an Englishman, then he would laugh at the suggestion of crossing swords. So the artist ceased to be, and in his place there was a young soldier; and the act in Paris took place at the British Embassy, where the officer had to appear in uniform. There the French swordsman insulted him and his uniform, and in his person the whole army of the Queen, until the British audience fairly longed to see the Englishman knock the Frenchman down. And when he was goaded at last to this violence, the British audience could not object to his giving the swordsman "the satisfaction of a gentleman."

This shows the difference between two audiences speaking the same language; and another illustration will serve to show the difference that may exist between two audiences in contrasting quarters of the same American city. When Mr. Clyde Fitch's *Barbara Frietchie* was produced at the Criterion Theatre in New York (where the best seats sell for two dollars), the Southern heroine, in her quarrel with her Northern lover, tore the stars and stripes into tatters — only to sew the flag together later that she might be shot beneath its folds. But when this play was taken to the Academy of Music (where the best seats sell for fifty cents), the heroine was no longer allowed to destroy the national flag, for fear that an act so unpatriotic would forever alienate from her the sympathy of the spectators

in that playhouse of the plain people, less sophisticated than the audience of the other theatre frequented by the more cultivated classes of the community. This anecdote is not well vouched for, and may not be a fact. But perhaps it is just as significant, even if it is only an invention.

These may seem but trifles, after all; and such no doubt they are. But they serve to show which way the wind blows; and they help us to see how dependent the dramatist is upon the sympathy of the spectator. The strength of the drama lies in the breadth of its appeal. It fails of its purpose unless it has something for all, — for young and for old, for rich and for poor, for men and for women, for the educated and for the uneducated. Of all the arts, the drama is essentially the most democratic, for it cannot exist without the multitude. It has been called "a function of the crowd." It cannot hope for success when it seeks to attract only a caste, a coterie, a clique; it must be the art of the people as a whole, with all their divergencies of cultivation. And this it has been whenever it achieved its noblest triumphs, — in Greece, when Sophocles and Euripides followed *Æschylus*; in England, when Shakespeare succeeded Marlowe; in Spain, when Lope de Vega and Calderon worked side by side; and in France, when Molière came as a connecting link between Corneille and Racine.

THAT SLEEP OF DEATH

BY HENSHAW WARD

“YOUR bed of earth is made. Come, leave the show.”
Death calls! My yearning eyes must turn away
From earth’s entrancing stage, from God’s great play
Where, lit by daring souls in shining row,
The pageants of achievement come and go;
Where peace meets war in strife, and kings obey,
And science thunders while old creeds decay,
And spectral plagues are laid, and empires grow.

I may not see the marriage of two seas
That God disjoined, nor from her Russian tomb
Dead Freedom burst alive. Turn, eyes! Bend, knees!
I fear no dreams, nor dark, nor any doom,
Yet cannot for this loss my soul appease:
There is no stage within the sodded gloom.

THE CONTRIBUTORS’ CLUB

HESTERNUS TO HIS PUBLISHER

SIR: This is a fine morning, and I am in a confessional humour. You will learn, not without a flicker of interest, that I have been brooding all my life over the thought of my *magnum opus*, under your imprint. But the whole tyranny of things has been against it and me. I shall never do it now; nor will it ever be done by another, mark me, upon that lordly, lover-like plan of mine. By historiology, criticism, or mere humanistic eclecticism, — call the small tool by what big name you will, — I was fain to gather out of the dust of the crowded English seventeenth century “this or that down-trodden name,” and augment the sum of perfections which men like to remember. Long ago I loosened my hold on “the spacious times of great Elizabeth;” these have

candles and incense enough by now. My knee, Sir, was given to the fallible years, the years, say, between the chase after the Spanish Infanta and the Boyne fight. Take away the incomparable lyrics, the philosophies and the statecraft of that great era, and still, for its intense drama and its individualism, it is as wine to the historic sense. Only the Italian Renaissance can match it for play of color, although the little English afterglow is very innocent and misgiving beside that.

You know me for an out-and-out partisan and reactionary. It is not for me “to spell oliver with a great O,” nor to rise to The Immortal Memory whom he made possible. And so my landmarks were always the Composition Papers and the Calendars for Compounding; and Clarendon; and Wood; and Fuller; and Lloyd, Winstanley, Fanshawe,

Burton, Symonds, North, Howell, Evelyn, and the thousand minor memoirs, the calfskin booklets in their tipsy types, where so much dead ingenuity, so much live loveliness, bear witness to those stormy years. Dear to me have been that vanished London and Oxford. Who has sought, if not I, the places of execution and of exile, the smoothed trenches, the sweet far-scattered village churches where my friends, my wild flocks, lie folded? Have I not pored by night and by day over their clean-sanded manuscripts, here all hard thought or thought-packed music, and there a loose skurry as of little goats pursuing their tails? Who has gloried so in their burning vitality, and gone so blind to all their sins?

They are the gods I have prayed to, and the boon-companions I have missed. They should have had such a dedication from me as not even Mr. Saintsbury has conceived: such an abject, compromising, irrevocable dedication! Thus: *Patribus laetissimis curatoris labor et cor*. If I judge them rightly, they love compliment yet; they must prick up their love-locked ears, and stand nose in air, sniffing that once familiar homage of which they have been defrauded. While I have slept, Carolians and Jacobean have won rehabilitation in ever so many quarters. Jewel after jewel has been dug up and reset, and some day my whole mine will be rifled. I can but take it out in growling.

Forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity —

so much is flat! But hardly may my procrastinating foot think to track them in Poets' Paradise. I have been long away: explanations are difficult. And as every man-jack of them still wears a sword, I shall feel that unconsummated *labor et cor* on the side of my faithless head. A very proper ending, too! Only the pith of the matter will really have been that I grew discerning as I grew old; that I loved them less when I planned the broad authentic book, and more, when at last I came to consider no modern

public half good enough for them, and folded up their names in lavender in the sacristy of a jealous heart. Because they are like children, they will whack me, nevertheless, for coming on a visit, and bringing no sweets.

Meanwhile, it has been my game in this world to remember them, and those last tumults and graces of chivalry which subsided with them. Sir, it has been no more than a Following of my Geny to seek their Company on every Usual or Emergent Occasion, and to be theirs singularly and intirely, beyond Expresses, and therein Most Happy! I know nothing, ancient or modern, to beat them for a certain play of sympathy in mental conception, and for romance that somehow attaches itself to every outward result. For a visible symbol of this sympathy and romance (much as a blue moth hovers over a blue wood-violet) we have the very clothes they wore. Human dress was in its perfection about 1645 A. D. If one wishes a pageant of colour and form, divorced from all that is teasing or fantastic, he has but to think of the saffron velvet, the slashed cloth-of-silver, the lilac camlett with points, the

Black armour, falling lace, and altar-lights
at morn,

of which Vandyck has given us the fragmentary and unshadowed record.

The historical eye is as a gourmand at a feast, summoning up the unique Type: those long, dark faces, careworn and impudent; those firm, sensitive hands; those lean bodies, so gayly alert, as if consciously made for the saddle and the march, and not for chairs; and the women, in their fragrance of personality, the delicate proud women of "the Warres," long laid away under exquisite epitaphs cut in alabaster. What astonishing, what endearing people, these, above all, of "the Warres!" Who will catalogue them, expound them, and give us their secret?

Every deed had character, and every word had beauty. There were geniuses and heroes, there were scamps and no-

bodies out for King Charles; but how comes it that those nobodies suddenly do and say, as by miracle, such adorable things? Every judgment-hall, prison-cell, scaffold, stake, and battlefield heard unforgettable words. The English had all the emotions then, and had them in their heights and depths. But they did not sneer; they did not dawdle; they had fury and enthusiasm, and fight to spare.

A biography of that time is either a tender idyll or a mad extravaganza. For wonder and pity, wildness and melancholy, few stories can match those of John Morris of Pontefract, John Smith the standard-captor, or the younger Francis Windebank. And again, we have the Lucas and the Lisle who cast a light upon bygone Colchester; and the young Pudsey slain at Bristol, to whose meadow grave, over fifty years after, his aged sweetheart was carried, as she desired, in her bridal veil; and the young Villiers who fell with his back to the Kingston oak, the "nine mortall Woundes in his Beautiful Bodie," recorded, and idolatrously mourned, by contemporaries. Was there ever in the world so lovely a letter as "trothful" Anthony Payne's to Lady Grace Grenville, with its news that he was "bringing home the greate Hearte that is colde to Kilkhampton vault? . . . and oh, my Lady! how shall I brooke your weeping Face?"

"A sense of humor," says a modern moralist, "saves us from a cartload of things, especially from grumbling!" And that priceless solvent of humor was the most noticeable of Cavalier assets. I have always thought it an economic cruelty that none of it, not a scraping nor shaving, fell to the Cavaliers' King, and that this one circumstance, as much as anything,

— cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould!

There was much banter and "jollyng" in those days, in quantity and in quality a good deal like the best American talk; and like that, too, it covered affection, rather than malice. Think of Denham's

plea for Wither's life and maintenance, "in order that I may not be sett up for the Worst Poet in England;" of plain Falkland's smiling pride in the company of plain "little Sid" Godolphin, "where I am ever the properer Man;" of Charles the Second's psychological summary in regard to plots: "Odds fish, Brother James! wo'd they kill me to make you King?" Yes, they were funny, as a harassed generation has to be.

Black spirits or white, these Malignants thought and wrought with all the definite obsolete manliness of men. Awestruck Roundhead religiousness may well have rolled its eyes at their almost laughing hold on mysticism and the supernatural. Saints like Derby, devils like Buckingham and Rochester, average gentlemen like Carnarvon and Cherbury and Carew, lived hard and died humbly, not ashamed of contrition, and ran forward into eternity as schoolboys bound for the holidays at home. To their lovers, their like never was nor will be. It is, to one horny-hearted "researcher," proof enough of the reality of a favorite dreamlike past, that one may hang over the annals of it, as it were *cum luctu et ploratu*. It is an application of the excellent backhanded argument for human immortality that one clamors so to find a certain company again, *cum gaudio et jucunditate in sempiternum!*

No, Sir: as a publisher, you have nothing to fear from me. But I have advisedly fired phrases and feelings at my friend, and now, having done so, do heartily bid you Farewell.

"NOW WHO SHALL ARBITRATE?"

I OWE it to myself to state that this is my first plunge into the Atlantic. I am generally content to sit on the shore and watch other people splashing about, but I know that I can trust the editor to haul me out if I prove that I cannot swim.

In bringing a difference of opinion be-

tween my wife and myself to the Club for arbitration I feel that I am submitting the question to an impartial jury. I do not apologize for the personal flavor of my grievances, for the problem is one of universal interest, and touches the antiquated controversy concerning the relative values of woman's intuition and man's logic.

I will call my wife Cynthia, in order that she may not recognize herself should her eye chance to fall on words so unworthy of her notice. Cynthia and I each have but a single complaint against the other, — a pretty good record as married people go, or don't go, nowadays. She says I have no penetration, and I in turn quote her favorite George Meredith at her, and exclaim, "Destroyed by subtleties these women are!"

She claims to be the unique possessor of a pair of invisible antennæ, with which she can feel impressions and touch the intangible.

Now when I meet a person for the first time I size him up by his conversation — which reveals his ideas and standards — and by his general bearing — which tells me whether he is a gentleman or a mucker. Not so Cynthia. These obvious methods are not for her.

In my business I am thrown with all sorts of men, mostly good, honest fellows, — gentlemen I call them, — and I often bring one of them home to lunch; and then when I see Cynthia at dinner I ask her what she thinks of my friend.

"Did n't you like Robinson?" I ask encouragingly. "He's a bully chap, honest as daylight."

She merely raises her eyebrows.

"My dear Jack, I do not question Mr. Robinson's integrity, — but have you never noticed how his teeth are set in his gums? No gentleman ever has teeth like that, — they are sometimes worse, but never just like that."

I feel myself to be a coarse clod not to have noticed Robinson's teeth, but taking heart I next bring home my friend Brown, — a man of perfect refinement

according to my gross standards, and with a set of teeth which Cynthia duly disposes of as "too good to be true."

"Well, how about Brown?" I tentatively inquire. "Don't you think he is a gentlemanly fellow?"

"Why yes, he is a little like a gentleman," she replies; "but his hair, Jack! it grows just the way the hair of clerks in shoe-stores grows, — right up out of his head. It's common."

"Aye, madam, it is common," I cry with Hamlet, and without him I add, "It is very common indeed for hair to grow right up out of one's head;" and I feel myself to have been very clever, in spite of Cynthia's pitying smile.

Jones is then brought to the bar of judgment and is banished to the limbo apparently reserved for my particular friends, because, forsooth, he answers Cynthia's offer of salad with the words, "Thank you, not any."

Gray committed social suicide by saying, "Pardon me," instead of, "I beg your pardon," — apparently an unpardonable offense in itself; and White, my trump card, proved himself, if not a knave, at least a fool, by referring casually to a man of our acquaintance as "a gentleman whom we all know."

In my masculine stupidity, I asked Cynthia one day to call on my partner's wife, — a very pretty and cultivated woman; at least so I thought till Cynthia laid invisible tentacles on her.

"Why, my poor Jack," she said after her call, "did you never see that Mrs. Black is simply veneered? She's not solid mahogany at all. Her 'cultyour' as she calls it, keeps peeling off and showing the raw material underneath. Why, when her husband introduced me to her she shook hands and simply said, 'Mrs. Green,' and added that she was glad to see me in her home." As I did not show due horror at this *faux pas*, Cynthia continued, "She has evidently been told that perfect ladies make three distinct words of 'notatall' instead of running them all together as most of us do, and that it is

dictionary elegance to speak of one's 'neveu.' Perhaps you would have been imposed upon by those trademarks of acquired cultivation, but I should have liked her much better if she had remained the nice, simple little country girl nature intended her to be."

"Well, but her husband, now," I began. "There's no pretense about him."

"Not a bit!" my wife rejoined with misleading heartiness. "He wears just the kind of ring that railroad conductors always wear, and he says 'culch-er' quite frankly, and swallows in the middle of the word; besides, no one that tries to cover up his mouth with his hand when he laughs could possibly be called pretentious."

At last in desperation I brought home a man whose business path sometimes crosses mine. He has not the strictest sense of honor, nor the highest regard for truth, nor the most refined brand of humor when he is with his own sex. In fact, he is a man whom other men call a cad, yet he is not without personal attractions, chief among which is an enviable sense of ease in whatever circle he finds himself, — particularly if that circle be largely feminine. This specimen I cautiously submitted to Cynthia's all-seeing eye.

"There!" she exclaimed almost before the door had slammed after him, "that is a gentleman! Oh Jack, don't you *feel* the difference? Don't you see that a man like that can say things that in some people would be — well, almost questionable — and yet in him they're all right just because he has that indefinable something —"

But I could stand it no longer. "He has that definable something which makes every *man* who knows him distrust him," I began; but I heard her murmuring, "Unconscious jealousy," and I knew that my words would be wasted.

"The truth is, my dear Cynthia," I said in a fatherly tone, but without caring to meet her eye, "you are like all of your

sex, absolutely illogical. A man knows a gentleman when he sees him even if his teeth do grow out of his gums and his hair out of his head. Men are better judges of human nature than women."

"Do you mean to say that you seriously place a man's clumsy reasoning above a woman's delicate intuitions?" Cynthia asked incredulously.

"I do," I responded heartily. We seemed to be on the edge of a bona fide quarrel.

"'Now who shall arbitrate?' " quoth Cynthia. "'Ten men love what I hate.'" When she wishes to annoy me particularly she quotes Browning at me.

"I have decided to submit the question to a Club I know of," I answered grandly. "It is composed of ladies of culty our and gentlemen of culch-er." Then, with a sudden stroke of genius, I added, "You have probably never heard of the Club; your invisible antennæ don't reach so far. It's on the other side of the Atlantic."

DOGBERRY IN THE COLLEGE CLASSROOM

NEIGHBOUR DOGBERRY maintained that "to write and read comes by nature" — but everybody knows that he sought to be writ down an ass. Nowadays college classes in rhetoric and literature have their Dogberrys who trust to natural inspiration and whose unconscious humors ought to be "condemned into everlasting redemption." Not long ago there arose in Freshman English some discussion of the Baconian theory. Among other reasons it was suggested that it was improbable that Bacon could have written Shakespeare's plays because Bacon's known works are deficient in humor. A month later, when it was necessary "to examination these men," Dogberry's pen and inkhorn "set down this excommunication:" "Bacon had no sense of humor. If he should come to life now, he would think it no joke to be saddled with the authorship of Shakespeare's plays." It was his classmate, Verges, who turned an

innocent comment on the impecuniousness of some of the "pirated" quartos into the assertion, "Shakespeare's quartos are practically worthless, as they were mostly written by pirates." Nobody to-day would be rash enough to declare that ignorance of Biblical allusions is confined to any one class of college undergraduates, but it was surely Dogberry who tried to explain Falstaff's phrase, "if to be fat be to be hated then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved," by answering, "I don't know what the 'lean kine' refers to, but faro is a dangerous gambling game." Only the other day another Dogberry, asked to state differences between Byron's story of "The Prisoner of Chillon" and the history of the real Bonnivard, replied, "Byron's prisoner regained complete liberty, but the real Bonnivard was released from prison only to be married four times."

But though Dogberry often proves "the most senseless and fit man" for English Literature, he is perhaps "most desartless" in the field of rhetoric. "Unless we are careful," he once wrote, "Yale's bygone athletic prowess will in the future become a thing of the past." Local tradition has handed down this excerpt from a Freshman theme on "The Decay of Faith:" "And now we are deprived of the hope of a future life, Hell being a myth." Frequently Dogberry's metaphors are as "odorous" as his com-

parisons, as once when he wrote, "Professor Blank's indulgent eye and friendly hand have gained a firm footing in the hearts of all undergraduates."

Familiarity with Dogberry in the classroom may, indeed, at times breed doubt as to the value of college training, but there is ignoble satisfaction in discovering Dogberry's tender burgeons already expanding in the kindly light of the preparatory school. A June college entrance examination that required some discussion of the reasons for terming *The Merchant of Venice* a "tragi-comedy" brought forth these responses: "*The Merchant of Venice* is really a tragedy, for did not Shylock have to become a Christian"? — "Shylock did n't know whether he preferred his daughter or his ducats — that was tragic — if he had preferred his daughter that would have been comic;" — "For whom had Shylock saved his money except for his daughter, and for her to desert him under the circumstances was worse than unnatural — it was a tragedy." But after all, why should not the college instructor turn gratefully from the sometimes too palpable hits of the real wits of his classroom to the bird-bolts of harmless Dogberrys? What matters it if they have committed false report, have spoken untruths, and have verified unjust things! It would be "flat burglary as ever was committed" to conclude that "they are lying knaves."